THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 193, No. 46. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia. Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by

MAY 14, 1921

5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada

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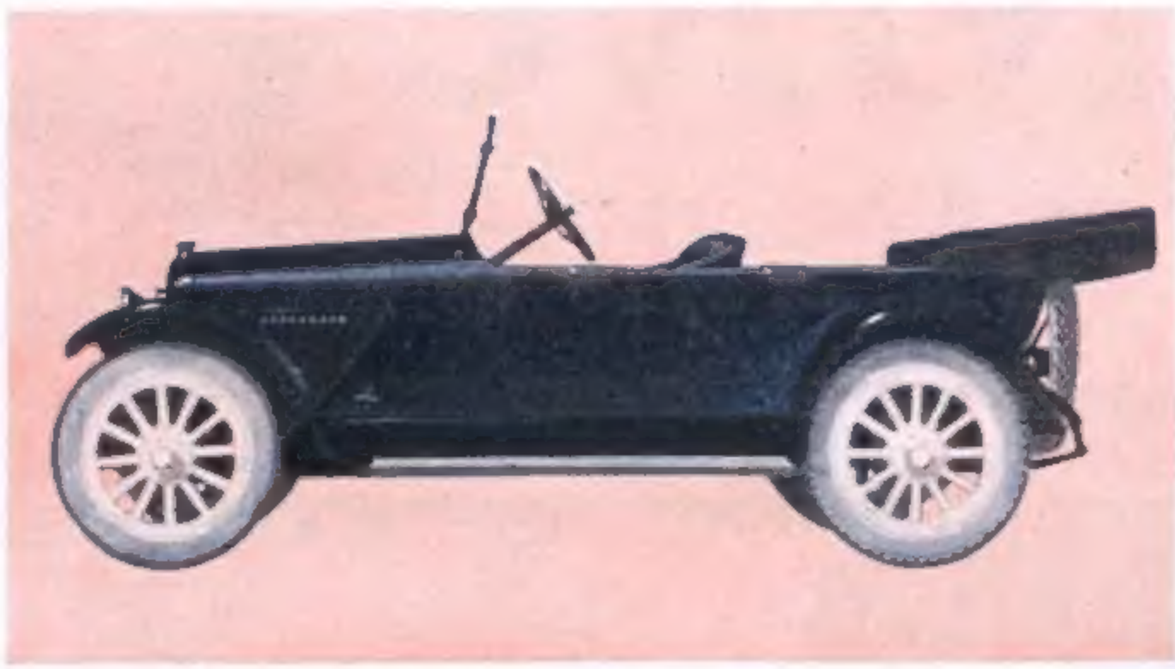

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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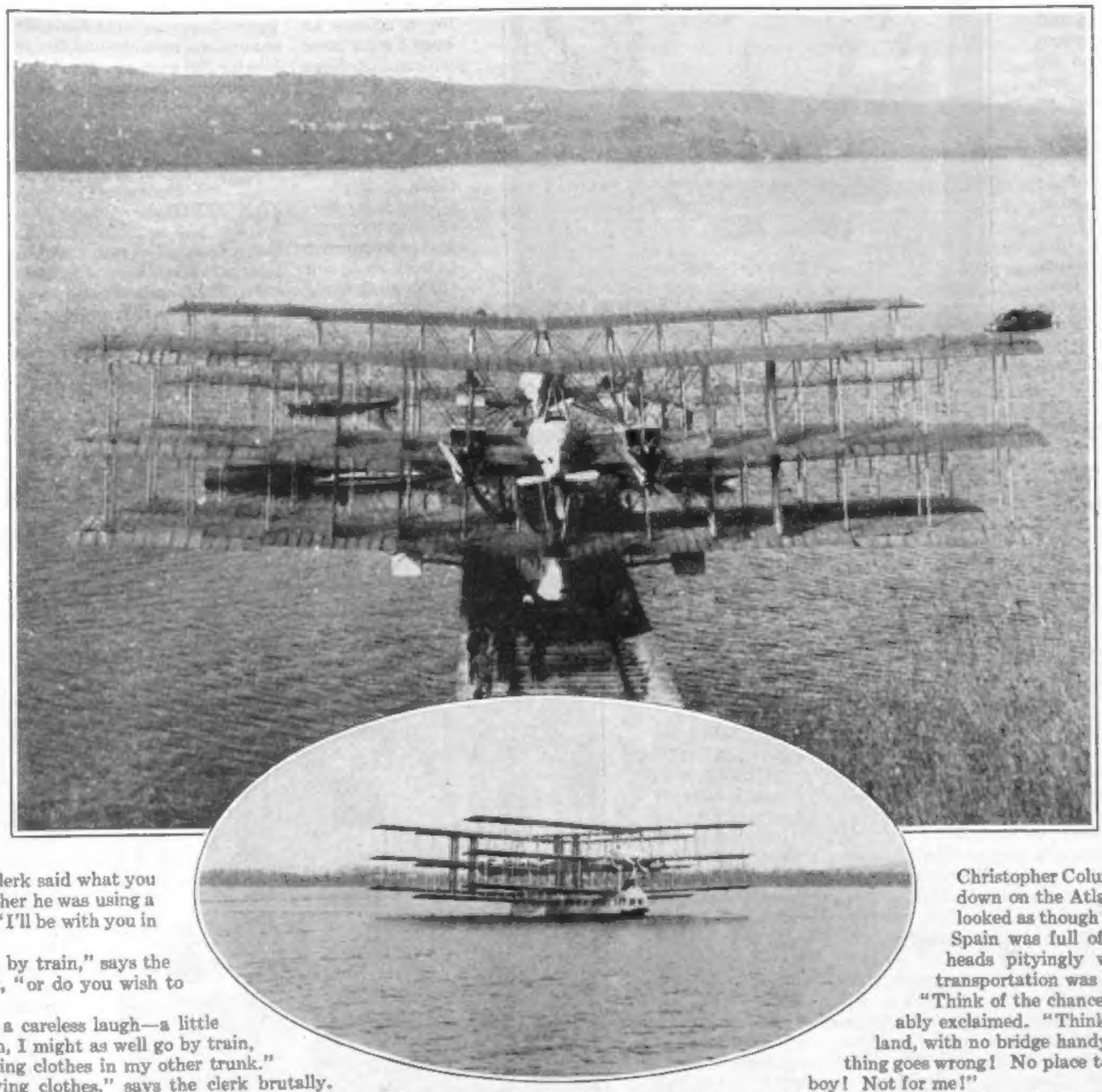
Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio, and at Decatur, Illinois

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 193 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, PA., MAY 14, 1921 — $2.50 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 46

FLYING MADE EASY

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS



Two Views of Caproni's 100-Passenger Flying Ship. Above—Its Launching. Below—At Rest on Lake Maggiore, Italy

AVIATION in Europe advances with such vigorous and graceful leaps nowadays that a flea is forced to regard it with hopeless despair, while even a kangaroo has to view it with more than a little professional jealousy. There are air Pullmans and air limousines and air busses and taxiplanes—almost every sort of air vehicle, in fact, except an air baby carriage and an air steam roller to smooth out the bumps and holes in the air lanes. Time, however, will probably remedy most of these deficiencies.

When one goes nowadays to a travel agency in Paris and asks for a ticket to Brussels, the clerk goes right ahead marking down cabalistic figures on a large sheet of paper—a task to which the entire lives of all clerks in Parisian travel agencies are apparently dedicated—and says, "Train or air?"

"How's that?" you ask, not being quite sure whether the clerk said what you thought he said, or whether he was using a French phrase meaning "I'll be with you in about half an hour."

"Do you wish to go by train," says the clerk clearly and coldly, "or do you wish to fly over?"

"Oh," you say with a careless laugh—a little too careless maybe—"oh, I might as well go by train, I suppose. I left my flying clothes in my other trunk."

"You don't need flying clothes," says the clerk brutally. "Wear evening clothes if you want to. The planes are glassed in. Big ones like Pullmans go on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; smaller ones like limousines go on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. No stuffiness, no danger, no dirt; go in a third of the time it would take to go by train; no stopping at the border for customs examination or passport inspection."

Now European customs and passport officials appear to be the descendants of a long line of people whose heads have been practically solid above the ears. A traveler who has endured their bone-headed activities on a few occasions will take almost any risk to escape them—if too much time isn't wasted in taking it. For that reason there are many travelers in Europe who would ordinarily regard flying as something of a risk, but who gladly take the chance of falling a couple of miles in preference to enduring a protracted session of sweet silent thought with a passport inspector whose brain jelled shortly after birth.

I do not wish to convey the idea that flying, as it is practiced to-day by the so-called commercial aviation lines, is attended by any risk worth speaking of. If those brainy gentlemen who compile the risks entailed by insurance companies are earning their money, airplane travel to-day isn't nearly so dangerous as railroad travel, in which one bangs and roars across country in a heavy and inflexible contraption liable at any moment to telescope itself against an errant cow or lose its balance on a curve.

None the less, there are people who have and who will continue to have, in spite of the lucid arguments and the raucous laughter directed against their antiquated notions, a clearly defined idea that they are not passionately eager to be five miles or one mile or even a couple of hundred yards up in the air, where, if the occasion arises, they will be unable to catch hold of something solid and climb back to earth again. And for many a long year the person who is about to fly for the first time will realize more poignantly the exact meaning of that time-honored phrase, "The condemned man ate a hearty breakfast."

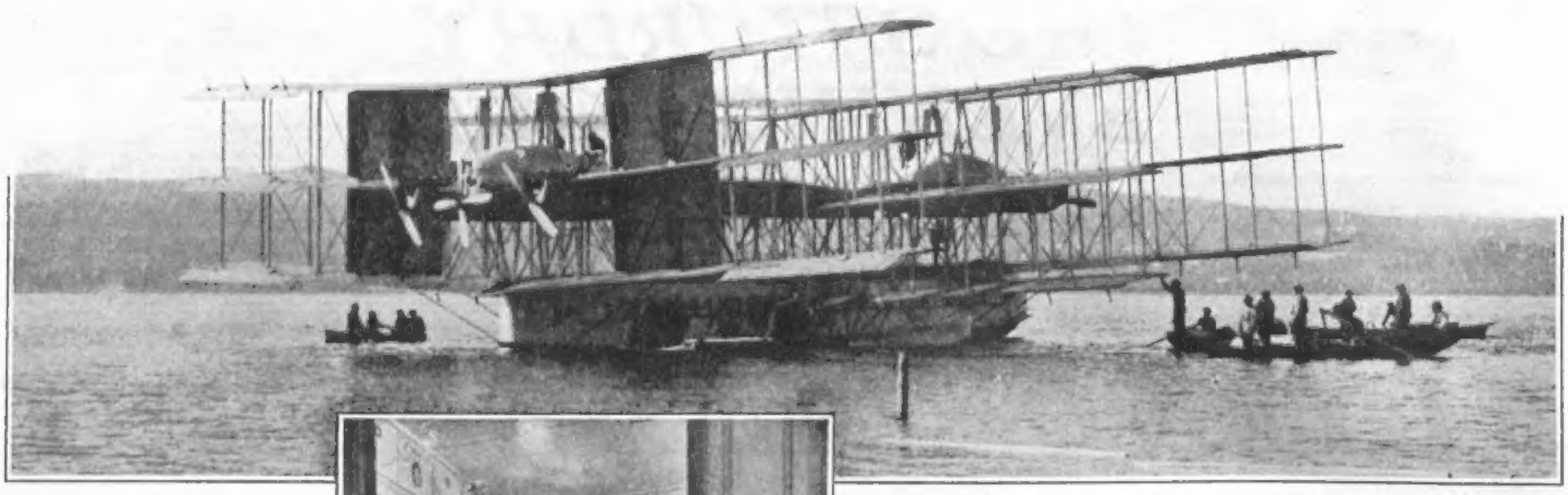
It is more than likely that when Christopher Columbus was bobbing up and down on the Atlantic Ocean in a ship that looked as though it held about five gallons, Spain was full of people who shook their heads pityingly whenever his method of transportation was discussed.

"Think of the chance he's taking!" they probably exclaimed. "Think of being 1000 miles from land, with no bridge handy to walk home on if anything goes wrong! No place to go but down! Oh, boy, boy! Not for me!"

And it is an absolute certainty that there isn't an airplane pilot in the world who wouldn't shudder inwardly at the idea of traveling a few hundred miles in such a rickety peanut shell as one of Columbus' caravels, though he might be calmly driving a small plane through bumpy air at the rate of 120 miles an hour and at a height of a mile and a half while contemplating Columbus' rashness.

The largest planes on the regular Paris-London and Paris-Brussels air lines early in 1921 were twelve-passenger affairs. Larger ones were in preparation. The Germans had one which carried twenty passengers. Breguet, the French plane manufacturer, was constructing one which would transport forty persons. Caproni, down in Italy, had evolved a seaplane which would whisk 100 persons through the air at one time—if 100 persons could be located who desired to be so whisked at one whisking, so to speak. But for regular commercial purposes the twelve-passenger planes were the largest air Pullmans in use.

Now I am well aware that any description of airplane travel at this late day is regarded in many circles as being in the same class with the description of a trolley ride through the Back Bay Fens of Boston. As far as I am concerned, however, one of those



A Close-Up of the Experimental Caproni

twelve-passenger planes looked about as large and about as flyable as a Long Island bungalow. Its size was a shock to me, and so was its cozy smoking room and its neat lavatory and its tastefully decorated walls and its nonchalant mechanician or conductor roaming up and down its aisle with a cigarette dangling as gayly from his lower lip as though he were on the top floor of an apartment house instead of a quarter of a mile above the shell-battered houses of St.-Quentin. Had I been an aviation expert I might only have been shocked to find that it didn't contain a restaurant, a tailor shop and an American bar. Being no aviation expert I write shamelessly about the whole matter.

The daily air expresses out of Paris for London and Brussels leave the ground at half past twelve—unless there's a fog, which is the one variety of climate that worries the airplane pilot up to the present time. Rain and hail and snow and other unpleasant atmospheric mixtures have meant next to nothing in his young life; but fog has always given him a shooting pain. When he gets into a fog he is more than likely to become hopelessly muddled, and when he comes out of it he is apt to be tilted up on end and flying vigorously with the wings of his machine at right angles to the ground, or he may be headed straight downward in the annoying delusion that he is proceeding normally—a delusion which becomes even embarrassing if the fog is so thick that he fails to discover the earth until he is about sixteen inches from it. If a pilot runs into a fog and has to land before he emerges from it he may land safely; and then again, a fine large house or a venerable oak tree or a row of telephone poles may appear abruptly in front of him and spoil—literally speaking—everything.

The Well-Fitted Lavatory of a Caudron Plane

Flight Without Touching Controls

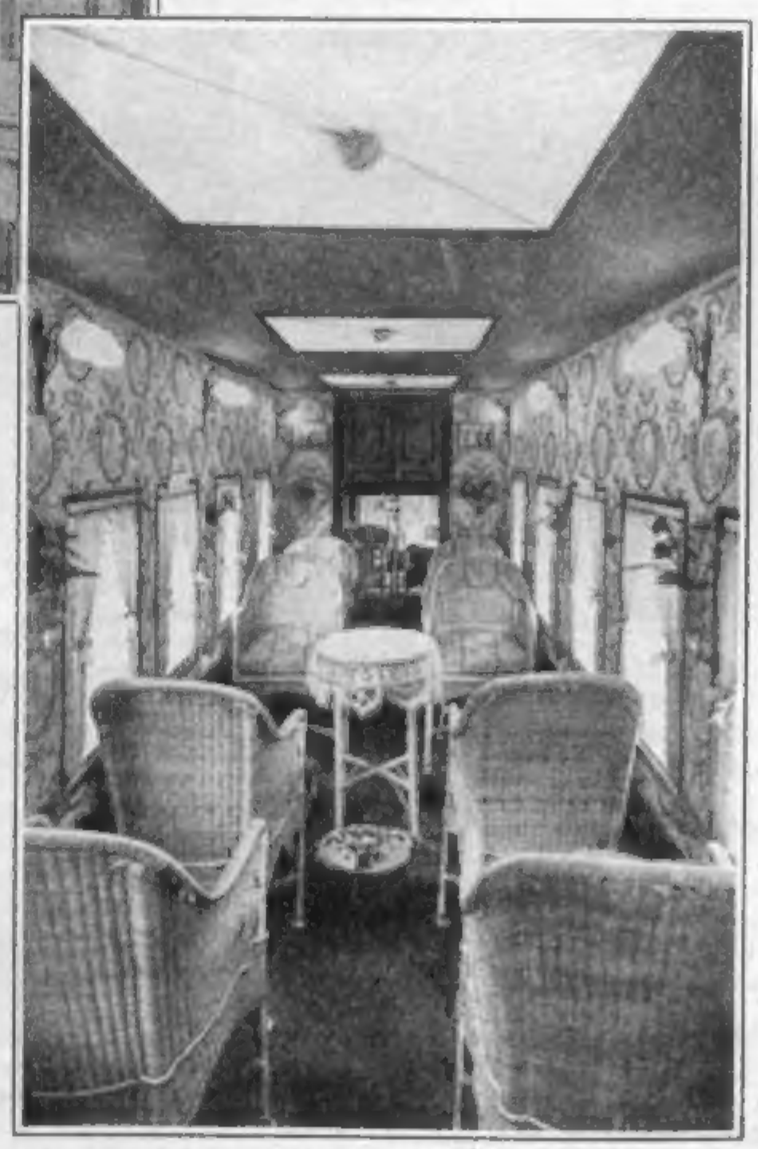
ALL THESE difficulties are gradually being remedied. At the Paris aviation field a young British aviator, Major Brackley, gave me a demonstration of the Aveline stabilizer, which has been used on some planes for more than a year. The Aveline stabilizer consists of two little mercury boxes attached to a plane. When the plane tilts up or down the mercury in one of the boxes agitates itself, as the French say. The mercury agitation releases some compressed air, and the compressed air in turn agitates the rudder of the plane, which promptly resumes an even keel. If the plane tips to one side the mercury in the other box is agitated, more compressed air is released, the proper wing is warped and the plane rights itself.

Major Brackley was planning to fly from Paris to London, two days after I saw him, without touching the controls. He merely proposed to get his plane up to the proper height, point her nose toward London and let her rip while he sat back and busied himself with his unanswered correspondence or with an old copy of the London Times. He did this, I might add, with complete success.

French electrical engineers are working on a device to dissipate fog by electrical discharges. So far they have been successful in only very small areas. The French aviation experts are also developing a scheme to buoy the air lanes with small balloon buoys which will hang just above the fog level and guide the pilots to the landing fields.

Wireless telephony, too, is expected to improve to such an extent that a pilot, flying busily around in circles above a fog-obscured aërodrome, can bawl into his wireless telephone transmitter, "Say, George, where am I now, what?" and back will come George's voice, speaking from the field: "You're 300 feet over the southeast corner! Nose her down, old thing!" And thus guided by George the pilot will nose her down safely.

The perils which go with an attempted landing in a fog will receive a rude jolt, moreover, when airplane manufacturers solve the problem of making a fast plane which will land slowly. President Michelin, of the French Aëro Club, has offered a prize of 500,000 francs to the man who can fly at the rate of 120 miles an hour and land at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. Five hundred thousand francs is a lot of money to dangle carelessly before the eyes of a lot of intelligent airplane designers, each one of whom is convinced that he needs the money in his business. One doesn't have to seek out a high-priced palmist in order to be told that the path of the 500,000 francs is about to be crossed by a dark man smelling faintly of lubricating oil, and that it is on the verge of going on a long journey.



The Luxurious Interior of the Big Caudron Plane

Just at present, however, planes are chary of flying in a fog. They don't start in a fog, and if a passenger plane finds a heavy fog near its destination it lands in the nearest convenient meadow and the aërodrome sends an automobile for the passengers. If the plane has a wireless phone attachment, as some of the eight-passenger cross-Channel British Handley Page machines now have, it may be quite different.

From Paris to Brussels by Air

ON STRIKING the fog the pilot can get in touch with the field to which he is flying as follows: "Are you there, George? I say, are you there? Ah, there you are, George! Look here, George! There's a beastly fog up here. Thick as bean soup and all that sort of thing! What I mean, how is it down there, what? Lots of fog and all that sort of rot, eh?"

Now it's more than likely that George will reply: "Ah there, old chap! Clear as clear down here! Keep your tail up, what?" And in that case the plane keeps right on traveling.

In its first eighteen months of existence the largest commercial aviation line in France—the Compagnie Messageries Aériennes—didn't have a single accident from fog flying. And in the months of August and September, 1920, when air travel across the English Channel and between Paris and Brussels was at its busiest, only one day's flights had to be canceled because of fog. If there is no fog, then, and one wishes to fly, one flies; and incidentally, one flies with a complete absence of fuss, flubdub and preparation.

On the second of January I telephoned to the Paris office of the chief French commercial airplane company and asked when a big plane was flying to Brussels. They replied that the Goliath—always pronounced "Gole-yaht" by the French—was expected back from London that day. If it arrived it would depart for Brussels on the following day. Would monsieur care to take passage? Monsieur would. Ah, oui! Monsieur would be informed on the following morning with much pleasure. At half past nine the next morning a telephone message arrived. The Gole-yaht had returned from London. Flying conditions were delicious. It would leave for Brussels at half past twelve. Monsieur would await the automobile? Ah, oui! At a little after eleven o'clock I was working at my desk in a Paris hotel on the Rue de Rivoli. At a little after three o'clock I was having lunch in Brussels. If I had gone by train I would have consumed more than eight hours in covering the same distance.

The automobile service is a part of the air trip, because the flying fields are some distance from the centers of the cities. Aviation experts say that this time-wasting feature will soon be eliminated by the construction of very large

(Continued on Page 40)

Self-Determination With the Lenoxes—By David Gray

BRONSON LENOX sat at his desk looking blankly at the legal papers spread before him. He had just been through a somewhat extraordinary experience. The client who had gone out had proposed to him that he use his influence to bring about a marriage between his son and the client's daughter, or between his daughter and the client's son, or both. The client was Breslin, the oil man who had come to New York a few years before, from heaven knew where.

The smoke of his cigar still lay in thin streaks on the air of the room. Lenox noted it, got up and opened a window. He wanted to get rid of everything that suggested Breslin. He felt polluted. As he pushed up the heavy sash he told himself that in the circumstances he had behaved well. His manner had been correct. All that he said was that he supposed that modern young people arranged such matters themselves, that personally he couldn't think of interfering.

But he knew that Breslin had understood how he felt, and he gave Breslin credit for behaving well himself, according to his lights. The man had shown no resentment. As a business man he had asked the price of the Lenox name and tradition, had been told that the article was not for sale, and had accepted the answer as a business man.

"Extraordinary fellow!" Lenox thought.

He was not surprised that the man had wanted to buy, but he was honestly amazed that anyone should have thought the thing purchasable. The Lenoxes were not a run-out stock, and they were rich even by New York standards. The thing was astounding. Lenox had never thought much about his children's marrying, one way or the other, but that they should marry their own kind went as a matter of course. He closed the window, went back to his desk and pressed the buzzer.

The office boy appeared.

"That was for Miss Tate. I want to dictate."

"Miss Tate's gone home," said the boy. "Mr. Eastman let her go."

Lenox glanced at the clock. It was twenty minutes to five. "Ask Mr. Eastman to come here."

A moment later the managing clerk entered.

"They telephoned that Miss Tate's mother had been taken to the hospital. I told her to go," he said. "Miss Stevens is here or Miss Bruce or Miss Armbruster."

Lenox deliberated, glanced at the clock again and began gathering up his papers. The managing clerk stood uncertainly.

"You were quite right, Mr. Eastman."

Eastman withdrew, but came back as his name was called.

"Do you happen to know what the matter is?" asked Lenox.

"It was something sudden. They had to operate."

Lenox looked at him thoughtfully, then opened a drawer and took out a check book. He began to write, stopped and looked up.

"What is Miss Tate's first name?"

"Sarah H."

"Thank you." Lenox went on writing. He finished, blotted the slip of paper carefully and tore it from the book. "Do you suppose you could get this to Miss Tate to-night?"

"I could take it up to the hospital myself."

"Good! We'd better send some flowers too. Say, two dozen roses."

"Yes, sir."

"How much do you pay Miss Tate?"

"She's been getting thirty-five the last two years."

"She's been with us some time?"

"Fourteen years."

"I think she ought to get more. You might arrange it."

"Yes, sir."

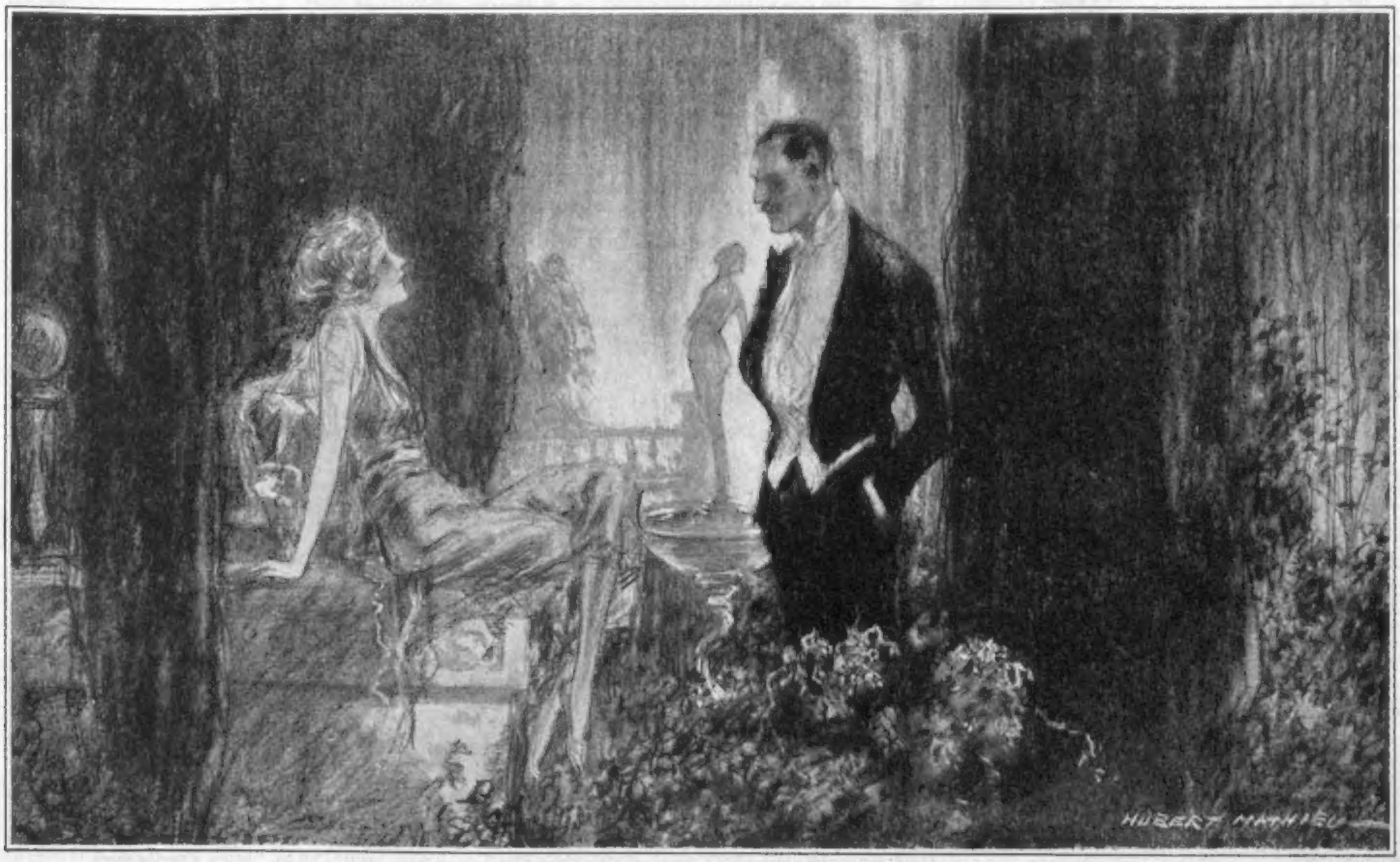
Eastman took the check and when he was out of the room looked at it. It was for three hundred dollars.

Lenox finished collecting his papers, carefully tied the pink tape around the envelope, rose, put on his hat and overcoat, and left the office. He found his car in Nassau Street. The chauffeur held the door open for him. He got in, settled himself, and the chauffeur spread the rug over his knees.

Most of Bronson Lenox's friends used the Subway. It saved half an hour morning and evening, but the Subway was crowded at such times and Lenox objected to crowds. As the car started he found himself thinking about Miss Tate. In a vague way he was interested in discovering that she had a mother and that her mother was sick. It was the first time that he had ever thought about Miss Tate except when he wished to dictate.

Lenox was a kindly man and as he understood the word he was no snob. It had pained him to have to say what he had to Breslin. He was genuinely worried that Miss Tate should have a sick mother. But Miss Tate, and for that matter Breslin, no more touched his personal life than did the inhabitants of the Congo. The evolutionary force at work in human society, as elsewhere, had placed him in one world and had placed them in others. He was the product of eight generations of American Lenoxes who had demonstrated their fitness to survive. His wife, who had been Caroline Grafton, was a similar product. And that was all there was to it.

His interest in Miss Tate waned with the project of suggesting to his wife to have some chicken broth and jellies sent to the hospital, and his mind from this culinary stimulus turned to the dinner he was giving that evening. Crawford, who had been shooting on the Chesapeake, had sent him six canvasbacks. The week before, a client in Baltimore had sent him four diamond-back terrapin. The Cadwallader Albrights and Lorillard Russells were coming; also, old Schuyler Van Dam and Barclay Spencer. He realized that it was a profanation to give such food to women, but it could not be helped. Other and humanly soluble problems presented themselves. Should the terrapin be cooked in the Baltimore or Philadelphia manner? Barclay Spencer, as well as Cadwallader Albright, held to the Philadelphia style, as also probably the women, whose opinion was negligible. On the other hand, Schuyler would be distressed and scandalized. The Philadelphia sauce he held to be a meretricious concealment for muskrat and slider. Moreover, he would speak his mind.



"It Seems Bertie Has Been Seen With the Girl at the Places They Dance and Have Supper"

By the time he had reached Forty-second Street Lenox had decided for the Baltimore style. The question, therefore, was of wines. There was little difficulty in deciding on his Krug, 1904, for champagne. For a Burgundy with the ducks there was room for debate. There were a Clos Vougeot and a Beaune, between which there was little to choose. At Sixtieth Street he had reached the compromise of having up a bottle of each. Schuyler's opinion would be interesting. As they turned into Sixty-fifth Street he had settled it all. He would give them a bottle of his Greyhound Madeira after the ladies had gone, and his '68 brown sherry with the turtle soup.

The car stopped and he got out. Before he reached his front door it began to open. The footman had been watching for him through the curtain. Personally Lenox would have preferred to let himself in with his key. It seemed somehow a waste of human energy to keep a man standing by the front door all afternoon, but his wife held that servants grew slack if you let yourself in. He admitted that she was probably right, and accepted the situation as he accepted the rest of the setting of his life.

The interior of the house was gratefully warm. The man dexterously took his hat, gloves and coat.

"Mr. Grafton," he said, "telephoned about twenty minutes ago, sir, to inquire if you were in. He requested that you call him and let him know if you would see him."

"Do you know where he is?"

"He's at the club, sir."

"Telephone the club, please, and send the message to him that I am in and shall be glad to see him."

"Very good, sir."

"She'd Learn and She'd Make Up Good"

Lenox went on up the stairway on the heavy padded carpet, wondering what George Grafton wanted to see him about. Grafton was his wife's brother. As he reached the first floor he heard voices. Two girls came out of the drawing-room and headed for the stairs. He stood aside and bowed. They looked at him not unpleasantly, nodded slightly and went down. Friends of his daughter, he presumed. He crossed the hall to the room they had come from, and went in. The smell of cigarette smoke greeted him. He saw his daughter sprawled on a couch before which the tea table was set, inserting a fresh cigarette in her holder. She looked up at him moodily.

"Hello, pa."

"Hello. Your mother isn't down?"

"No; thrown another fit. Want some tea?"

Lenox hesitated. He was wondering whether this meant that his wife was preparing to avoid coming down to dinner. Her malady, whatever it was—and no two of a dozen doctors agreed about it—seemed designed to the end of relieving her from engagements that bored her.

"Yes, I'll have some tea," he answered.

The girl with the cigarette in her mouth rolled over into a sitting position and began to fill a cup from the teapot. Lenox lifted the china top from one of the dishes. It disclosed a pile of small oblong pieces of thin buttered toast. Then the terrapin and the ducks came into his mind, and he set the cover down again.

"Toast is rotten," said his daughter. "They don't know how to make toast in this house. Cream?"

"No cream." He surveyed the tea she extended to him. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed.

"What's the matter?"

"That's black as ink. How long has it been stewing?"

"Do you good. Put some pep into you."

"It will send me gibbering to the lake," he answered.

She spilled half of it into a silver bowl and filled the cup from the kettle.

"Who are you dining with?" he asked presently.

She looked up at him, reading what was in his mind.

"You think ma's going to chuck?"

"I think it's likely."

"Who are you having?"

He told her.

"I couldn't stand that bunch. Anyway, I've got to go to the Fasigs'."

"And who are the Fasigs?"

"Friends of mine." She lit her cigarette and filled her lungs with smoke.

Lenox watched her thoughtfully. "Aren't you smoking a good deal?"

She nodded. "About forty a day."

"But, Marion, that's more than anyone ought to smoke."

"Now, pa," she interrupted, "don't let's begin that again. I'm going to do it anyway, so why not be pleasant about it?"

He set his teacup down and moved over to the fire.

"You know that I'm not talking to be unpleasant, but smoking in that way will wreck your health. Neither of us wants that to happen."

"It's all the same to me."

"It is now. It won't be later on. Well," he went on, "if you can't be influenced by reason are you open to a bribe?"

"I tell you I'd rather not discuss it."

"I can see that, but I would. Suppose I forbade it?"

She rose from the sofa.

"Honestly, pa, don't be ridiculous." She gave him a withering look and left the room.

Lenox stood with his back to the wood fire and reflected. He had never believed much in discipline. When regrettable tendencies showed themselves in his children he had always trusted to time to set them right. Children with his blood and his wife's could not go wrong on fundamentals. It was a trying period for young people; he realized that; but the right sort would come out all right.

The men he met at the club professed to believe that the younger generation was headed straight for perdition. He heard their stories of débutantes parking their corsets in the dressing rooms at dances; of boys bringing flasks of whisky to private entertainments and making exhibitions of themselves. He admitted that there might be isolated cases of such deportment, but they were boys and girls without a background, the children of the new people who were forcing their way into society. There was, of course, a lamentable breakdown of manners since the war, but he regarded it largely as a pose. It would pass. A girl that was born a lady would be a lady; a boy that was born a gentleman would be a gentleman. He was still ruminating upon this comforting reflection when the footman appeared in the doorway and announced Mr. Grafton.

"Come in, George," said Lenox.

Grafton hesitated at the door. "Where's Carrie?"

"Not altogether fit. In her room, I think."

"Do you mind if I close this door?" said Grafton, and he closed it.

"What's the matter?"

"I don't want to be disturbed for a few minutes. I told the footman we were talking business and that you wouldn't be at home till I left."

"Anything wrong downtown?"

"No. It's about Bertie."

"My Bertie?"

"Yes. The story's about that he's married a chorus girl."

Lenox looked at him, unperturbed. "I don't believe it."

"Do you know anything about it?"

Lenox shook his head. "But it's absurd on the face of it."

"Well, I got it so straight that I came right up here. Frank De Witt's boy—you know, he's downtown in the Equitable—came into my office this afternoon and asked me if it was true. Bertie and he were in the club at Cambridge. Young Rawlins told him about it."

"Did Rawlins know it for a fact?"

"He told De Witt he did. De Witt wasn't surprised. It seems Bertie has been seen with the girl a good deal all winter."

"Where?"

"At the places they dance and have supper."

"That may be true. I don't know. You can't keep a boy in the nursery who's finished college, but I don't believe for a moment in the other part of the story. Damn it! The boy is my son; he's your sister's son. It's ridiculous!"

"Of course it ought to be," said Grafton; "but I don't think you understand what's going on with these kids."

"It's easy to settle it."

Lenox rose, went to the wall and pressed a bell. A moment later the footman appeared.

"Is Mr. Robert in?"

"I think he is, sir. I think he is in his room."

"Please tell him I'd like to see him."

He turned to Grafton: "Do you want a drink?"

Grafton shook his head.

"Tea?"

"No, thanks. Another bad day in the Street."

Lenox nodded unconcernedly, took a cigarette from the box on the tea table and lighted it. Almost never he smoked a cigarette; almost never he smoked between his cigar after breakfast and his after-dinner tobacco.

"What are you going to say to the boy?" asked Grafton. "I don't want to appear as a talebearer."

"You won't."

The door opened presently and the footman reappeared.

"Mr. Robert is indisposed, sir."

"Indisposed?" said Lenox.

"He's lying down, sir, and preferred not to be disturbed. He said he would see you in the morning, sir."

A faint smile came to Grafton's lips.

"Tell him I should prefer to see him at once," said Lenox, and the man went out again.

"What do you suppose he's lying down for?" Lenox asked his brother-in-law. "He's a strong boy."

Grafton laughed. "I suppose he's tired. He's in the Columbia Law School, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Interested?"

"Moderately."

They talked on and then Bertie came in. He wore a kimono sort of dressing gown. His hair was freshly brushed, slicked back wet as the young men do their hair. It suggested to Grafton that his head had recently been under the cold-water faucet, for the color was fresh in his young face but his eyes looked bad. He brought with him an odor of toilet water, through which Grafton thought he caught the smell of whisky.

"Hello, Uncle George," he said. "You wanted to see me, father?"

"Yes," said Lenox. He tossed the cigarette into the fire. "Your uncle is disturbed over a story he has just heard about you. I thought the best way to settle the matter was to ask you to come down and—deny it."

"Well, shoot."

"Your uncle has heard a report that you were married. Is it true?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know of any grounds for it?"

"No."

"You've been going about town with a young woman, an actress?"

"A chorus girl; yes, sir."

Lenox looked at him gravely. "You know I've never interfered with you, never preached. In fact, I've trusted you to work things out for yourself."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I expect you to be frank with me now. How far has the thing gone? Has she any hold on you?"

"She's straight—if that's what you mean."

"I take your word for it," said Lenox. "But do you think it advisable to make yourself conspicuous? It doesn't take much to get a story like this started, and you know what it would mean if it got to your mother."

"I guess mother'll have to stand for it sooner or later," said the boy.

"You mean you intend to keep on with her?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you mean you want to marry her?" said his uncle.

"Yes, sir."

Lenox's hand went out for the chair behind him. He found it and sat slowly down upon the arm.

"When did you come to this decision?" he said at last.

"Oh, I should say about six weeks ago?"

"Have you spoken to her?"

"Yes, sir."

Lenox's eyes went from his son's face to the wall beyond. There was a long silence.

"Who is she, Bertie?" asked Grafton.

"For the present I should prefer not to say," the boy answered.

Grafton forced a laugh. "Well, I can understand that. All I have to say is, think it over well. Don't make an ass of yourself."

"Yes, sir."

"Robert," said his father, "this is naturally a somewhat surprising piece of news. You must see my side of it as I try to understand yours. Before I talk to you further I want to have time to think. I'm going to ask you only one thing: You won't take any further steps until you talk to me again?"

"No, sir, I won't."

"Thank you. That's all now."

The boy looked from one to the other. "Good night, Uncle George," he said. "Good night, sir," and went out.

"Well," said Grafton, "here's a pretty mess."

Lenox dropped into a chair. He looked dazed.

"Thank God he hasn't done it," Grafton went on. "We've got to get busy; that's all. You behaved damned well, Bronson. There's no use in having an outburst. We'll have to get the girl and pack her off. It will cost something, but that's part of the game."

"But my son!" Lenox muttered.

"Well, your son is only doing what other men's sons have done, and will probably do again. We're all right if we're prompt and don't bungle."

"I suppose you're right," said Lenox; "but you don't see it from my point of view. It's a shock, George. The boy is a Lenox. Why, only this afternoon ——" He broke off. The Breslin episode was not a thing he cared to talk about.

"I know the Lenoxes have never married such girls," said Grafton, "but they've never been saints."

"But, George, can't you understand? It's the idea that he should think of such a thing. What's the use of tradition, of education, of example—if a boy bred and brought up like Bertie —— He must have thought of his mother. He's no fool; he must have thought of what it means to me—to his future."

"You know what the youthful male is."

"I'm not talking about morals. Let him go with her if he wants to. He isn't doing her any harm. But to propose to make this girl the mother of his children! I'm no snob, George, but you know as well as I do that the whole trick of life is living with the kind of people that belong to you."

"This is no time to theorize, Bronson. We've got to get hold of this girl and settle with her. That's all there is to it."

"We don't know who she is."

"I can find that out. I'll get hold of Nat Cummings. He knows everything that is doing on Broadway. What are you doing to-night?"

"There are people coming to dinner."

"They'll be gone by eleven. Have your car up. I'll telephone you between half past ten and eleven. I've got to go now. We're dining with the Crawfords early, and doing a play."

"All right, old boy," said Lenox. He pressed the bell and Grafton went out.

II

AT QUARTER to eight Caroline Lenox sent word to her husband that she was feeling stronger and would come down to dinner. He knew he ought to be pleased but the news left him indifferent. What did it matter whether she came down or not? The guests appeared more or less late, and he took Mrs. Lorry Russell in. He had been anxious lest the cook put too much sherry in the soup, lest the ducks be overcooked and the Burgundy too warm or not warm enough, but now he did not care. It all seemed painfully trivial. He laughed and talked and listened to Mrs. Russell, who told him that the Cartwrights were only allowing Evelyn ten thousand a year, while Freddy Cram, who had just married her, only had three of his own, and was making a bare sixty dollars a week downtown. How could they be expected to live? He said he couldn't imagine. He did not tell her that he didn't care. It all seemed twaddle.

The ladies left the table, taking Lorry Russell, who was on the wagon, to make a four at bridge, and the Greyhound Madeira was served. Schuyler Van Dam praised it and discoursed wisely of the two Burgundies. He rated the Clos Vougeot the better, but the Beaune was an excellent wine. Before the Madeira was finished he grew expansive about the food. The turtle soup, the terrapin and the canvasbacks—all were exactly right—the best dinner he'd had in two years. The food people gave one nowadays was vile; second-rate French cooking. It was high praise from an authority, but to Bronson Lenox it was twaddle.

At last they went into the drawing-room and two of the men cut into the bridge. Lenox secretively looked at his watch. It was half past ten. "If these people would only go home!" he thought. But he gathered that most of them were going on to the Curtises' ball. That meant another hour probably.

Then a footman came in and approached Lenox.

"Would you speak to Mr. Grafton on the telephone?" he said.

"Yes," said Lenox; "tell him I'll be there at once."

He followed the man upstairs to his study. The man went out and Lenox picked up the instrument.

"I've got track of a girl who's a friend of Bertie's friend," Grafton said. "Nat has made a date with her after the show. We're to meet him at the stage entrance of the Winter Garden at quarter past eleven. He'll pass her on to us for supper."

"But it isn't the one we want."

"No; Nat doesn't know her—I found out her name's O'Neil—but this one can tell us about her. It's the best we can do."

"All right; where are you now?"

"I'm telephoning from a cigar store near the theater."

"Shall I pick you up after the play?"

"No; I'll send my wife home in the motor and walk up to the Winter Garden."

"Just a minute. We don't want to be seen at one of these all-night restaurants."

"That's all right. Nat has given me the name of a quiet little place that's discreet."

"All right then; at quarter past eleven."

Lenox went back to the drawing-room. His wife, who had cut out from the bridge table, beckoned to him with her eye.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I've had a call from a client. It's something important. I'll have to meet him at quarter past eleven."

"That's why you ordered your car kept up? You knew about it before dinner?"

"It was a possibility. I hoped the telephone message would say that it was unnecessary for me to go."

"But you can't go away till these people go."

"I'll have to. You'll make my apologies."

She shot him a glance of suspicion and resentment and crossed the room to settle herself by Schuyler Van Dam.

At eleven o'clock he slipped out, put on a fur coat and stepped out to the waiting motor.

"Drive to the Winter Garden, Frederick; the stage entrance."

A voice from the figure muffled in furs answered, "Yes, sir."

"That's not Frederick," Lenox said sharply.

"No, sir. This is Henry."

"But I told Frederick to be here."

"Yes, sir, but Mrs. Lenox gave orders that as long as I was not due at the Curtises' for Miss Lenox till half past two ——"

"All right then."

Lenox got in and the car started. He wished his wife would not interfere with the orders he gave.

III

TOWARD midnight Lenox was sitting at a table in a private room of a somewhat disreputable restaurant in Sixth Avenue with his brother-in-law and Miss Millie St. Clair. It was twenty-five years since he had done anything of the kind. As he remembered the genus chorus girl she divided roughly into two classes—the tough jolly ones, and those who on first acquaintance were inordinately refined, patterning themselves after their conception of the society leader who at the time happened to be exploited by the Sunday newspapers. This one seemed rather on the jolly order, but she was obviously on her guard, curious about them probably, trying to size 'em up.

And that was the fact. Nat had telephoned her asking her to go out with two old guys as a favor to him. They were friends of his and she had been assured that it would be made worth her while, but that was all she knew about them. Lenox had been introduced as a Mr. Vincent, presumably a middle-aged satyr from Boston, unacquainted with the White Way but desirous to learn. Grafton she placed as a downtown broker, a little out of

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"Say! Him and Alus and Me and a Friend of Mine Was Out to Supper Last Night"

AMERICA'S NEED OF YOUTH

By James M. Beck

ILLUSTRATION BY DOUGLAS RYAN

THE President has been engaged in the most important if not most difficult work of his Administration. The selection of his collaborators, not only in the Cabinet but in other administrative offices, is a task of exceptional difficulty, for while the new Administration has inherited a ghastly heritage of the most perplexing problems that have ever confronted any responsible statesman, many new ones will inevitably arise as the United States attempts to set its much disordered house in order and at the same time play its due part in the affairs of a distracted civilization.

In what spirit should a President approach this serious task? In former years, when the politics of America was almost wholly internal, and at times did not arise above the problems of a high or low tariff, there was ample time for the Executive and the legislature to deliberate long and patiently before reaching a decision. In this age of steam and electricity the time has come when decisions cannot be long deferred, but must be quickly arrived at; and for this reason it is most important that those whom the President honors with his selection as his collaborators in the great work of the new Administration shall be men who are quick in deliberation and prompt in decision.

It Would be an Advantageous Thing for the New Administration to be Composed, Especially With Reference to Subordinate Positions, of Comparatively Young Men

For this reason it would be an advantageous thing for the new Administration to be composed, especially with reference to subordinate positions, of comparatively young men. Quickness of decision is the characteristic of youth. Slowness of decision is generally the attribute of age.

It is a curious fact that though the United States was brought into being by young men, and even its incomparable Constitution was the product of a body of men almost all of whom were young in years, yet the Constitution itself made a discrimination against youth, and possibly obedient to its spirit, but more probably pursuant to a political habit, there has been in the higher administrative offices in Washington very little opening for young men. Possibly in none of the great civilized countries have young men played so small a part in the last half century as in the United States.

Alexander, Napoleon and Pitt

THE writer remembers very well an intimate conversation that he had with the late Colonel Roosevelt shortly before his death. On that occasion Colonel Roosevelt quite frankly anticipated the strong probability that he would not only be the nominee of the Republican Party for the presidency, but that the people would confirm the choice. His quick and active brain was already looking forward to the period of time when he would again take the reins of power. Discussing his plans, he said to the writer that he intended to bring about him a new group of young men who would bring fresh blood into the Republican Party and the political life of the nation. The need of such new blood is so apparent and imperative that it is not unlikely that Mr. Harding will consider a similar policy.

The criterion of capacity is not how many years a man has lived, but how well he has lived them. The supreme test of success is, what can he do? Or, as Mr. Jefferson expressed it, "Is he honest? Is he capable?"

Far from youth being a disqualification, it would almost justify a certain discrimination in its favor. Is it not the period of splendid achievement? The great poet, who best sounded the depths of the human heart and held as none other the mirror up to Nature, speaks of the May-morn of youth, ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises. The experience of the ages has taught that whenever a great work is to be done the kingly state of youth, again to use Shakspere's phrase, was enlisted to do it. To hold the world in equilibrium the conservative judgment of age is doubtless necessary; but without the swift intuitions, the radical spirit and the indomitable energy and courage of youth the best of history had not been.

History has but one story to tell us of the need and value of triumphant youth. Shall we instance Alexander, who at 20 ascended the throne, at 23 won the Battle of Issus and at 25 that of Arbela? Who at 30 years of age had carried Greek civilization from the Mediterranean to the Ganges, and who was but 33 when he died unconquered, save by that waste of ocean whose tumbling billows mocked his further progress. The greatest of the Cæsars was but a young soldier when he compelled Pompey and Crassus to divide with him the dominion of the world.

Or shall we instance that marvelous boy of the last century who at 26, like young Samson, rent the lion of French anarchy as though it had been a kid, at 27 received as his wife's dowry the command of some thirty thousand half-clothed and half-starved battalions and flung his proud challenge to his adversaries that he would make them burn their books on tactics? Thus he addressed his meager army with barbaric but splendid energy:

> Soldiers, you are poorly fed and half naked. The government owes you much and can do nothing for you. I am about to lead you into the most fertile plains of the world. There you will find honor, glory and wealth.

Within one month he addresses them, congratulating them on six victories in fifteen days. He said:

> You have gained battles without cannon, crossed rivers without bridges, made forced marches without shoes, often bivouacked without bread.

At 29 this modern Cæsar beheld the minarets of Cairo gleaming in the rising sun, and could challenge the forty centuries that looked down upon him from the Pyramids to parallel the wonder of his career. Indeed, from 1795 until 1805 all Europe became the mere chessboard of two young men, and its kings, knights, bishops, castles and pawns were moved almost at the will of their master minds. The one, Napoleon, who at 35 pressed the crown of Charlemagne upon his head; the other, young Pitt, who on entering the bar was elected to the House of Commons. His first speech, delivered at the age of 22, was so remarkable that not only Burke proclaimed him a chip of the old block and therefore a worthy son of the Earl of Chatham, but Fox, when told that Pitt should become one of the greatest orators of the House, replied, "Nay, he is."

A year later the ministry had dissolved, and a powerful coalition, consisting of Lord North, Burke, Fox and other parliamentary giants, was formed to oppose the government. Who could cope with an opposition that was formidable beyond any precedent? The king turned to Pitt, and at 23 years of age he became chancellor of the exchequer, and from that time until his death, soon after the Battle of Austerlitz, he held supreme sway in England, a longer continuous reign of power than has ever been enjoyed by any English parliamentary leader before or since. It was young Pitt who with untiring energy organized the coalition after coalition that ultimately broke the power of the young Napoleon. These two young men played, with the empire of the world as their stake, their chess game of nations. Napoleon's genius shone forth resplendent at Austerlitz, and Pitt died of chagrin at hearing the thunderous check from Napoleon's cannon; but when the smoke curled heavenward from the fields of Waterloo the real victor of this titanic struggle of twenty years was not the Iron Duke, but that young lawyer whose remains then rested in that Valhalla of the English-speaking race, Westminster Abbey.

Youthful Soldiers, Poets and Musicians

NOR in this matter of youthful achievement is the latter half of the nineteenth century less wonderful than the first. Gordon was not 30 when he led the Ever-Victorious Army, while our own Phil Sheridan was a mere stripling in years, albeit a giant in genius, when he sent Early whirling up the Shenandoah Valley. It is said that Longstreet once came under a flag of truce to Sheridan's headquarters. He found the great leader surrounded by Custer, Forsythe and other youthful officers. Wonderingly he asked their average age. It was ascertained to be 31. Longstreet then said to Sheridan that the cause of the South was hopeless, because it was a war between graybeards and invincible youth.

If we turn from the cabinet and the tented field to the more peaceful avocations of men the truth is not less startling. Newton was but 23 when he discovered the law which is as infinite and comprehensive as the universe and which holds the innumerable starry worlds in its majestic operation—gravitation. Beethoven wrote the more famous of his symphonies before he was 32, and Fidelio at 35. The merry, sparkling strains of Don Giovanni were written by Mozart at 31. Mendelssohn amazed the musicians of Berlin by writing at 17 the overture to the Midsummer Night's Dream, of which it is the highest compliment to say that it is worthy of the text. Schubert, who filled the world with his mellifluous melody, died at 31. Wagner, the Napoleon of the orchestra, profoundly modified the opera as a dramatic form by writing Lohengrin at 37. Sheridan at 24 convulsed the world with merriment—and it has been laughing ever since—by that most perfect comedy, The Rivals. Byron, as we know, awoke one morning and found himself famous at 24 by writing Childe Harold. Campbell at 22 composed his Pleasures of Hope, and Bryant at 18 wrote that undying poem, Thanatopsis. Shelley at 21 made the world his debtor by Queen Mab, while Burns, with his boyish hand upon the plow, sang under the blue skies of Ayr his noble lyrics of democracy.

Shall we further instance that sovereign poet, who, fleeing across Warwickshire meadows, entered London a penniless and unknown young man? A Jack-of-all-trades, as Greene called him, he held horses and dreamed. He doubtless slept amid the squalor of some London garret,

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SWAMP COLONY—By Hal G. Evarts

Matakinoo's Marsh Literally Swarmed With Ducks as the Birds Banked Up in the Haven Where No Gun Was Fired

WHEN the ice went out in the spring and left a section of open water round the massive house of logs and mud that loomed in the center of the pond, Matakinoo, the yearling beaver, mounted the structure and looked about him with great misgiving. This was his home, yet he must leave it.

The cause for his present apprehension had its source in the dim days of centuries past. When the first roving bands of white trappers penetrated the country of the Grovants on the Snake they found a great sheet of water, studded with lovely islands, extending to the foot of the mighty Tetons, the peaks lifting sheer thousands of feet from its mirrored surface. Here, too, they found the land of a hundred thousand beaver, for the lake was flanked on the south by a vast swamp that swarmed with fur. This parent colony yielded its thousands of pelts, and the overflow settlements that marked every stream tumbling down out of the Tetons on the far side of the lake gave up their quotas to swell the catch. One restless trapper discovered a land-locked pool a mile from other water. It supported a colony of twenty beaver and he trapped them out. The pond was the work of his victims and perhaps he paused to marvel at their engineering skill. Once, perhaps a thousand years before, it had been merely a pothole in the hills, washed by the spring freshets caused by melting drifts. A gulch led down from it to the lake. Some wandering beaver had thrown a dam across the outlet and had thus contrived to retain a portion of the flood water. It is probable that he moved on, disgusted with the futility of his work when he discovered that, once the spring freshets were past, there was no water to feed his pool and it dried up as the summer heat sucked the moisture from it. Succeeding families of beaver improved upon the work of the pioneer and raised the dam. Then sediment deposited by roily floods had raised the floor of the pond, necessitating the reraising of the dam. Through decades of these conflicting forces the dam had become a tremendous structure. Trees had grown upon it, only to die and be replaced by others.

Since the day of the first white trappers the beaver had been hard pressed to survive. Matakinoo's problem was not one of food shortage, which sometimes occasions the migration of a settlement, for the slopes were covered with tender aspens down to the very shores and the pond itself was clogged by a rank growth of water lilies. His misgivings were occasioned by scarcity of water. The winter had been open, little snow had fallen in the hills, and the few seeping trickles from melting drifts had failed to raise the water line an inch; rather it had receded, and the long stems of the lilies drooped under the weight of the broad pads

Matakinoo slid from the house and made a despairing survey of his domain. A muddy trail marked his passage through the too shallow water. He returned to the house and when he dived for the under-water entrance the operation was assisted by a whack of his broad tail upon the surface, the sound of its impact with the water drifting far through the still forest. He rose beside a spacious platform fashioned as a living room of sufficient size to house a dozen beaver; but as he crawled out upon it there was but a single one to greet him—Matukin, the she beaver, who munched a lily stem in the cool seclusion of her home.

For many days the two yearlings watched the water line recede. The drooping pads of the lilies curled and yellowed under the sun or lay piled in decaying masses on the mud flats. They had no elder to guide them, for the pelts of their parents had been peeled by a trapper who had spared the kits only with a view to the greater fur value consequent upon their attaining full growth. There came a day when the mud flats were baked and cracked and only a tiny puddle of slimy water surrounded the house. Night shut down across the hills and Matakinoo led the way down the dry gulch toward the lake, facing the unknown with fear and trembling. Once a bear shuffled across an open lane through the trees ahead of them; a coyote raised his voice from a distant ridge, and Matakinoo shivered at the howl of the yellow killer, for when once removed from his native element he was helpless against his enemies. He came at last to the shores of a vast sheet of water and confidence returned to him as he plunged into Jacksons Lake and headed for the tree line that marked an island.

This strange migration was the reversal of an ancient rule. In generations past the landlocked pool, in common with other isolated localities, had been merely a refuge for the overflow of the natural increase of the parent colony in the swamp, the abode of beaver crowded out by swarming numbers. Now the swamp stood untenanted, the thousands vanished, and out of a former overflow colony came one lonely pair to found a colony that would one day repopulate the deserted settlements of their forbears.

All through the night Matakinoo explored the south shores of the lake. The vastness of the world appalled him and he felt no more the full sense of security that had been his while operating within the limited confines of his own domain. Yet this migration was fraught with significance, and had he but known it he had left danger behind, where he had fancied all was security, and here, where he felt himself but a tiny mite in the immensity of a hostile world, he had come at last into a haven of refuge; for on the eve of his migration the swamp had been included in a vast tract comprising nearly a thousand square miles that had been set aside as the Teton Preserve.

Here it was decreed that the wild things should live their own lives unmolested by the works of man.

Matakinoo turned off at the

A White Mound in Its Center Denoted the Site of a Massive Beaver House

A Cluster of Ducks on the Pond Was Composed Exclusively of Drakes

mouth of Halfmoon Bay and followed it back between spruce-clad hills. Beyond, it opened out into the great swamp and for a week the pair explored the haunts of their ancestors. Pilgrim Creek, and beyond it Second Creek, flowed into the willow flats, there to meander across the bottoms. Once these streams had been dammed at frequent intervals throughout their course, their channels altered and dammed again, and each side step that broke off from these was in turn obstructed and its water conserved. Now the dams were broken and the water flowed through former channels; many former pond floors were covered with rank stands of grass. Other lakes still stood, their waters retained by sturdy dams hundreds of yards in length, defying the wear and tear of water and wind and the hand of time.

For a week Matakinoo traveled the deserted galleries of his ancestors, swam in their ponds and investigated the ancient houses that lifted above the waters. Deep ruts, now grass grown, led from the pools, highways worn by countless feet at points where the colonists had conducted extensive operations. His feet trod the grooves that were old-time beaver drags from one pond to the next. Where once his tribe had reigned supreme Matakinoo and his sister now prowled alone through the arteries of dead cities raised by the ambitious labors of bygone generations, wraiths of the past come back to visit the scenes of vanished triumphs, theirs the task of repopulating the deserted ruins.

Two years from the day that Matakinoo viewed a drying pond from the top of his house he mounted a similar structure and looked over his new domain, this time with a sense of full content. This pool was his own, its waters backed up for two hundred yards by a dam he had fashioned during his first autumn in the swamp. A jungle of willows flanked the south shore of the pond. The sidehill to the north was clothed with silver-trunked aspens, and above them a dense stand of spruce and lodgepole swept on to the crest of the ridge. At the upper end of the pond lay a marshy meadow, dotted by acres of dwarf snow willows and threaded by the stream that supplied the pool; and beyond the marsh a rise of ground supported a hundred acres of spruce and jack pine with a sprinkling of sturdy cottonwoods.

The spring and summer were one for Matakinoo, the season of comparative idleness and play. The house was chinked solidly with mud except at the very top, where a network of sticks some ten inches in depth had been left without the mud-plaster filling and served as the ventilator shaft of the dwelling. Through this lattice issued the contented grunts of his mate, Matukin, as she ministered to the wants of the family. Two heads broke the surface near the house and a pair of yearling beaver headed for the dam. Four smaller heads rose a moment later and the spring kits circled the house, their flat tails smacking the surface of the water as a preliminary to each dive. Then Matukin appeared, and the pop of her tail reached the ears of a man a quarter of a mile down the timbered ridge.

A Blue Heron Roused With a Start and Executed Two Steps

Fesler turned in the direction of the sound. His cabin stood on the edge of the swamp and he made frequent trips out into it to note the increase of bird life in the two years since it had been set aside as a sanctuary. For the wild folk had been quick to learn that here was a spot where the dull roar of the shotgun was unknown and the trap line was taboo. The man had noted the increase of waterfowl and small fur, but the one-time haunts of a thousand beaver were untenanted. He could not mistake the whack of that tail and he headed cautiously for the spot, expecting to find there the work of some lone beaver, a single survivor of the past. But when he peered from behind a down log on the timbered slope he found instead a thriving colony. Fesler had seen many localities that swarmed with abundance of wild life, only to return at a later date and find it gone, the nesting grounds deserted.

He saw in this colony the possibility of a reversal of this rule, and his thoughts leaped ahead a dozen years. He visioned miles of beaver ponds, populated by teeming thousands. This little settlement, if unmolested, would show rapid increase. Fesler's experience dated back to days of pelts in plenty, and his own observations were backed by others of that day. He knew that the beaver, in contradiction to the ways of other animals, mates almost exclusively within its own family; that the kits of Matakinoo would carry on the mating of brother and sister for many generations. He knew, too, that there is little variation in the increase of a colony. A dozen men of like experience had indorsed his assumption that, given the date of the founding of a colony, he could compute the census of the settlement a half dozen years hence. The beaver mates first as a two-year-old and brings forth two kits. On the following spring, and on every year thereafter, the increase will consist of four. If there had ever occurred a variation of this rule it had never come within range of his own experience or that of any other man he knew. Fesler executed a quiet retreat, picturing the day when the Moran Swamp would once more swarm with fur.

As Matakinoo peered from his lookout point he saw evidence of life in plenty. A cluster of ducks on the pond was composed exclusively of drakes, whose mates rested on clutches of eggs concealed in the rank marsh grass; a golden-eye, two mallards and six blue-wing teal. A Canada goose covered four eggs on the crest of a knot that lifted three feet above the surrounding meadow, an ancient muskrat house long since deserted. In a patch of dwarf snow willows a sandhill crane mothered two large eggs. The trees that covered the rise of ground beyond the meadow were built thick with flat platforms of sticks, a vast rookery of the great blue herons, and from this colony the raucous converse of a thousand birds drifted to Matakinoo's ears as the distant clamor of a mighty dog pack. The air was streaked with flights of the great birds streaming from the feed grounds to the rookery or the reverse. A stately lodgepole on the timbered slope had long since been shorn of its top by the winds and on this lofty snag, silhouetted against the sky, reposed a symmetrical nest of heavy sticks where for twenty years a pair of ospreys had nested and reared two broods of young fish eagles every summer.

A mighty brown bear shuffled to the edge of the timber and stood swaying from side to side as he inspected the pool before him, then in his search for grubs commenced the work of tearing to shreds a rotten log. He raised his head as a sucking gurgle of mud and the crackle of brush announced the passage of heavy bodies through the willow jungle on the far shore of the pond. The willows parted and a cow moose took to the pool with her twin calves.

The sun rose higher and Matakinoo retired to the cool interior of the house to escape its heat, napping on the platform with his family. Twice he slid down the water-filled tunnel and rose outside to circle the pond and make a

brief survey. At infrequent intervals some of the kits or yearlings disappeared, to return later with sections of willow sapling, from which they peeled the bark for a midday lunch. Not until the shadows lengthened did Matakinoo come forth for any extended period. When he crawled out upon his house he found a dozen varieties of fisher folk foraging round his pool. Their object was in all cases the same, the capture of fresh fish for the evening meal; but the means of attainment differed widely according to their species.

A great white pelican paddled in leisurely fashion at the upper end of the pond and seined the shallows with his fish-net bill. A blue heron drowsed in the rocky riffle below the dam, his long neck folded and the rapier beak resting on his breast. He roused with a start and executed two swift steps, the broad wings spread to balance him as he plunged his spear at a silvery shadow that darted up the riffle, then straightened with a six-inch fish wriggling in his bill, turned it so that the head would first enter his anatomy and swallowed it at a gulp. A merganser swam about the pool, appearing but a headless gray body as the fish duck paddled with submerged head, which was presently uplifted with her catch gripped in the saw-toothed bill.

A kingfisher swept in with a raucous chatter, stationed himself on a bleached snag and there waited patiently. Above him an osprey wheeled gracefully. Twice the great bird started his plunge, only to spread his wings and check his drop, sailing off on another tour as his intended prey dipped from sight. At last the kingfisher dropped like a stone, rose with a minnow in his bill and repaired to a dead limb. Here he transferred the catch to his foot, his queer flat toes with their rubbery under parts forming excellent nonslip tongs with which to grip his slippery prey. His mate darted for the scene of the feast and for the space of a minute the silence was shattered by the chattering shrieks of the quarreling pair. White flecks dotted the sky above where the stream emptied into the lake, rafts of gulls fluttering over the water in search of any stray fish that might be forced to break surface to avoid the rush of some finny monster larger than itself. A loon rode the surface of the lake for an instant, then submerged, singled out his prey and captured it with ease, for the great northern diver swims at a far greater rate of speed than even a fish can command.

The osprey made his spectacular plunge and rose with a triumphant scream, a squawfish gripped in his talons, turning his catch with head to the fore so that it might split the wind and lessen any air resistance which would serve to retard his flight. Always this royal fisherman turns his catch to ride head on. He soared above the nest, his wings flared back flat to arrest his onward sweep, and for an instant he hovered suspended above it while his mate waved her wings and screamed a greeting as she tore the fish from his talons.

The sun dropped behind the ragged saw teeth of the mighty Tetons across the lake and Matakinoo ascended a well-worn slide that led to the aspen grove on the slope, there to start operations on a six-inch tree. He reared on his hind legs, the broad tail spread flat upon the ground as a stool to support his weight, and scored the tender bark with his teeth. Frequently he left off work to sample the wind, and no movement escaped his eye.

Two rustling furrows in the marsh grass challenged his interest and he watched till the rushes parted at the edge of the pool and the golden-eye and a hen mallard smoothly took the water. They did not tarry long but returned to their eggs. Next there was a commotion on the crest of the ancient rat house. The nest of the Canada goose was lined with soft down plucked from her own breast for the purpose and she now fluffed this feathery mass with her bill, arranging it to cover her eggs during her brief absence while she fed on shoots of grass and the tender water plants along the margin of the stream. The stately sandhill crane emerged from the snow willows to spear grass frogs and meadow mice in the marsh.

Dusk settled down and the night feeders came on shift. The squeal of a cow moose preceded a mighty floundering in the willow jungle. The soft clatter of the drakes, gossiping at the upper end of the pool while their mates covered the eggs in the marsh, was punctuated by resounding whacks as the beaver family sported in the pond. A loon screamed his maniac's laugh and another answered from far out in the lake, the music of demented souls lost in the night.

An old boar mink moved across the dam and paused midway as he heard the chuckling of the drakes at the far end of it. He took to the water, his head a gliding furrow on the surface with a ripple widening behind him. The water closed over him and a full minute later a blue-wing drake gave one terrified squawk as a sinister head broke water before him and wicked fangs fastened on his throat. The boar mink snarled as he dragged his fluttering victim out upon a mossy hummock and sucked the hot blood. Again the loon loosed his demented shriek, as if to mock a departing soul.

Matakinoo sliced steadily into the aspen, notching it first on the downhill side, the direction in which he intended it to fall. Later he transferred his efforts to the opposite side. The trunk was completely circled and eventually it shivered and swayed toward the pond, inclining slowly at first, then toppled and lurched down with its top in the pond, where it would supply food for all hands for a week.

As the young of the human kind when at play are prone to imitate the activities of their elders, so too are the young of the beaver inclined to play at the work of their parents. The kits fashioned slides that led back into the heart of the willow swamp, cutting the mud below pond level and flooding these twisting canals with sufficient water to allow the floating out of slender willow saplings which they cut well back from the pond. All through the summer they built play dams that obstructed the course of the trickling streams in the marsh, backing their waters up in tiny pools in imitation of the more ambitious undertakings of their parents.

Fisher came again in midsummer after the feathered folk had hatched out their young. The wild things had learned that here man was shorn of the deadly implements with which he could strike at a distance, and now when he approached they exercised only the same precautions they would have adopted at the approach of some four-footed killer of the hills and streams or a winged pirate of the air, keeping well out of striking range but refusing to break into a wild flight

(Continued on Page 54)

A Mighty Brown Bear Shuffled to the Edge of the Timber. Above—The Osprey Soared Above the Nest, His Wings Flared Back Flat to Arrest His Onward Sweep

THE COMIC

By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Katie's Friend Had Told Her How Funny the Guy Was When He'd Had Just the Right Number of Shots, But I'd Counted Eight and Begin to Get Discouraged

OH YES, we been back here quite aw'ile. And we're liable to be here quite aw'ile. This town's good enough for me and it suits the Mrs. too, though they didn't neither one of us appreciate it till we'd give New York a try. If I was running the South Bend Boosters' club, I'd make everybody spend a year on the Gay White Way. They'd be so tickled when they got to South Bend that you'd never hear them razz the old burg again. Just yesterday we had a letter from Katie, my sister-in-law, asking us would we come and pay her a visit. She's a regular New Yorker now. Well, I didn't have to put up no fight with my Mrs. Before I could open my pan she says, "I'll write and tell her we can't come; that you're looking for a job and don't want to go nowheres just now."

Well, they's some truth in that. I don't want to go nowheres and I'll take a job if it's the right kind. We could get along on the interest from Ella's money, but I'm tired of laying round. I didn't do a tap of work all the time I was east and I'm out of the habit, but the days certainly do drag when a man ain't got nothing to do and if I can find something where I don't have to travel, I'll try it out.

Yes, the Mrs. has still got most of the principal of what her old man left her, and all and all, I'm glad we made the trip. I more than broke even by winning pretty close to $10,000 on the ponies down there. And we got Katie off our hands, which was one of the objects of us going in the first place—that and because the two gals wanted to see Life. So I don't grudge the time we spent, and we had some funny experiences when you look back at them. Anybody does that goes on a tour like that with a cuckoo like Katie. You hear a lot of songs and gags about mother-in-laws. But I could write a book of them about sister-in-laws that's twenty years old and pretty and full of peace and good will towards Men.

II

THE last time I seen you in New York, we was living in a hotel out on Long Island. Well, it finally got too slow for the gals out there, besides costing us more than we could afford. So they suggested moving back to some hotel in New York City, where they could be near things. I said all right, if it wasn't some place like the Ritz or the Biltmore. So we inquired round and somebody recommended the Graham, on Sixty-seventh Street.

They called it a family hotel, but as far as I could see, Ella and I was the only ones there that had ever forced two dollars on the clergy. Outside of the transients, they was two song writers and a couple of gals that had their hair pruned and wrote for the papers, and the rest of the lodgers was boys that had got penned into a sixteen-foot ring with Benny Leonard by mistake. They looked like they'd spent many an evening hanging onto the ropes during the rush hour.

When we'd staid there two days, Ella and Katie was ready to pack up again.

"This is just a joint," said Ella. "The gals may be all right, but they're never in, only to sleep. And the men's impossible; a bunch of low prize-fighters."

I was for sticking, on account of the place being cheap, so I said:

"Second prize ain't so low. And you're overlooking the two handsome tune thiefs. Besides, what's the difference who else lives here as long as the rooms is clean and they got a good restaurant? What did our dude cellmates out on Long Island get us? Just trouble!"

But I'd of lose the argument as usual only for Kate oversleeping herself. It was our third morning at the Graham and her and Ella had it planned to go and look for a better place. But Katie didn't get up till pretty near noon and Ella went without her. So it broke so's Sis had just came downstairs and turned in her key when the two bellhops reeled in the front door bulging with baggage and escorting Mr. Jimmy Ralston. Yes, Jimmy Ralston the comedian. Or comic, as he calls it.

Well, he ain't F. X. Bushman, as you know. But no one that seen him could make the mistake of thinking he wasn't somebody. And he looked good enough to Kate so as she waited till the clerk had him fixed up, and then ast who he was. The clerk told her and she told us when the Mrs. come back from her hunt. Ella begin to name a few joints where we might move, but it seemed like Sis had changed her mind.

"Oh," she says, "let's stay here aw'ile longer, a week anyway."

"What's came over you?" ast Ella. "You just said last night that you was bored to death here."

"Maybe we won't be bored now," said Kate, smiling. "The Graham's looking up. We're entertaining a celebrity—Jimmy Ralston of the Follies."

Well, they hadn't none of us ever seen him on the stage, but of course we'd heard of him. He'd only just started with the Follies, but he'd made a name for himself at the Winter Garden, where he broke in two or three years ago. And Kate said that a chorus gal she'd met—Jane Abbott—had told her about Ralston and what a scream he was on a party.

"He's terribly funny when he gets just the right number of drinks," says Kate.

"Well, let's stay then," says Ella. "It'll be exciting to know a real actor."

"I would like to know him," says Katie, "not just because he's on the stage, but I think it'd be fun to set and listen to him talk. He must say the screamingest things! If we had him round we wouldn't have to play cards or nothing for entertainment. Only they say it makes people fat to laugh."

"If I was you, I'd want to get fat," I said. "Looking like an E string hasn't started no landslide your way."

"Is he attractive?" ast the Mrs.

"Well," said Kate, "he isn't handsome, but he's striking looking. You wouldn't never think he was a comedian. But then, ain't it generally always true that the driest people have sad faces?"

"That's a joke!" I said. "Did you ever see Bryan when he didn't look like somebody was tickling his feet?"

"We'll have to think up some scheme to get introduced to him," says Ella.

"It'll be tough," I says. "I don't suppose they's anybody in the world harder to meet than a member of the Follies, unless it's an Elk in a Pullman washroom."

"But listen," says Kate: "We don't want to meet him till we've saw the show. It'd be awfully embarrassing to have him ask us how we liked the Follies and we'd have to say we hadn't been to it."

"Yes," said the Mrs., "but still if we tell him we haven't been to it, he may give us free passes."

"Easy!" I said. "And it'd take a big load off his mind. They say it worries the Follies people half sick wondering what to do with all their free passes."

"Suppose we go tonight!" says Kate. "We can drop in a hotel somewheres and get seats. The longer we don't go, the longer we won't meet him."

"And the longer we don't meet him," I says, "the longer till he gives you the air."

"I'm not thinking of Mr. Ralston as a possible suitor," says Katie, swelling up. "But I do want to get acquainted with a man that don't bore a person to death."

"Well," I says, "if this baby's anything like the rest of your gentleman friends, he won't hardly be round long enough for that."

I didn't make no kick about going to the show. We hadn't spent no money since we'd moved back to Town and I was as tired as the gals of setting up in the room, playing rummy. They said we'd have to dress, and I kicked just from habit, but I'd got past minding that end of it. They was one advantage in dolling up every time you went anywheres. It meant an hour when they was no chance to do something even sillier.

We couldn't stop to put on the nose bag at the Graham because the women was scared we'd be too late to get tickets. Besides, when you're dressed for dinner, you at least want the waiter to be the same. So we took a taxi down to the Spencer, bought Follies seats in the ninth row, and went in to eat. It's been in all the papers that the price of food has came down, but the hotel men can't read. They fined us eleven smackers for a two-course banquet that if the Woman's Guild, here, would dast soak you four bits a plate for it, somebody'd write a nasty letter to the News-Times.

We got in the theater a half hour before the show begin. I put in the time finding out what the men will wear, and the gals looked up what scenes Ralston'd be in. He was only on once in each act. They don't waste much time on a comedian in the Follies. It don't take long to spring the two gags they can think up for him in a year, and besides, he just interferes with the big gal numbers, where Bunny Granville or somebody dreams of the different flappers he danced with at the prom, and the souvenirs they give him; and one by one the different gals writhes in, dressed like the stage director thinks they dress at the female scolleges—a Wesley gal in pink tights, a Vassar dame in hula-hula, and a Smith gal with a sombrero and a sailor suit. He does a couple of steps with them and they each hand him a flower or a vegetable to remember them by. The song winds up:

But my most exclusive token
Is a little hangnail broken
Off the gal from Gussie's School for Manicures.

And his real sweet patootie comes on made up as a scissors.

You've saw Ralston? He's a good comedian; no getting away from that. The way he fixes up his face, you laugh just to look at him. I yelled when I first seen him. He was supposed to be an office boy and he got back late from lunch and the boss ast him what made him late and he said he stopped to buy the extra. So the boss ast him what extra and he says the extra about the New York society couple getting married. So the boss said, "Why, they wouldn't print an extra about that. They's a New York society couple married most every day." So Ralston said, "Yes, but this couple is both doing it for the first time."

I don't remember what other gags he had, and they're old anyway by now. But he was a hit, especially with

Ella and Kate. They screamed so loud I thought we'd get the air. If he didn't say a word, he'd be funny with that fool make-up and that voice.

I guess if it wasn't for me the gals would of insisted on going back to the stage door after the show and waiting for him to come out. I've saw Katie bad a lot of times, but never as cuckoo as this. It wasn't no case of love at first or second sight. You couldn't be stuck on this guy from seeing him. But she'd always been kind of stage-struck and was crazy over the idear of getting acquainted with a celebrity, maybe going round to places with him, and having people see her with Jimmy Ralston, the comedian. And then, of course, most anybody wants to meet a person that can make you laugh.

I managed to persuade them that the best dope would be to go back to the Graham and wait for him to come home; maybe we could fix it up with the night clerk to introduce us. I told them that irregardless of what you read in books, they's some members of the theatrical profession that occasionally visits the place where they sleep. So we went to the hotel and set in the lobby for an hour and a half, me trying to keep awake w'ile the gals played Ralston's part of the show over again a couple thousand times. They's nothing goes so big with me as listening to people repeat gags out of a show that I just seen.

The clerk had been tipped off and when Ralston finally come in and went to get his key, I strolled up to the desk like I was after mine. The clerk introduced us.

"I want you to meet my wife and sister-in-law," I said.

"Some other time," says Ralston. "They's a matinee tomorrow and I got to run off to bed."

So off he went and I got bawled out for Ziegfeld having matinees. But I squared myself two days afterwards when we went in the restaurant for lunch. He was just having breakfast and the three of us stopped by his table. I don't think he remembered ever seeing me before, but anyway he got up and shook hands with the women. Well, you couldn't never accuse Ella of having a faint heart, and she says:

"Can't we set down with you, Mr. Ralston? We want to tell you how much we enjoyed the Follies."

So he says, sure, set down, but I guess we would of anyway.

"We thought it was a dandy show," says Katie.

"It ain't a bad troupe," says Ralston.

"If you'll pardon me getting personal," said Ella, "we thought you was the best thing in it."

He looked like he'd strain a point and forgive her.

"We all just yelled!" says Katie. "I was afraid they'd put us out, you made us laugh so hard."

"Well," says Ralston, "I guess if they begin putting people out for that, I'd have to leave the troupe."

"It wouldn't be much of a show without you," said Ella.

"Well, all that keeps me in it is friendship for Ziggy," says Ralston. "I said to him last night, I says, 'Ziggy, I'm going to quit the troupe. I'm tired and I want to rest aw'ile.' So he says, 'Jim, don't quit or I'll have to close the troupe. I'll give you fifteen hundred a week to stay.' I'm getting a thousand now. But I says to him, I said, 'Ziggy, it ain't a question of money. What I want is a troupe of my own, where I get a chance to do serious work. I'm sick of making a monkey of myself in front of a bunch of saps from Nyack that don't appreciate no art but what's wrapped up in a stocking.' So he's promised that if I'll stick it out this year, he'll star me next season in a serious piece."

"Is he giving you the five hundred raise?" I ast him.

"I wouldn't take it," said Ralston. "I don't need money."

"At that, a person can live pretty cheap at this hotel," I says.

"I didn't move here because it was cheap," he said. "I moved here to get away from the pests—women that wants my autograph or my picture. And all they could say was how much they enjoyed my work and how did I think up all them gags, and so forth. No real artist likes to talk about himself, especially to people that don't understand. So that's the reason why I left the Ritz, so's I'd be left alone, not to save money. And I don't save no money, neither. I've got the best suite in the house—bedroom, bath and study."

"What do you study?" ast Kate.

"The parts I want to play," he says; "Hamlet and Macbeth and Richard."

"But you're a comedian," says Kate.

"It's just a stepping stone," said Ralston.

He'd finished his breakfast and got up.

"I must go to my study and work," he says. "We'll meet again."

"Yes, indeed," says Ella. "Do you always come right back here nights after the show?"

"When I can get away from the pests," he says.

"Well," says Ella, "suppose you come up to our rooms tonight and we'll have a bite to eat. And I think the husband can give you a little liquid refreshments if you ever indulge."

"Very little," he says. "What is your room number?"

So the Mrs. told him and he said he'd see us after the show that night, and walked out.

"Well," said Ella, "how do you like him?"

"I think he's wonderful!" says Katie. "I didn't have no idear he was so deep, wanting to play Hamlet."

"Pretty near all comedians has got that bug," I says.

"Maybe he's different when you know him better," said Ella.

"I don't want him to be different," says Kate.

"But he was so serious," said the Mrs. "He didn't say nothing funny."

"Sure he did," I says. "Didn't he say artists hate to talk about themselfs?"

Pretty soon the waiter come in with our lunch. He ast us if the other gentleman was coming back.

"No," said Ella. "He's through."

"He forgot his check," says the dish smasher.

"Oh, never mind!" says Ella. "We'll take care of that."

"Well," I says, "I guess the bird was telling the truth when he said he didn't need no money."

III

AND the gals spent the evening at a picture show and stopped at a delicatessen on the way home to stock up for the banquet. I had a quart and a pint of yearling rye, and a couple of bottles of McAllister that they'd fined me fifteen smackers apiece for and I wanted to save them, so I told Kate that I hoped her friend would get comical enough on the rye.

"He said he drunk very little," she reminded me.

"Remember, don't make him talk about himself," said the Mrs. "What we want is to have him feel at home, like he was with old friends, and then maybe he'll warm up. I hope we don't wake the whole hotel, laughing."

Well, Ralston showed about midnight. He'd remembered his date and apologized for not getting there before.

"I like to walk home from the theater," he says. "I get some of my funniest idears w'ile I walk."

I come to the conclusion later that he spent practically his whole life riding.

Ella's and my room wasn't no gymnasium for size and after the third drink, Ralston tried to get to the dresser to look at himself in the glass, and knocked a $30 vase for a corpse. This didn't go very big with the Mrs., but she forced a smile and would of accepted his apology if he'd made any. All he done was mumble something about cramped quarters. They was even more cramped when we set the table for the big feed, and it was my tough luck to have our guest park himself in the chair nearest the clothes closet, where my two bottles of Scotch had been put to bed. The fourth snifter finished the pint of rye and I said I'd get the other quart, but before I could stop her, Ella says:

"Let Mr. Ralston get it. It's right there by him."

So the next thing you know, James has found the good stuff and he comes out with both bottles of it.

"McAllister!" he says. "That's my favorite. If I'd knew you had that, I wouldn't of drank up all your rye."

"You haven't drank it all up," I says. "They's another bottle of it in there."

"It can stay there as long as we got this," he says, and helped himself to the corkscrew.

Well, amongst the knickknacks the gals had picked up at the delicatessen was a roast chicken and a bottle of olives, and at the time I thought Ralston was swallowing bones, stones and all. It wasn't till the next day that we found all these keepsakes on the floor, along with a couple dozen assorted cigarette butts.

Katie's chorus gal friend had told her how funny the guy was when he'd had just the right number of shots, but I'd counted eight and begin to get discouraged before he started talking.

"My mother could certainly cook a chicken," he says.

"Is your mother living?" Kate ast him.

"No," he says. "She was killed in a railroad wreck. I'll never forget when I had to go and identify her. You wouldn't believe a person could get that mangled! No," he says, "my family's all gone. I never seen my father. He was in the pesthouse with smallpox when I was born and he died there. And my only sister died of jaundice. I can still ——"

But Kate was scared we'd wake up the hotel, laughing, so she says: "Do you ever give imitations?"

"You mustn't make Mr. Ralston talk about himself," says Ella.

"Imitations of who?" said Ralston.

"Oh, other actors," said Katie.

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Well, You Couldn't Never Accuse Ella of Having a Faint Heart, and She Says: "Can't We Set Down With You, Mr. Ralston?"

Winnie and the Ultra-Superba

By BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

LITTLE Miss Winnie O'Wynn was engaged in considering a problem of much importance, while the early morning chocolate things and a few fresh flowers helped to make the table by her bed quite a pretty picture.

Mrs. Darnall, her housekeeper, had reported plentiful fog, keen cold and rather more than the average mud outside, and so the curtains were still drawn, the light still burned and the electric fire still warmed the pinkly cozy inmost nest of the girl as, looking charming in her dressing jacket, she sat up in bed studying the rough pencil notes she had been making upon a sheet of writing paper. The notes were somewhat as follows:

CASH ACCOUNT

I HAVE

Money at the bank	£18,267
Deduct electric-light money .	4
Balance	£18,263

I OWE

No money owed to anybody except for the electric-light account, say £4

and my clothes and furniture and my little race horse, Lullaby, who is paid for till the end of next month.

Five per cent on £18,260 is 182 × 5 = £910. Add 60 shillings = £913.

Total income, if left alone, £913.

Query: Leave it alone?

From which it will be seen that like a sensible little girl Winnie had been entertaining herself with an impersonation of the king in his countinghouse.

She surveyed her balance sheet thoughtfully for some minutes, soliloquizing.

"If daddy were alive I know what he would say," she murmured. "He would strongly advise turning it over. But I don't think I am very clever at turning my own money over. It produces a crop even if you do nothing but sit and watch it. Of course I could go into the city and learn how to invest it skillfully and make a fortune—perhaps. I could get a position in a stockbroker's office and work my way up—or down."

She frowned a little, thinking hard.

"But if I did I should find *myself* just a little, lonely, bewildered girl in the middle of crowds and crowds of great, keen men as fierce and merciless as a pack of wolves." She smiled. "I should have to compete with them in their own forests. But if I stay as I am I don't compete with them at all, and none of them competes with me. So far they seem to compete for me—in my forests. That is ever so much nicer. I think it will be better to leave it alone."

She carefully crossed out the question mark opposite her query.

"After all," she smiled, "I have only been in London six months, and I have made eighteen thousand pounds and a splendid little race horse. That is at the rate of thirty-six thousand a year—and three hundred and sixty thousand in ten years. I am only nineteen, and if I live to be sixty, that will be another forty-one years."

She worked out another sum—thus:

£36,000
41
36 000
144,000
£1,476,000

She stared, a little astonished at the figure. Then she laughed.

"And I've forgotten the compound interest," she said.

She began—much in the spirit in which a kitten lightheartedly chases the wisp of fur it uses as a tail—to work out the compound interest on £36,000 a year for forty-one years, realized that she was in the land of daydreams and decided that she could leave that particular bit of accountancy for a little.

It Took the Form of a Heavy Bruise on the Shapely Arm of Miss Beryl Allen and Several Fresh Bruises Upon Her Already Somewhat Bruised Heart

"I should hardly need it," she said. A thought came to her. "Why, that's what daddy used to do!" she murmured—"work out what he would have won if the horses he backed had not lost."

She sighed, for she had been passionately fond of the father who had taught her so many things that, although not part of the strictly conventional education of a girl, were, at any rate, extraordinarily useful. Then she remembered that she was due in a couple of hours to lunch with the Hon. Gerald Peel; and, emerging from daydream land, adventured a slender little foot out of bed en route to her bath.

Lunch with the Honorable Gerald was not an event which quickened Winnie's pulse, for, oddly enough, he was not one of the type which Winnie classified as *canis lupus*. He was a cool, quiet youth, lean, clean-shaven, looking older and harder than he really was, and the only beauty which he regarded as being worth serious attention was equine beauty. The Honorable Gerald would cheerfully have turned away from contemplation of the celebrated ankles of that world-famous dancer, Mlle. Insidia Fée, in order to study the pasterns of any groggy old steeplechaser that happened along, and it is certain that had he been given his choice between the matrimonial possession of Winnie and the ownership of Winnie's beautiful little race horse, Lullaby, he would have chosen Lullaby. Winnie never leveled the twin radiances of her blue eyes at him without realizing that no matter how raptly he might gaze upon her face he probably would have gazed even more raptly into the mouth of Lullaby. He was a nice boy, and his name should have been John Hippo Peel.

Which was probably the reason why Winnie regarded Gerald as one of the few friends she felt she could really trust. It was, indeed, chiefly to talk over the possibilities of Winnie's little racing aristocrat that the lunch had been arranged. But it led Winnie rather abruptly to other possibilities, for it was while they were gossiping over coffee that the gentleman she came to know later as Mr. Benson Boldre made his appearance. He was an acquaintance rather than a friend of the Honorable Gerald, but because he speedily made it clear that he came bearing if not gifts at least great opportunities for Winnie the Honorable Gerald tolerated his advent. He was an extremely well-dressed man of middle age, with a somewhat worn face, thin but rather full-lipped, with gray, slightly dulled eyes. The first impression of him Winnie registered was that he had seen hard times in the past, had softened them considerably and was now becoming a trifle flaccid. He expanded quickly under the friendly, open, ingenuous gaze of the girl, and presently confessed that he had been watching her for the past hour from a table in a far corner of the room. Winnie's eyes widened with wonder at that.

"Watching me, Mr. Boldre?"

She seemed to shrink a little, obviously astonished that anyone should find her worthy of more than, say, a passing glance of mild approval. Mr. Boldre perceived that she was a sensitive plant. She noticed him perceiving it.

"Yes, indeed, Miss O'Wynn," he said heartily. He laughed a little. "You remind me of someone I never knew. Come now, that's a puzzle, you think."

"But, please, that's too difficult, Mr. Boldre—how could I?"

"It was Queen Anne Boleyn," affirmed Mr. Boldre, smiling. "I am looking for a lady like Queen Anne Boleyn."

Winnie's eyes were misty blue with perplexity. The Honorable Gerald was staring at Mr. Boldre much as he might have stared at a man who had said that he preferred to ride a good tricycle rather than a good horse.

"I've puzzled you both, I see," said Boldre with an indulgent smile. "I mean, of course, that I am looking for a lady who comes up to my conception of Queen Anne Boleyn—in order to try to persuade her to accept the star part in a big new film about to be produced by a firm in which I am interested. I have hunted London for her"—his voice dropped impressively—"and I believe I have found her!"

The Honorable Gerald stirred.

"You mean Miss O'Wynn, Boldre?"

"I mean that Miss O'Wynn is exactly my idea of the Anne Boleyn I am seeking."

Winnie's slim, graceful hands clasped impulsively over her heart.

"But Anne Boleyn was queen of England!" she said in a hushed voice. "How can you imagine that a little girl like me could possibly act the part of a queen, Mr. Boldre? I—I don't think I have ever had such a compliment as that—but it is impossible."

She had never looked more exquisite in her life than she did then. Her lips were slightly parted as she leaned forward, her cheeks had taken on a deeper sea-shell flush, her eyes had darkened almost to a sapphire brilliance. Something like a gleam came into those of Mr. Boldre as he watched her—a gleam she knew of old. She had stared into the eyes of a good many men in her short life—and she knew about eyes and gleams and men—also wolves. Then she sighed.

"Ah, but you only say that because it is your nature to be kind, I think, Mr. Boldre," she said.

But that Mr. Boldre made haste to deny.

"Before Henry VIII came along and made her father an earl or something, dear Miss O'Wynn, what was Anne? Just a charming, blue-eyed little bit of a slip of a fairy thing playing about in the Old World garden of roses and honeysuckle down in the country, as innocent and sweet as—as ——"

"A yearling," suggested the Honorable Gerald seriously, rather carried away by Mr. Boldre's eloquence.

"Well, say a kitten," amended the star seeker.

Winnie nodded.

"Yes, she was. She loved the garden in her Old World home at Hever Castle. I've read of it," said Winnie.

"When bluff King Hal proposed to make that charming little country maid his queen," resumed Mr. Boldre, "I expect she felt that it was an impossible position for her to fill. Yet she filled it—temporarily, at any rate." He smiled.

"The lady I have been seeking is one who can play that child in the old home garden naturally before the camera, Miss Winnie. The other parts—the queen reels—are a matter of brocades and ermine and jewelry and that sort of thing—comparatively easy. But for the first and last reels I want naturalness, and I believe that you, Miss O'Wynn, could take the part to perfection if it were only possible to persuade you to do it."

Evidently Mr. Boldre believed Winnie to be some one or other of the Honorable Gerald's aristocratic and wealthy relatives or friends, but the child speedily undeceived him on that point.

"It seems quite wonderful that I should be anything at all like your idea of Anne Boleyn," she said. "But if it really is so, Mr. Boldre, of course you could easily persuade me—how nice you were to put it like that—to try to act the part. I have acted in amateur theatricals at home. The vicar wrote a splendid play. Do you mean, please, that you would pay me—like the famous stars—to play Anne Boleyn for you?"

"Why, certainly, I should be very glad indeed! I should regard it as a stroke of luck for me," began Mr. Boldre.

"Pay you a toppin' salary, Miss Winnie—a movie star gets a bewilderin' figure nowadays," said the Honorable Gerald. "Make more out of actin' a tragedy than she'd make if she picked up the Eclipse Stakes."

"Well, hardly that, hardly that," said Mr. Boldre blandly. "But certainly she would do extremely well. One would pay a handsome—even a very handsome figure to Miss O'Wynn, all being well. That I can promise."

Like most quiet men, the Honorable Gerald was prone to do the right thing at the right time. He perceived that there seemed to be no urgent reason for his continued presence there. He was well aware that Winnie had a living to earn like himself—he, too, being poor if blue-blooded, and horses being hardy feeders in these days of expensive oats—and he desired to put no difficulties in the way of her earning it. He rose.

"Well, I'll be canterin', Miss Winnie. I know you will like to talk business. You will drive Miss O'Wynn to Lady Fasterton's place after, eh, Boldre? You're going on to my fascinatin' cousin's, aren't you, Miss Winnie?"

Mr. Boldre, thus tactfully apprised that Winnie had influential friends even if she did accept movie contracts from comparative strangers, hastily, even anxiously, assured them that he and his car were wholly at Winnie's disposal, and Gerald shook hands.

"Take care of him, Miss Winnie," he said playfully, but with serious eyes. "Business is business, and dear old Boldre is a fine business man. Charge him about half he's got—if you can't get more. You ought to squeeze thousands out of him with luck."

He laughed. "Get his best offer, double it, multiply by two, take away the number you first thought of, put it in black an' white and consult an expert before signin' it. Don't mind me, old chap! Everybody knows that I am simply a walkin' fatuity when I get more than five yards from a horse."

It was his way of warning Winnie. She needed no warning, but she appreciated the intention. The Honorable Gerald then cantered

"I shall have to work very hard to make it a success, I expect," said Winnie.

But Mr. Boldre hastened to reassure her.

"No, dear Miss O'Wynn, I don't think so. Just be your own sweet, natural self all the time. It will come more easily to you than to a trained actress."

Winnie smiled into his dull but avid eyes.

"Does it sound very greedy if I ask how much you would pay me, please?" she cooed. "It seems so—so mercenary to bring money into such a beautiful story, and I would much rather not. Only one has to, in a way, hasn't one?"

Mr. Boldre leaned towards her.

"Of course, dear Miss Winnie, you needn't feel ashamed to mention money. Well, now—it's difficult to say offhand exactly how much I shall be able to guarantee you over this film; but you may rest assured that it won't be less than two hundred pounds, possibly more."

Winnie's eyes widened.

"Oh, what a lot of money!" she cried softly. "For me?"

A pronounced satisfaction softened the features of Mr. Boldre.

"Yes, for you. It may be more."

He passed his hand across his chin in the manner of one who reflects. Winnie noted anew that he was wearing a very fine ring, a big, marvelously colored emerald set in unusually red gold.

"Yes, it may be more—almost certainly it will be. I must talk it over with the manager, Archer. If you are agreeable, Miss Winnie, we will have a conference tomorrow."

"The costumes!" cried Winnie suddenly. "I had forgotten those. Will they swallow up all my salary, please?"

Mr. Boldre smiled

"We shall provide those," he said speciously.

"Oh, how lucky I am!" sighed Winnie.

"Oh, no, not at all. I am the lucky one," insisted Mr. Boldre.

With a quick, impulsive movement Winnie took off a little ring which she was wearing on the middle finger of her right hand. It was a pretty rather than valuable thing—a fragment of opal matrix, oddly brilliant, with a great preponderance of lapis lazuli blue in it. The ring was not rigid, but a bit of gold chain, the opal being bored and held loosely by a gold wire.

"That is for you, please," she said with a delicious flush.

Boldre stared.

"For me, child?"

"Whenever a great stroke of good luck happens to me I always give away a valued possession. You see it's unlucky to be lucky without making some sacrifice. Everyone does it nowadays."

Mr. Boldre hesitated.

"But you mustn't give me your pretty little ring, child!" he said.

The lovely eyes darkened and grew misty.

"Oh, please, please let me do it! You must have my ring—it will be so unlucky not to. I always sacrifice to good luck."

Mr. Boldre yielded. "But I've been lucky, too," he said. "I must make a sacrifice, too, in that case."

His hands wandered rather vaguely about his vest pockets, but came empty away. After all, he couldn't offer her a gold toothpick or any bric-a-brac of that description. And to go out and buy a bit of jewelry was hardly equivalent to sacrificing a valued possession. It was most awkward in that the only valued possession he happened to have on him was the emerald ring, which was worth several hundred times as much as the chain ring. A certain sadness made itself manifest in his dull gray eyes. But his heart was in the nets, and a good deal of his intelligence, too, and—well, she was worth it. And he knew—or fondly fancied that he knew—the value of first impressions. He slipped off the great green stone.

"I always make a sacrifice to the god of good luck, too," he said, staring steadily at her. "And I regard my meeting with you as one of the biggest strokes of luck that I have had for a long time. So you must indulge me as I have indulged you, dear little lady"

He passed the emerald. Winnie looked frightened.

"Oh, but please!" she begged. "You must not—indeed, you must not give me that! Why, it must be immensely valuable!"

Mr. Boldre suffocated a sigh and took his medicine.

"No more valuable to me, dear little lady, than your pretty little ring to you. You must—you really must let me play the game."

"Ah, yes, I forgot that. It would not be fair to you to spoil your sacrifice." She took the ring, sighing. "I have been very silly, very impulsive. I shall not forgive myself. I ought to have waited—and given my ring away later. I see that now—too late." She gazed—with marked aversion—at the greenly glittering jewel and dropped it into her bag with a sigh. "I have been foolish," she said

"Not at all," declared Mr. Boldre truthfully.

Then he drew forth a card—rather with the air of a man who wishes to forget the past—which he gave her. It was not his own card, but that of one Mr. Adalbert Archer, managing director of the Ultra-Superba Film Company, London.

"That is the firm I am backing," he said, and proceeded to speak well of it, better of its manager and best of its colossal future

But Winnie, listening with wide, wondering eyes and parted lips, gathered an impression that his conversation contained only about 14 per cent sincerity. His words about the Ultra-Superba Film Company were the words of an admirer, but they rang cracked, like lead money.

She agreed readily to meet Archer at the offices of the company next morning at eleven in order to discuss preliminaries. Mr. Boldre had a busy morning in the city before him and could not go with her, but he promised to put everything in order with Archer over the telephone. Then he told her some things about himself. She listened carefully, so that when presently he drove her to her friend Lady Fasterton's, she was aware that he was really rich, with wealth largely derived from South African lands; that he made his home mainly in South Africa—"A house like a palace, dear Miss O'Wynn, though I say it myself, and a park the size of a province"—and that he really only came to England in order to invest surplus wealth She gathered that there was no Mrs. Boldre.

(Continued on Page 65)

"I Always Make a Sacrifice to the God of Good Luck. And I Regard My Meeting With You as One of the Biggest Strokes of Luck"

The Salvaging of Civilization

College, Newspaper and Book

By H. G. WELLS

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

NOW let us go on to the next stages of education. The schooling process is a natural phase in human development; it is our elaboration of the natural learning of boyhood and girlhood and of adolescence. There was schooling before schools; there was schooling before humanity. I have watched a cat schooling her kittens. Schooling is a part of being young. And we grow up. So there comes a time when schooling is over, when the process of equipment gives place to an increasing share in the activities and decisions of adult life.

Nevertheless, for us education must still go on.

I suppose that the savage or the barbarian or the peasant in any part of the world or the uneducated man anywhere would laugh if you told him that the adult must still learn. But in our modern world—I mean the more or less civilized world of the last twenty-five centuries or so—there has grown up a new idea—new, I mean, in the sense that it runs counter to the life scheme of primitive humanity and of most other living things; and that is the idea that one can go on learning right up to the end of life. It marks off modern man from all animals that in his adult life he can still display a sense that there remains something still to be investigated and wisdom still to be acquired.

I do not know enough history to tell you with any confidence when adult men, instead of just going about the business of life after they had grown up, continued to devote themselves to learning, to a deliberate prolongation of what is for all other animals an adolescent phase. But by the time of Buddha in India and Confucius in China and the schools of the philosophers in the Greek world the thing was in full progress. That was twenty-five centuries ago or so. Something of the sort may have been going on in the temples of Egypt or Sumeria a score of centuries before. I do not know. You must ask some such great authority as Professor Breasted about that. It may be fifty or a hundred centuries since men, although they were fully grown up, still went on trying to learn.

To-day I suppose most educated people would agree that so long as we live we learn and ought to learn—that we ought to develop our ideas and enlarge, correct and change them.

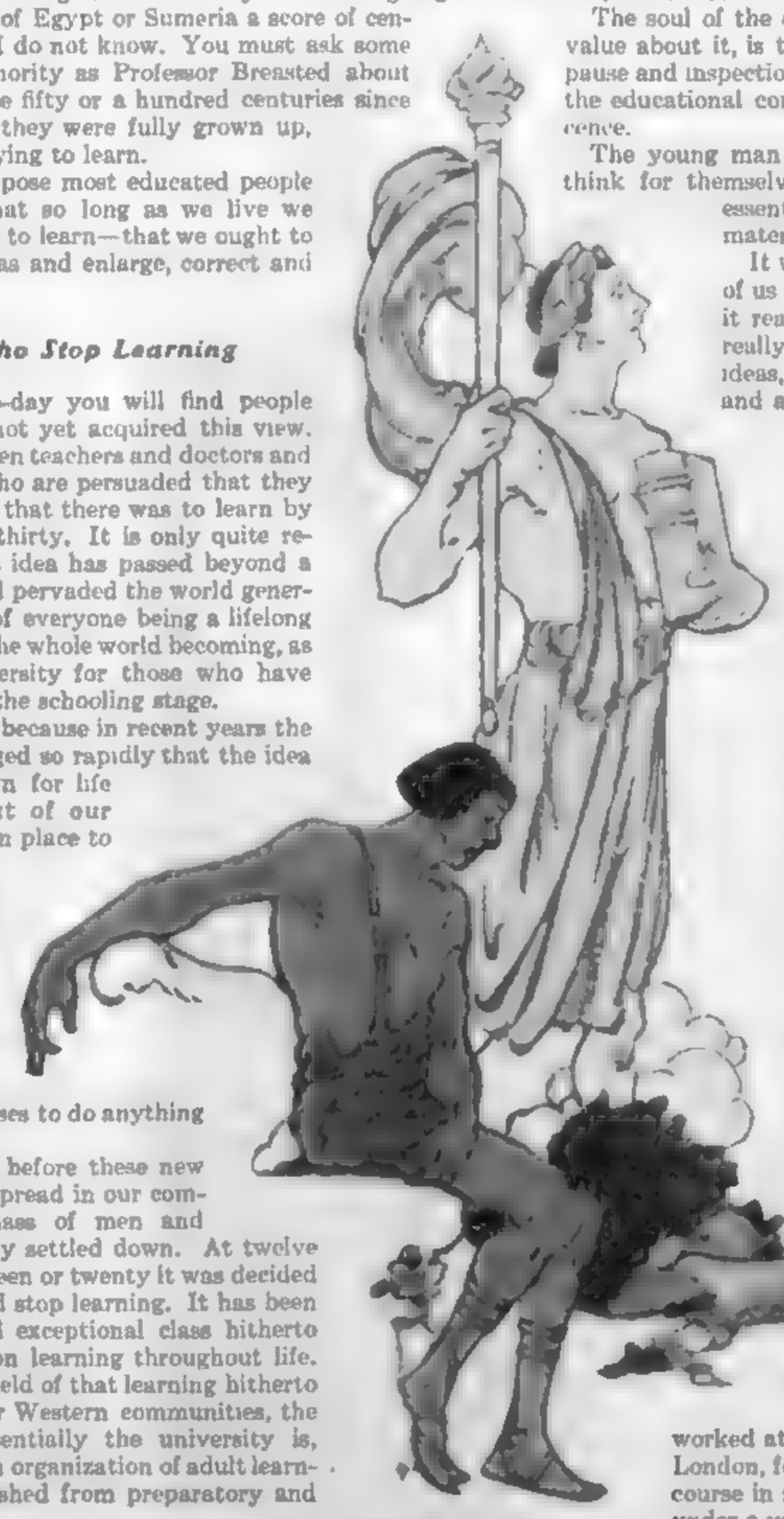
Men Who Stop Learning

BUT even to-day you will find people who have not yet acquired this view. You will find even teachers and doctors and business men who are persuaded that they had learned all that there was to learn by twenty-five or thirty. It is only quite recently that this idea has passed beyond a special class and pervaded the world generally—the idea of everyone being a lifelong student and of the whole world becoming, as it were, a university for those who have passed beyond the schooling stage.

It has spread because in recent years the world has changed so rapidly that the idea of settling down for life has passed out of our minds, has given place to a new realization of the need of continuous adaptation to the very end of our days. It is no good settling down in a world that, on its part, refuses to do anything of the sort.

But hitherto, before these new ideas began to spread in our community, the mass of men and women definitely settled down. At twelve or fifteen or sixteen or twenty it was decided that they should stop learning. It has been only a rare and exceptional class hitherto that has gone on learning throughout life. The scene and field of that learning hitherto has been, in our Western communities, the university. Essentially the university is, and has been, an organization of adult learning as distinguished from preparatory and adolescent.

But between the phase of schooling and the phase of adult learning there is a sort of intermediate stage. In Scotland and America that is distinguished and thought of clearly as the college stage. But in England, where we do not think so clearly, this college stage is mixed up with and done partly at schools and partly in the university. It is not marked off so definitely from the stage of general preparation that precedes it or from the stage of free intellectual enterprise that follows it.



Before New Ideas Began to Spread the Mass of Men and Women Settled Down

Now what should college give the young citizen, male or female, upon the foundation of schooling we have already sketched out? In practice we find a good deal of technical study comes into the college stage. The budding lawyer begins to read law, the doctor starts his professional studies, the future engineer becomes technical, and the young merchant sets to work, or should do so, to study the great movements of commerce and business method.

A Biological Backbone for Education

AS THE college stage of those who don't, as a matter of fact, go to college, we have now in every civilized country the evening continuation school, the evening technical school and the works school. But, important as these things are from the point of service, they are not the soul, not the real meaning, of the college stage.

The soul of the college stage, the most important value about it, is that in it is a sort of preparatory pause and inspection of the whole arena of life. It is the educational concomitant of the stage of adolescence.

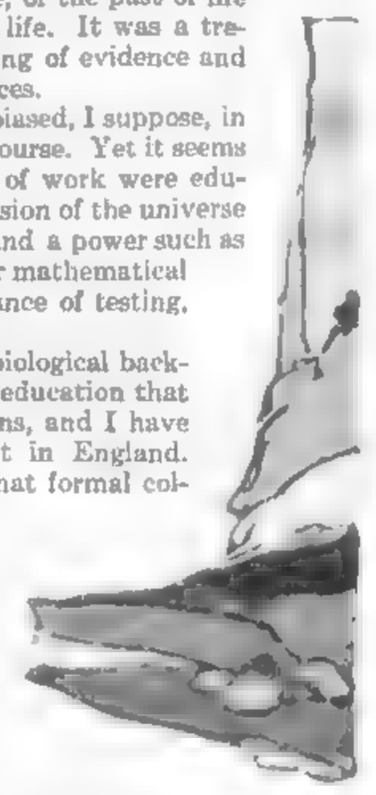
The young man and the young woman begin to think for themselves, and the college education is essentially the supply of stimulus and material for that process.

It was in the college stage that most of us made out our religion, and made it real for ourselves. It was then we really took hold of social and political ideas, when we became alive to literature and art, when we began the delightful and distressful enterprise of finding ourselves.

And I think most of us will agree when we look back that the most real thing in our college life was not the lecturing and the lessons—very much of that stuff could very well have been done in the schooling stage—but the arguments of the debating society, the discussions that broke out in the classroom or laboratory, the talks in one's rooms about God and religion, about the state and freedom, about art, about every possible and impossible social relationship.

Now in addition to that I had something else in my own college course—something of the same sort of thing but better.

I have spoken of myself as undereducated. My schooling was shocking, but, as a blessed compensation, my college stage was rather exceptionally good. My schooling ended when I was thirteen. My father, who was a professional cricketer, was smashed up by an accident, and I had three horrible years in employment in shops. Then my luck changed, and I found myself under one of the very greatest teachers of his time—Professor Huxley. I worked at the Royal College of Science, in London, for one year under him in his great course in zoölogy, and for a year and a half under a very good teacher, Professor Judd, the geologist. I did also physics and astronomy. Altogether I had three full years of science study. And the teaching of biology at that time, as Huxley had planned it, was a continuing, systematic, illuminating study of life, of the forms and appearances of life, of the way of life, of the interplay of life, of the past of life and the present prospect of life. It was a tremendous training in the sifting of evidence and the examination of appearances.



Every man is likely to be biased, I suppose, in favor of his own educational course. Yet it seems to me that those three years of work were educational—that they gave a vision of the universe as a whole and a discipline and a power such as no other course, no classical or mathematical course I have ever had a chance of testing, could do.

I am so far a believer in a biological backbone for the college phase of education that I have secured it for my sons, and I have done all I can to extend it in England. Nevertheless, important as that formal college work was to me, it still seems to me that the informal part of our college life—the talk, the debates, the discussion, the scampering about London to attend great political meetings, to hear William Morris on Socialism, Auberon Herbert on Individualism, Gladstone on home rule, or Bradlaugh on atheism, for those were the lights of my remote student days—was almost about equally important.

If schooling is a training in expression and communication, college is essentially the establishment of broad convictions. And in order that they may be established firmly and clearly it is necessary that the developing young man or woman should hear all possible views and see the medal of truth not only from the obverse but from the reverse side.

Now here again I want to put the same sort of questions I have put about schooling.

Is the college stage of our present educational system anywhere near its maximum possible efficiency? And could it not be extended from its present limited range until it reached practically the whole adolescent community?

Let me deal with the former of these questions first.

Concealment or Open Ventilation?

COULD we not do much more than we do to make the broad issues of various current questions plain and accessible to our students in the college stage?

For example, there is a vast discussion afoot upon the questions that center upon property—its rights and its limitations. There is a great literature of collectivist socialism and guild socialism and communism. About these things our young people must know. They are very urgent questions; our sons and daughters will have to begin to deal with them from the moment they leave college. Upon them they must form working opinions, and they must know not only what they themselves believe but, if our public affairs are not to degenerate in the squalid, obstinate, hopeless conflicts of prejudiced adherents, they must know also what is believed by other people whose convictions are different from theirs.

You may want to hush these matters up. Many elderly people do. You will fail.

All our intelligent students will insist upon learning what they can of these discussions and forming opinions for themselves. And if their college will not give them the representative books, a fair statement of the facts and views, and some guidance through the maze of these questions, it means merely that they will get a few books in a defiant or underhand way and form one-sided and impassioned opinions.

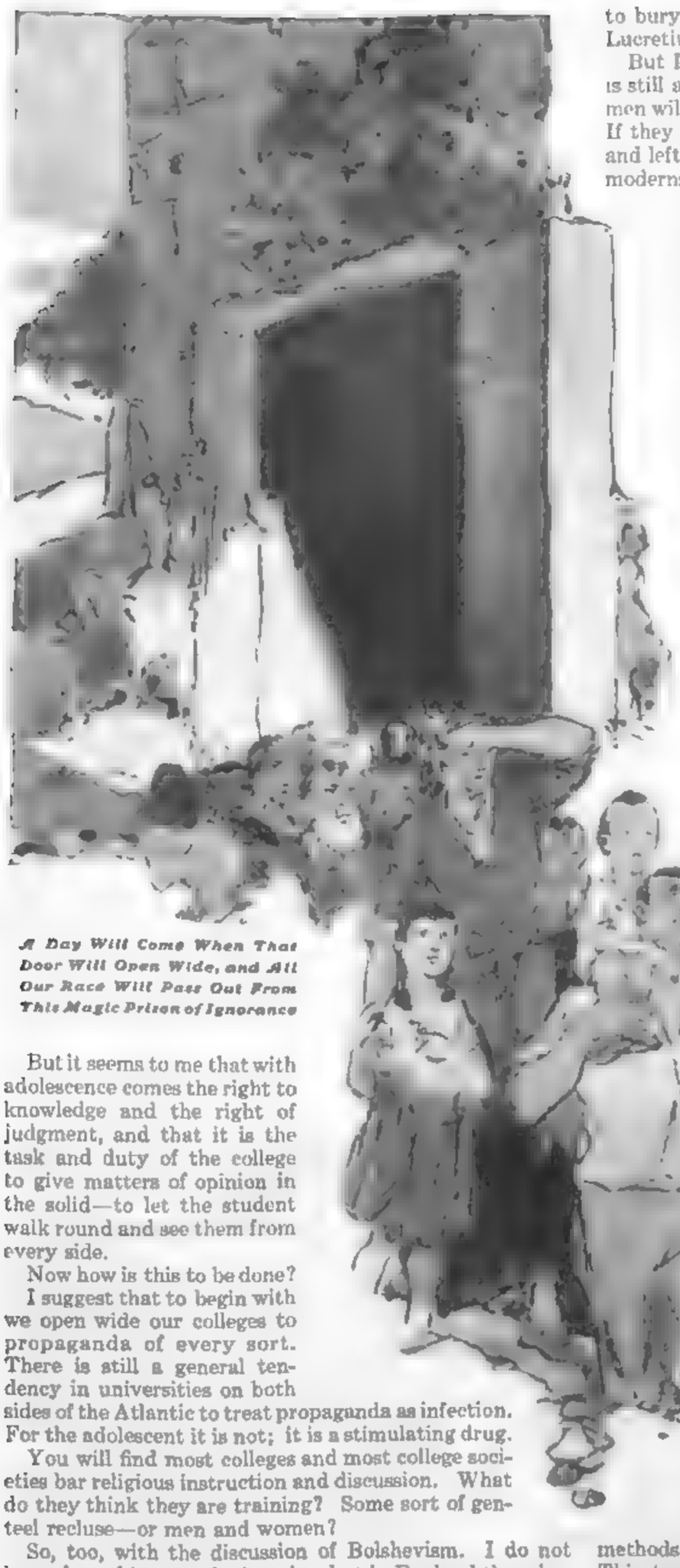
Another great set of questions upon which the adolescent want to judge for themselves, and ought to judge for themselves, are the religious questions.

And a third group are those that determine the principles of sexual conduct.

I know that in all these matters, on both sides of the Atlantic, a great battle rages between dogma and concealment on the one hand and open ventilation on the other.

Upon the issue I have no doubt. I find it hard even to imagine the case for the former side.

So long as schooling goes on, the youngster is immature, needs to be protected, is not called upon for judgments and initiatives, and may well be kept under mental limitations. I do not care very much how you censor or select the reading and talking and thinking of the schoolboy or schoolgirl.



A Day Will Come When That Door Will Open Wide, and All Our Race Will Pass Out From This Magic Prison of Ignorance

But it seems to me that with adolescence comes the right to knowledge and the right of judgment, and that it is the task and duty of the college to give matters of opinion in the solid—to let the student walk round and see them from every side.

Now how is this to be done?

I suggest that to begin with we open wide our colleges to propaganda of every sort. There is still a general tendency in universities on both sides of the Atlantic to treat propaganda as infection. For the adolescent it is not; it is a stimulating drug.

You will find most colleges and most college societies bar religious instruction and discussion. What do they think they are training? Some sort of genteel recluse—or men and women?

So, too, with the discussion of Bolshevism. I do not know how things are in America, but in England there has been a ridiculous attempt to suppress Bolshevik propaganda. I have seen a lot of Bolshevik propaganda and it is not very convincing stuff. But by suppressing it, by police seizures of books and papers and the like, it has been invested with a quality of romantic mystery and enormous significance. Our boys and girls, especially the bright and more imaginative, naturally enough think it must be tremendous stuff to agitate the authorities in this fashion.

A Backbone of Biology

AT OUR universities, moreover, the more loutish types of student have been incited to attack and smash up the youths suspected of such reading. This gives it the glamour of high intellectual quality.

The result is that every youngster in the British colleges with a spark of mental enterprise and self-respect is anxious to be convinced of Bolshevik doctrine. He believes in Lenine—because he has been prevented from reading him. Sober collectivists like myself haven't a chance with him.

But you see my conception of the college course? Its backbone should be the study of biology and its substance should be the threshing out of the burning questions of our day.

You may object to this, that I am proposing the final rejection of that discipline in classical philosophy which is still claimed as the highest form of college education in the world—the sort of course that the men take in what is called Greats at Oxford. You will accuse me of wanting to bury and forget Aristotle and Plato, Heraclitus and Lucretius, and so forth and so on.

But I don't want to do that—so far as their thought is still alive. So far as their thought is still alive these men will come into the discussion of living questions now. If they are ancients and dead, then let them be buried and left to the archæological excavator. If they are still moderns and alive, I defy you to bury them if you are discussing living questions in a full and honest way. But don't go hunting after these still modern immortals in the darkness of a forgotten language. Don't make a superstition of them. Let them come hunting after you. Either they are unavoidable if your living questions are fully discussed or they are irrelevant and they do not matter. That there is a sort of wisdom and beauty in the classics which is incommunicable in any modern language, which obviously neither ennobles nor empowers, but which is nevertheless supremely precious, is a sort of nonsense dear to the second-rate classical don, but it has nothing endearing about it for any other human beings. I will not bother you further with that sort of affectation here. And this college course I have sketched should in the modern state pass insensibly into adult mental activities.

Concurrently with it there will be going on, as I have said, a man's special technical training. He will be preparing himself for a life of industrialism, commerce, engineering, agriculture, medicine, administration, education or what not. And as with the man so with the woman. That, too, is a process which in this changing new world of ours can never be completed. Neither of these college activities will ever really leave off. All through his or her life a man or woman should be fixing or modifying his or her general opinions; and all the time his or her technical knowledge and power should be consciously increased.

College Extension

AND now let me come to the second problem we opened up in connection with college education—the problem of its extension.

Can we extend it over most or all of a modern population?

I don't think we can, if we are to see it in terms of college buildings, classrooms, tutors, professors and the like. Here, again, just as in the case of schooling, we have to raise the neglected problem—neglected so far as education goes—of economy of effort; and we have to look once more at the new facilities that our educational institutions have so far refused to utilize. Our European colleges and universities have a long and honorable tradition that again owes much to the educational methods of the Roman Empire and the Hellenic world. This tradition was already highly developed before the days of printing from movable type, and long before the days when maps or illustrations were printed. The higher education, therefore, was still, as it was in the Stone Age, largely vocal. And the absence of paper and so forth, rendering notebooks costly and rare, made a large amount of memorizing necessary. For that reason the mediæval university teacher was always dividing his subject into firstly and secondly and fourthly and sixthly, and so on, so that the student could afterward tick off and reproduce the points on his fingers—a sort of thumbs-and-finger method of thought. It is a method that destroys all sense of proportion between the headings; main considerations and secondary and tertiary points get all catalogued off as equivalent numbers, but it was a mnemonic necessity of those vanished days.

And they have by no means completely vanished. We still use the lecture as the normal basis of instruction in our colleges, we still hear discourses in the firstly, secondly and thirdly form, and we still prefer even a second-rate professor on the spot to the printed word of the ablest teacher at a distance. Most of us who have been through college courses can recall the distress of hearing a dull and inadequate view of a subject being laboriously unfolded in a long series of tedious lectures, in spite of the existence of full and competent textbooks. And here again it would seem that the time has come to centralize our best teaching, to create a new sort of wide teaching professor who will teach not in one college but in many, and to direct the local professor to the more suitable task of insuring, by a commentary, by organized critical work, and so forth, that the textbook is duly read, discussed, and compared with the kindred books in the college library.

This means that the great teaching professors will not lecture, or that they will lecture only to try over their treatment of a subject before an intelligent audience as a prelude to publication. They may perhaps visit the colleges under their influence, but their basic instrument of instruction will be not a course of lectures but a book. They will carry out the dictum of Carlyle that the modern university is a university of books.

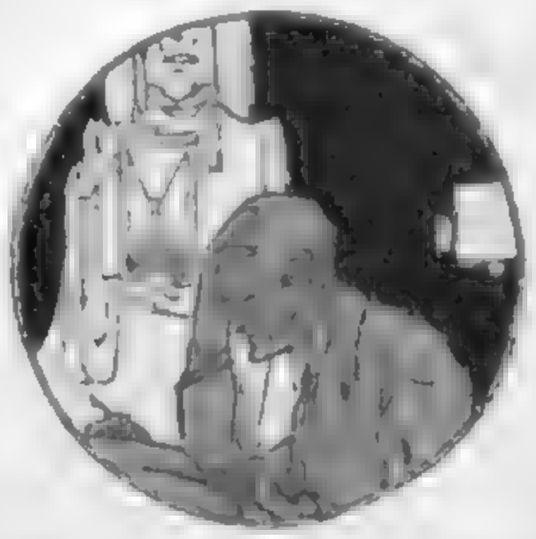
Now the frank recognition of the book and not the lecture as the substantial basis of instruction opens up a large and interesting range of possibilities. It releases the process of learning from its old servitude to place and to time. It is no longer necessary for the student to go to a particular room, at a particular hour, to hear the golden words drop from the lips of a particular teacher. The young man who reads at eleven o'clock in the morning in luxurious rooms in Trinity College, Cambridge, will have no very marked advantage over another young man, employed during the day, who reads at eleven o'clock at night in a bed-sitting-room in Glasgow. The former, you will say, may get commentary and discussion, but there is no particular reason why the latter should not form some sort of reading society with his fellows and discuss the question with them in the dinner hour and on the way to the works. Nor is there any reason why he should not get tutorial help as a university extension from the general educational organization, as good in quality as any other tutorial help.

Intensive Training of Good Teachers

AND this release of the essentials of a college education from limitations of locality and time, brought about by modern conditions, not only makes it unnecessary for a man to come "up" to college to be educated but abolishes the idea that his educational effort comes to an end when he goes "down." Attendance at college no longer justifies a claim to education; inability to enter a college is no longer an excuse for illiteracy.

I do not think that our educational and university authorities realize how far the college stage of education has already escaped from the local limitations of colleges; they do not understand what a great and growing volume of adolescent learning and thought, of college education in the highest and best sense of the word, goes on outside the walls of colleges altogether; and on the other hand they do not grasp the significant fact that, thanks to the high organization of sports and amusements and social life in our more prosperous universities, a great proportion of the youngsters who come into their colleges never get the realities of a college education at all, and go out into the world again as shallow and uneducated as they came in.

And this failure to grasp the great change in educational conditions, brought about, for the most part, in the last half century, accounts for the fact that when we think of any extension of higher education in the modern community we are all too apt to think of it as a great proliferation of expensive, pretentious college buildings and a great multiplication of little teaching professorships and a further segregation of so many hundreds or thousands of our adolescents from the general community, when as a matter of fact the reality of education has ceased to lie in that direction at all. The modern task is not to multiply teachers but to exalt and intensify exceptionally good teachers, to recognize their close relationship with the work of university research—which it is their business to digest and interpret—and to secure the production and wide distribution of books throughout the community.



I am inclined to think that the type of adolescent education, very much segregated in out-of-the-way colleges and aristocratic in spirit, such as goes on now at Oxford, Cambridge, Yale, Holloway, Wellesley, and the like, has probably reached and passed its maximum development. I doubt if the modern community can afford to continue it; it certainly cannot afford to extend it very widely.

But, as I have pointed out, there has always been a second strand to college education—the technical side, the professional training or apprenticeship. Here there are sound reasons that the student should go to a particular place, to the special museums and laboratories, to the institutes of research, to the hospitals, factories, works,

(Continued on Page 101)

FIFTY CANDLES

VI

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

WHILE Detective Barnes was upstairs fifteen or twenty minutes passed, duly recorded by the busy clock in the hall. Gloomy with foreboding, I sat staring at a Chinese print on the wall. It was a cheery little thing, representing an execution. I wondered about the most vitally interested party, who appeared to have completely lost his head. Was he guilty? Or had he, an innocent man, been caught up in a net of circumstantial evidence while the real culprit went free? It was for me a most interesting question.

The bald little detective was coming down the stairs. His face was very serious; he held one hand behind his back. Mary Will was staring at him, fascinated, and to my surprise he walked straight up to her.

"If you don't mind, Miss Tellfair," he said, "we will go back to your story for a moment."

"Yes," breathed Mary Will. All color was gone from her face.

"Your room upstairs—it's the blue room to the left, on the second floor?"

"It is."

"When you went up to get the smelling salts for Mrs. Drew—you took the time to go first to your own room—didn't you?"

"I—I did."

"You wanted to hide something?"

"Yes."

"Something you had picked up from the side of the dead man in the dining room?" Mary Will nodded: her face was the color of that tablecloth old Drew had seized in his last moment of life. "You don't seem to be up on this sort of thing, my girl," Barnes went on. "Under your mattress was a pretty obvious place."

He brought his hand round from behind his back, and when I saw what that hand held I had difficulty repressing the cry that rose to my lips. For the detective held a small Chinese knife, with a handle of grape jade, carved in the shape of some heathen god. It was unique, that knife; there could hardly be another like it in the world. I had bought it from a merchant far in the interior of China, and on the boat coming over I had shown it to several people, Mary Will included.

"It was the very worst thing I could have done." Mary Will was sobbing now. "But I was so excited—I had no time to think."

Out of the murk of tule fog and hatred and murder one dazzling thing flashed clear—and nothing else mattered. I was a happy man.

"You did that for me!" I cried. "Mary Will—you're wonderful!"

"Then this is your knife?" Barnes broke in, holding it before me.

"No question about it," said I.

"How do you account for the fact that it was found by the side of the dead man?"

I turned in time to catch the look that passed between Parker and Carlotta Drew, and hot anger filled my heart.

"It was stolen, of course," I said.

"Of course," smiled the detective.

"I had not missed it yet," I went on, "but it must have been taken from my luggage, in the stateroom, sometime to-day. There were just two men who had access to that luggage. One was the dead man, who could hardly have taken it."

"And the other?" cried Mark Drew suddenly.

"The other," said I, "was Doctor Parker, who at seven-thirty to-night claims he was lost in the fog."

"Nonsense!" said Parker. "What motive ——"

"Motive enough!" cried Mark Drew angrily. "A secret love affair with my father's wife that has been going on for more than a year. A lust for money that is famous on the China coast—along with your known lack of scruples in stopping at nothing to get it. Motive, my dear doctor ——"

"You think," sneered Parker, "that I would paw over this man's luggage—that I would steal his silly knife?"

"Why not? A man who would steal another's wife would hardly stop at the theft of a little weapon like this!" Drew turned to the detective. "Sergeant Barnes, this man claims that at the time the crime was committed he was walking from his hotel to this house. There are good pavements, good sidewalks, all the way. Let me call your attention to his shoes. They are unbelievably wet; they are muddy."

"I'm Going Shopping for a Wife. I Understand the Town is Filled With Beautiful Possibilities"

"Rot!" snarled Parker. "That means nothing. The sidewalk was torn up before a new building. I couldn't see where I was going. I got rather deep into the water and mud."

"You are in rather deep, my friend," cried Drew. "I'll grant you that."

Other hot words passed between them, but I did not listen. I had turned to Mary Will. "Whatever happens," I said, "I shan't forget what you tried to do for me."

"Oh—it was all wrong," she whispered. "I see that now. I have harmed you dreadfully—and I only meant to help. I did it on the spur of the moment. Why I did it I can't imagine."

"Can't you? I can. Your first instinct was to protect the man you love."

"No—no," she protested.

"Poor Mary Will. All your denials won't avail now. The deed is done. You supposed that I had lost my head—and killed Henry Drew."

"It was silly of me—I didn't stop to think. And everything looked against you—I saw you running out of the window."

"Everything is still against me. Are you, Mary Will? Look at me." She raised her eyes to mine. "Mary Will—I did not kill Drew. You believe that—don't you?"

"I believe it," she answered. "Nothing will ever make me change."

"That's all I wanted to know," I cried.

All my depression, my gloom, was gone, and it was in almost a gay mood that I turned to face the detective. He had waved aside Mark Drew's insinuations against Parker and was standing before me.

"Mr. Coolidge," he said, "you had quarreled with the dead man. You claim that he and his partner, Doctor Su, had defrauded you. You admit all that. You admit that this is your knife which your sweetheart—this young woman—found by the body."

"Yes," I replied, "that's all true. I admit also that things look rather badly for me. But in spite of all you have discovered, I did not kill Henry Drew. As you go further into the matter you must find that out yourself. Surely there must be some other evidence—I don't know what it can be. Perhaps when you have talked with Dr. Su Yen Hun he can throw some light ——"

The door opened and Riley came into the room. His great red face proclaimed him the bearer of news.

"Sergeant," he cried, "I went to Doctor Su's house, as ye told me to —"

"Yes, Riley."

"The place was dark. I rung the bell -four times—mebbe five—nobody answered. I knew it was important, so I went round to the back. The kitchen door was open —"

"Go on."

"I went inside. Sergeant—there wasn't a livin' thing in the house. Not wan. But he was there. Dr. Su Yen Hun, I mean. He was layin' in the middle of the library floor—dead. Somebody'd got to him an' stuck a knife between his ribs!"

My heart seemed to stop beating. A moment of dreadful silence fell.

"Did you examine the wound?" Barnes inquired.

"I did," said Riley, proud of himself. "An' it was exactly like the wan poor Mr. Drew got. Yes, sergeant—if you ask me—the same hand done for 'em both. I waited till Detective Curry arrived, an' thin —"

"Yes, Riley. Thanks. You'd better go back to your beat." As Riley went out Barnes turned to me. "This was Drew's partner in the Yunnan mine," he said. "The other man you say had cheated you?"

I tried to speak but the words would not come.

"Mr. Coolidge," the detective went on, "I'm sorry, but I have no other course ——"

"Wait a minute." It was Mark Drew who spoke. "I beg your pardon, sergeant. You are conducting this case, I know, but naturally my interest is keen. I tell you flatly I do not believe this young man is guilty of my father's murder."

"Thank you, Mr. Drew," I said.

"It's an old saying and a true one," Barnes remarked, "that there's a motive behind every killing. Find that motive and you've got your man. The motive in this case is clear—revenge."

"But there's another one of us who may have had a motive," said Drew. His eyes were on Parker.

"I can't arrest a man because his shoes are muddy," replied Barnes peevishly. "You know that. No—everything points to this young fellow. He had the motive. His story of his actions after the crime is ridiculous. His knife was found ——"

"But before you arrest him," pleaded Drew, "there are so many matters still unaccounted for ——"

The voice of Barnes was very cool and unfriendly.

"I recognize your interest," he said. "If there is any clew I have not considered—any matter you think I should investigate further ——"

Mrs. MacShane came into the room, bearing a tray of steaming coffee cups. She placed her burden on a table.

"I—I hardly know," stammered Drew. "I'm not criticizing you, sergeant, but—there are the fifty candles. Yes—by heaven—the fifty candles! There's mystery in them. Whose birthday is this?"

Mrs. MacShane suddenly lifted her head and came over into the center of the group.

"I know whose birthday it is," she said.

"You know?" cried Drew. "Then in heaven's name tell us!"

"Your father explained it to me to-night," the old woman went on. "He come into my kitchen with the fifty little

pink candles in his hands, an' he asked me to put them on the cake. 'If I may make so bold, sir,' I says to him, 'whose birthday is it to-day?' An' he says to me, 'It's the Chinaman's,' he says. 'It's Hung Chin-chung's.'"

"The Chinaman's!" Mark Drew cried.

"But why should my husband give a birthday party for Hung Chin-chung?" asked Carlotta Drew, amazed.

"Just what I asks myself, ma'am," Mrs. MacShane went on, "but Mr. Drew didn't tell me. He just repeated that it was Hung's birthday. 'Yes, Mrs. MacShane,' he says to me, 'Hung was born fifty years ago to-day in a little house near some queen's yard in Honolulu—out on that beach'—what is it now, the wan there's all the songs about? Oh, to be sure! -'out on the beach at Waikiki.'"

VII

ON THE beach at Waikiki! Mrs. MacShane's unexpected bit of evidence had a fantastic ring. I had never been to Honolulu, but instantly I heard the tinkle of ukuleles, the murmur of breakers pouring in over a coral reef. I saw coconut palms outlined against a vivid sky, the brown boys riding in, erect and slender, on their surf boards. By what stretch of the imagination could all this be connected with the murder of Henry Drew?

I looked about that strange little group gathered in the gloomy room of the house on Nob Hill. Evidently they were all asking themselves the same question. Carlotta Drew and Doctor Parker exchanged a glance of surprise In Mary Will's eyes I saw the light of a romantic memory; stopping off on her way to China she had known Waikiki Beach in the moonlight when the Southern Cross hung low. Detective Barnes stood blinking at Mrs. MacShane with what was, for him, a rather stupid expression. Suddenly Mark Drew leaped to his feet and began excitedly to pace the floor. Barnes turned toward him.

"Well, Mr. Drew—and where does this get us?" he inquired.

"I don't know," said Drew. "But it may get us quite a distance—before we're finished."

"I can't follow you," the detective replied. "Though it is a rather startling bit of news—I'll admit that. The birthday of Hung Chin-chung! Born fifty years ago in Honolulu. Your father thinks so much of him he decides to give him a birthday party. He goes to a lot of trouble to get candles, and—say, how long was the Chink with your family?"

"Twenty years," said Mark Drew.

"That explains it," Barnes replied. "Twenty years! If we could keep a servant twenty years we wouldn't stop at a birthday party. We'd give him a deed to our house and lot. Well—Mr. Drew gives the Chinaman a party; an eccentric thing to do, but then, he always was—er—different. And what of it? We can't argue that Hung picked this occasion to kill his master. Unless he was dissatisfied with the thickness of the frosting on the cake or peeved because Mr. Drew made a mistake about his age." The hour was late, and Sergeant Barnes seemed a bit peeved himself. He turned again to me. "No," he said firmly, "it all comes back to this young man He had a grievance not only against Henry Drew but against the other murdered man, Dr. Su Yen Hun. His knife has been found. He was caught running away in the fog ——"

Mary Will was on her feet facing the detective, her eyes flashing, her cheeks aflame.

"How dare you!" she cried. "How dare you insinuate that Mr. Coolidge is capable of killing a man! You should know better."

"How should I?" asked Barnes.

"Why—just by looking at him," said Mary Will.

Barnes smiled.

"My dear young lady, I'm mighty sorry for you," he said, "but all the evidence -"

"Once more," put in Mark Drew, "I'm going to ask you to wait.'

Barnes said nothing, but turned and stared at him with annoyance plainly written on his face Mary Will sat down again, and I gave her hand a grateful squeeze. Mark Drew went over to his father's wife.

"As you know," he said, "I have been out of touch with my family for the past five years. During that time what should you say was the nature of the relations between Hung and my father? Were they as friendly as ever?"

Carlotta Drew stared at him coldly. She had not forgotten his recent snub of her; she never would.

"Your father and Hung were master and servant," she said. "That's all I know. I made no effort to pry into your father's private affairs. I felt that the details would be too unsavory"

"Mr. Coolidge"—Drew turned to me—"you said a while ago that there were only two men who had access to your luggage in the stateroom of the China boat—my father and Doctor Parker. On second thoughts—wasn't there one other?"

"Yes," I nodded. "It had not occurred to me before, but Hung—Hung was frequently there. He spent the morning there to-day, packing your father's bags."

"Nonsense!" said Detective Barnes decisively. "This birthday party is a false lead. If it means anything at all it means that Mr. Drew was fond of the Chinaman. And it must mean, too, that the Chink was fond of the old man."

"Fond of him?" repeated Mark Drew. "He ought to be, that's sure. My father saved his life!"

The detective stared at Mark Drew in surprise.

"Saved his life? When? Where?"

"Twenty years ago—in Honolulu. Let's see—this is the fifth of December—yes, of course, twenty years ago to a day."

Barnes sank wearily into a chair.

"Well, if you can make it short and snappy—I suppose I ought to hear about it," he said. "Though if the old man saved Hung's life it doesn't stand to reason that the Chinaman would—oh, well, go ahead."

Mark Drew leaned against a table and folded his arms

"I'll try to be brief," he began. "As I say, it happened twenty years ago, in December, 1898. I was a kid of twelve then. I'd gone to the Islands with my father aboard his bark, the Edna May; he owned a fleet of sailing vessels that made Honolulu from this port. Every detail of that trip stands out in my memory, clear-cut to this day. And no wonder, for I was an imaginative boy, a great reader, and I was standing for the first time on the threshold of the South Seas.

"The day of which I speak was to be our last in port. Late in the morning my father invited me to go ashore with him for lunch. We went from the dock to King Street, and I was all eyes, drinking in Honolulu for the last time. Even in those days it was the melting pot of the Pacific; a dozen races mingled on the pavement. But you don't want a description of the town. However, the picture returns and thrills me even now. We turned off King Street, into Fort. In front of a building that housed the

(Continued on Page 81)

"Do Not Grieve, Little Disappointed One," He Said. "It Is the Decree of the Gods"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription—$2.50 the Year. Remittances from outside the United States proper to be by U. S. Money Order or Draft, payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.75 the Year. Single Copies, Two Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $6.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 14, 1921

Americanski

AMERICANIZATION talk is futile unless we are willing to face the facts and apply the remedy, instead of playing with palliatives. That remedy is the stoppage of all immigration until we can get the immediate problem in hand; and then its rigid limitation to selected individuals from those races that are fitted biologically for assimilation. Americanization is only secondarily a social process; primarily it is a biological problem. It must begin in Europe with a weeding out of those who will not or cannot be Americanized.

For some years past we have not been Americanizing a large part of our immigrants; they have been Europeanizing us. We have been Teutonized, Slavicized, Orientalized, mongrelized, terrorized and sentimentalized. And we have been getting the poorest and not the best even of those races that we find it hardest to assimilate, admirable though many of these races are when they are living in their own environment and developing under their own institutions.

In a recent novel a voice from Greenwich Village was lifted up in protest against the way our immigrants have of discarding their "picturesque" native costumes when they come to America and of adopting our standardized dress. But that is about all that a large number of them do discard when they leave Europe. They cling tenaciously to their habits of speech, thought, living and, too often, of filth. Anyone who will walk the streets of New York and Chicago with open eyes and listening ears will understand what is happening to America, to Americans, to American standards and American ideals.

In spite of the evidence on every side, sentimentalists still picture Uncle Sam as a clever chef who can take a handful of foreign scraps, a sprig of Americanism and a clove of democracy, and skillfully blend the mess into something fine and desirable. Superficially, of course, America is doing much for these latter-day immigrants, but it is not making the major part of them into Americans. A change of air, of scene and of job cannot change the fundamental facts of heredity, and it is on these that a race is built. Race character is as fixed a fact as race color, and it is modified and changed only through slow generations. In the half-breed, the mestizo and the Eurasian, the vices of the pure bloods are usually accentuated and their virtues subordinated. And the cross of European oppression with American liberty begets in too many cases a dangerous license of thought and action.

We are betraying America and our children for thirty pieces of inflated currency. Beneath all the pleas advanced for unrestricted immigration—pleas that do credit alike to the softness of the hearts and the heads of many of those who voice them—there are two real reasons why we are letting the alien flood submerge America. The first is the hoggishness of those men who hope to become rich or richer still by exploiting and exhausting our resources with cheap labor and who are blind or indifferent to the revolutionary pests that they are importing with this infected stock and to the rights of the generations that will come after them. In reaching for the last dollar, they are jeopardizing all that they have and gutting the future of America. No man ever gets the last dollar. And then there are those foreign groups who want to see their races strengthened and ever more dominant in American affairs, not as Americans, but as Germans, say, to pick the most recent demonstration of this ambition.

Some day America will wake up to the fact that "development" as it is being permitted and encouraged is the great national curse instead of a great national blessing. It is providing the next generation with good cause for cursing. For we are fatuously strengthening the levee here and there with a few sandbags of Americanization, while we complacently watch the whole river rush through a mile-wide crevasse.

Americans were not fused into one breed in the melting pot—in the factories and the slums. They were one breed, though from many countries, made one people by their viking adventuring across the seas and their long fight together in the wilderness. They were bound into brotherhood by their common aspiration for a home, a church, and a government that would express their right to have and to hold what they made by their labor; to worship as they pleased; and to govern themselves as a sovereign people. Neither the divine right of kings nor the divine right of the proletariat came over with the old stock. The same kind of brains that once held the first idea now proclaims the second. The trouble with our Americanization program is that a large part of our recent immigrants can never become Americans. They will always be Americanski—near-Americans with un-American ideas and ideals.

The Broadening Horizon

"NO PROGRESS is to be made through individual exertion, but only through class or group action." This is perhaps the quintessence of the higher doctrine of the advocates of a new social order. It is the almost sacred commandment of socialism. But like so many smooth-sounding generalizations it fails to square with the facts.

Ever since the world began there have been careers for the very strong, able and perhaps cunning man. But until recent times they were few in number, and even in the pioneer days of this country they could be numbered probably on the fingers of one hand. But now they spread out in every direction, and the avenues of approach are not closed to anyone who has even moderate training. A career was formerly considered the exclusive property of the rich, the well-born or those who possessed mere superiority in muscle, fighting skill, sheer force of personality or low cunning.

But now there are great numbers of varied and diversified occupations requiring many different qualities and temperaments, and any one of them if pursued with moderate success may fairly be said to afford a career. A certain amount of ability, of course, is needed to attain success in any line, but when the channels of activity have become so numerous, dissimilar and multiform, abilities which formerly had no use or recognition are called upon in ever-increasing measure. A man might always remain in obscurity if the only avenues open to him were medicine, law, the ministry, the army and statesmanship; but to-day we have—to name at random only a few of many occupations—commercial art, hotel management, library work, advertising, accounting, motion-picture production, dentistry, forestry, salesmanship, many new branches of engineering, and newly dignified and specialized branches of retail merchandising and agriculture. Success no less than government has become democratic.

If a man or woman to-day cannot find a career, with the enormous diversity of occupation, and with all the popular educational facilities available to the humblest, it is probable that the inherent mental and moral qualities required to follow up any form of opportunity are lacking. But how can the action of classes ever make up for the lack of these mental and moral qualities in the individual?

An old man known for his success and wealth has said, "We had everything to do and nothing to do it with when I was young." In earlier days capital was difficult to get, credit was mysterious and almost unobtainable, and there was no such body of experience and precedent nor any such educational machinery as exists to-day. Not only were there fewer and less varied careers available but even the strongest and ablest men had fewer means of entering upon them than even the moderately strong and able have to-day.

The accumulation, the piling up of new openings, occupations, possible careers, means little unless men know how to make use of them. A mere enlargement of chances is not enough. They must be seized. But it is something that chances themselves steadily increase, that to each generation of young men the horizon broadens in ever-new forms of recognized success. That at least is a necessary first element of progress.

The Call of Service

NONE but a fool will decry the importance of religion and education. But does the college graduate or any other youth about to make his start in the world necessarily leave the things of the mind and spirit behind when he goes into business? It is true that perhaps this or that young man's sole idea is to make money, to secure the means which bring ease and luxury or mere smartness and sportiness. There are young men whose one idea is to accumulate enough money to enjoy themselves.

But as men penetrate further into modern business life they find that it is not simply trading for dollars or a convenient means for getting rich, but a vast, intricate, complicated system which involves all the arts, sciences, improved machinery, modern transportation and large-scale production along with the very breath of man's life itself. In former times, when each family on its own patch of land was a practically self-sufficient unit, the business man was a trader with a pack on his back. To-day the very force of evolution, of the progress of civilization has changed him from a mere scalper to an essential part of a huge but delicate mechanism of production, distribution, exchange and credits which if halted for a moment would result in the probable starvation and death of whole nations.

Whatever motive leads the young man into business, he is soon caught up in the whirl of the mighty enginery of service, which is just as real if at times it is not wholly conscious. Surely all men recognize that business, that daily work must be and is being increasingly shot through with the sense of duty, responsibility and service. Its task is too great, too vital, to be animated by any other spirit.

If we are going to have in this Western world anything of decency, beauty, intellect and spirit it must be in conjunction with business. For we are like a ship at sea with the land left far behind. We have cut ourselves off from the old days of the self-sufficient farmer and a few village artisans—the miller, smith and weaver. Without large-scale agriculture, industry and trade we die. It is business or extinction. We have to go on with business, not backward and away from it. If we are to have intellectual and spiritual interests they cannot be in separate water-tight compartments away from business like the peddler and the monk of the Middle Ages. We can live on with business, with an increasing appeal to young men of intellectual and spiritual interests or without that appeal; but we cannot live without business, no matter how much intellect and religion there are, unless first the necessary steps are taken to kill off a large part of the population so that those remaining can live on the soil.

If business still has only a money-grubbing appeal the reason lies not in the inherent character of business itself but in an attitude of mind that is still medieval and in a failure to recognize the widely rounded opportunities and possibilities of modern industry and commerce.

Some New Tariff Problems

By Thomas Walker Page

AS PREPARATIONS go forward for revising the tariff we are again confronted with an old and curious paradox. Busy men from near and far leave their mills and mines and fields and stand patiently in line at Washington to describe to Congress the good things that every nation on earth is toiling to lay at our feet. Everything from peanuts to precious stones is in the list they unroll. Fine wools from the wide ranges of the Southern Hemisphere, metal goods finished from the ores of frost-bound Scandinavia, all the fruits of the tropics, the silks of the Orient, the laces of France, Swiss embroideries, German dyestuffs, all the products of the steady, solid industry and thoroughness of Britain, whatever in any part of the world the labor of man can gather from earth, air or sea, these busy men offer to our imagination in a glittering list,

. . . which far
Outshines the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

But these men do not use poetry, and they deny that there is either romance or imagination in what they say. They do not assemble in Washington to advertise the easy terms on which we may have the things they describe. They take us up on the high hill where the Ways and Means Committee holds its hearings and show us the riches of the earth and the glory of them, not to tempt us to fall down and worship, but to hear us say "Get thee behind me."

In other words, and in short, American producers are demanding more protection against the competing products of foreigners. They are asking Congress to lay upon foreign goods when brought to this country taxes in the form of customs duties so high as to make it unprofitable to sell them here at a price lower than that which must be paid for similar goods produced in this country. The old fight is reopened between protection and free trade. Shall we take advantage of the low price at which foreigners are willing to supply what we need, or shall foreign goods be allowed to enter only under a tax that will add so much to this price that we cannot have them for less than domestic goods? We have debated this question for more than a hundred years, and during that time we have revised our answer to it on an average of about once every five years. No other important commercial country has had such an unstable tariff, and in no other since the repeal of the English Corn Laws has opinion been so deeply divided.

Plans for Self-Sufficiency

AS THE debates in Congress proceed we may expect to hear all the old arguments repeated on both sides of the question. But they will hardly fill so many pages as formerly in the Congressional Record, for the reason that the Great War has created new conditions and has started new tendencies that must be dealt with by the framers of a new tariff act.

The commerce of most nations has been diminished and of some utterly destroyed, and for years they will be seeking by straight or devious methods to regain it. A few nations, on the other hand, including our own, have seen their trade expanded, and these will be striving to retain all they have gained. Many countries have been so reduced by the war that their condition appears to require that they should produce and sell all they can and buy only what they must. All the nations of the world were so impressed by the shock to their feeling of security and the indescribable horrors of more than four lurid years that enormous impetus has been given to plans for national self-sufficiency and complete economic independence.

There is no denying that the now dominant policy of existing governments looks not so much to the easiest and most plentiful supply of the people's needs as to such a regulation of trade as will promote reliance on internal resources. This policy, which we ourselves are commonly accused of having carried to the greatest extreme, is clearly apparent in the recent commercial legislation of nearly every independent country.

Meantime most of the provisions secured by treaty and convention to safeguard fair dealing and equal rights among trading nations have been annulled. Many nations have determined to free themselves from all agreements that might limit their policy and to negotiate new terms by which they hope to obtain greater advantages than the old agreements afforded. This has opened the way for discriminations, special bargains, retaliation, threats, and all the abuses that have been so provocative of trouble for two hundred years. The selfishness and distrust engendered by the war have a free field to operate, and each nation is watching with jealous eye the measures adopted by the others. In the nervous and irritable state of mind everywhere prevailing it will be easy to kindle resentments and antagonisms that may endure for years.

Revision of the tariff, therefore, involves much more than the old struggle between free trade and protection. Congress faces the difficult task of preventing discriminations against our commerce, of checking unfair practices in

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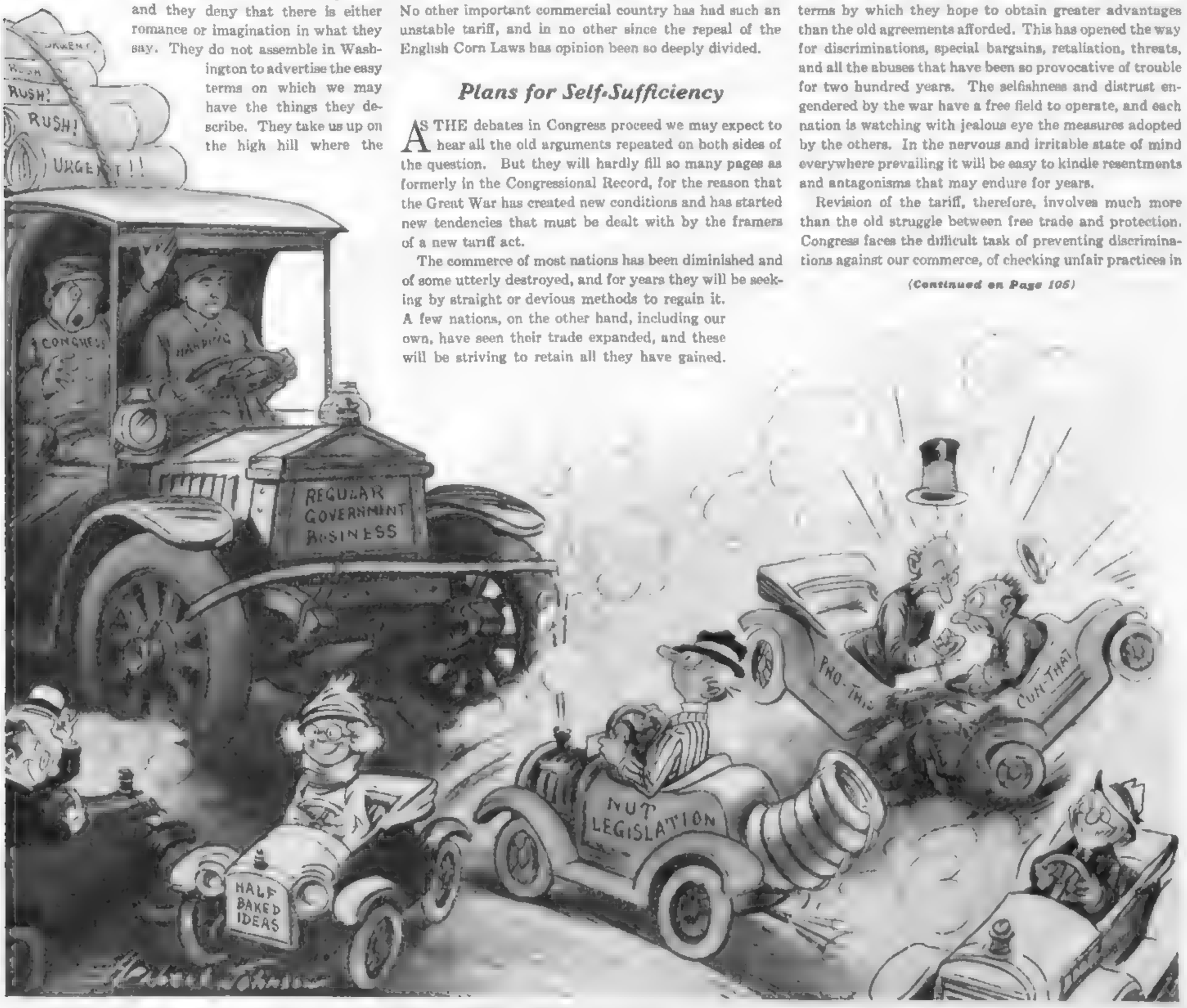

Too Many Amateur Drivers on the Road

WEST BROADWAY

III

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

WHAT?" says I. "He says actors was coots?"

"Well, he says they belonged to the parasitic class," says Jim, "and that highbrow language didn't get by me—and me having signed a contract this very day to go to the coast and make a serial with more he-man work in it than he ever did in his whole entire life!"

Wouldn't that jolt you? I'll say so! Why, I just sat there with the wind taken out of me, and for a moment I was wordless, though a wife. But not thoughtless, I'll tell the world! Because while I sat there like a boob a real idea was coming to me—a big idea that gave me a wide-open feeling like clean air was blowing through my brains and made my heart leap and handed me the first real emotional excitement I had had since the baby come. All of a sudden them books I had bought and those highbrows I'd been out with seemed stuffy and smelly and kind of unreal. Maybe they had told the truth, but any one person can only tell a little part of the truth because the truth has many sides to it; and I felt in my heart that I knew something that those highbrows didn't, and that I would and could tell my side. Tell it to the people! All the people—all the way across the country! If those darn Reds had a right to go out and tell the world one thing, I had as good a right to tell them different, and I would do it! I would tell my side to my suffering, downtrodden country; tell 'em that all they needed to do to be prosperous and happy was to work—I would say that to them—I, the living example of that it can be done!

Did the big thought lift me up like religion? I'll say so! I felt pure and washed, sort of, and it certainly was a pleasant feeling. But I didn't try to explain it to Jim. There is no use trying to explain your emotions to your husband. I found that out long ago. So all I says out loud was, "Jim," I says, "forget them literary nitwits. I got a wonderful plan. Goldringer wants me to go out to the coast too. I was going to talk to you about it to-night. What do you say if we take the old bus and drive the whole way?"

Jim turned to me with a look like I ain't seen on his face since I said "Yes."

"Kid," said he just too sweetly for words—"kid, you got brains all over your body!"

The next morning I woke up early, about ten o'clock, with the feeling that something had happened and something else was going to, only I didn't know what, but only a sort of flutter in my middle. Then all at once I remembered I was going to drive to California!

And when Musette, my personal maid, come in with a light breakfast of only coffee and serial and eggs benedictine, which means married eggs—well, anyway, only that and a little French toast and jam—why, I could hardly make a dent in it because of the excitement I was in over my plan.

There was also some letters on the tray, and the morning papers, and when I had found that Jim was already gone out on a early location on Brooklyn Bridge and ma and the nurse and baby was also on location somewheres in the marketing district, I thought, well, here's my chance for a little peace and privacy and I can think out a few things without some loving member of my family nagging me to know what am I thinking about, or where will they send the laundry this week, or please let me have a dollar forty-five for the boy from the drug store or some such intrusion on a married artist's privacy.

Well, anyways, when I had pecked at my food until it was all gone and meanwhile thought over last night and the sort of half-real, half Welsh-rarebit-dream people we had been with, which it's the truth; they kind of seemed to belong to a race of their own, not pure anything—do you get what I mean?—but about one-third white, one-third Red and one-third tortoise-shell, and yet were the ones in this country who were doing all the talking and getting no end of publicity for it—well, the more I thought of them the madder I got, and the more I was determined I would go and do a little shouting on my own. Here these parrots kept up their yell of Red, Red, Red, and nobody answered them back! But I would! Just how I didn't know as yet, but I would tell the hicks throughout this fairly broad land something about Americanism.

And finally I had myself so worked up I was mentally running around in circles. So I says to myself, "Here, Mary Gilligan Smith La Tour, keep your boudoir cap on! Maybe the members of this Intelligentzia Club are all right. Maybe they got the right dope about the Great American Revolution being a sure thing. But if they are there is no use you going crazy too! Get your bean clear and then get a little action!"

"All right!" I answered myself. "Then I'll just calm down, read my mail and the papers and then get busy with my preparations."

So I got out of bed and into a negligee and took my literature into my boudoir, which I had recently done over in period furniture but do not like it much. I don't know why they call it period furniture unless because somebody put a stop to it a long time ago which makes it hard to get and expensive. Well, anyways, I've got some of it now because all cultured people do, and I settled myself in a Tudor armchair which was very valuable—it was the original model for the Electric chair—but fortunately had some La Tour lingerie cushions in it, and then I commenced my reading.

There was nothing in the mails to take my mind off the Revolution, however—only a bill from Maison Rosabelle for a couple of negligees but with nothing negligee about the price, the notice of my income-tax installment and a form letter asking me to contribute to the defense fund of a couple of Boston wops who it seemed hadn't done anything in the world but kill a special officer and a paymaster and get away with eighteen thousand dollars in an automobile. And now, the letter went on to say, the corrupt police had the nerve to capture these poor friends of the common people and had them in the cooler, and as nobody had seen them do the killing would I please send a few berries at once to prevent this outrage upon the personal liberty of our citizens, because they were undoubtedly being railroaded by the cruel capitalists who couldn't see the justice in this cute little performance.

Well, of course, I don't see how this got by the using-the-mails-to-obtain-money-under-at-least-doubtful-pretenses law. But it did back up what Westman had said about the organization of radicals. It was a printed letter, and a printed folder went with it—a expensive sort of advertising, and I wish Al Goldringer would do as much in his motion-picture business. Only a rich organization could put stuff like that out. And it was not the first letter of the kind I had received, as I then also realized. I tore it up in little pieces and put a period to that in the period waste-basket and turned to the newspapers.

(Continued on Page 24)

"Where are We Going to Sit With All This Stuff in the Car—Tell Me That?"

They say the surest art
To reach a husband's heart
Is lots of good delightful food
With Campbell's Soup to start.

Starting Right

First a good soup—Campbell's Tomato! The inviting flavor stimulates and exhilarates, for the natural tonic properties of the tomato are fully retained in this nutritious food.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is the rich juice of vine-ripened tomatoes deliciously prepared with pure granulated sugar, creamery butter, and fine seasonings. Especially as a Cream of Tomato it has wonderful food value and tastiness. Eat it today and you will want it often.

Campbell's Bean Soup

All the good of the beans, tasty and nourishing, with a rich vegetable puree. Order a supply from your grocer. The whole family will like it.

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

Now you can't hardly call the regular New York newspapers in good standing radical. As a matter of fact, Mr. Westman had called them something which no lady would repeat, but which meant that they were distinctly on the other side from him. And yet out of eight headlines across the front page here is what I read:

1. Coal Strikers Refuse to Arbitrate.
2. Dockmen Declare War to Finish.
3. Thirty-four Robberies, Three Murders, Ten Hold-ups, Two Shootings City Record Last Week.
4. Riots in Belfast. Ten Killed.
5. Mrs. MacSwiney Greeted With Cheers.

And if that isn't giving all the news space to the Reds, what is? I went wild when I read them, and commenced searching through the inside pages for something pleasant, and way down under the theatrical ads I found a little piece one-tenth of a column long which says, "Biggest Crops Since 1905 Promised for this Year."

Can you beat that? I lay back as far as I could in the torture chair, fairly sick with the condition of my country. This was serious. If all that stuff was so much more important than the good news, we as a nation was in a bad way, that was clear to any fool. I could read the evidence, plain as the print it was in, but somehow the inside of me—my heart if not my mind—says to me there was a catch some place. It couldn't be as bad as it seemed.

Yet day after day the papers was printing that sort of stuff.

If it was true every decent American ought to act and act quick before it was too late. But it couldn't be too late. I wouldn't leave it be. A wave of excitement swept over me, but I didn't let it go at that. There's no sense in having a strong feeling unless you put it to work. Emotion is not a end in itself, and the way to get action out of an emotion is to pledge yourself so's you can't back out when you cool down. So I threw away my conservative newspaper and grabbed hold of the telephone. And after only the delay a person would expect I had Al on the wire.

"Hello, Al!" I says.

"That you Mary?" says Al. "How's the world treating you?"

"It ain't treating me," I says. "I have to buy my own," I says. "Which at the present prices, Al, means I'm going to work," I says.

"That picture is going to be made on the coast," says Al.

"I admit it," I says. "But I'm going to drive out in the Colby-Droit."

"What?" says Al. "Driving? Can't you see enough from a train that I got to pay expenses on a car? Say, if I was to offer you the Singer Building you would want me to throw in the Metropolitan Tower!"

"Never mind expenses!" I says. "I'll be reasonable on that."

"But it will take such a time!" says Al. "I got a wire from Rosin this morning saying they will have space in three weeks for a big feature."

"Tell him one month from next Tuesday," I says, "and shoot the contract around for me to make my mark on."

"Well, have it your own way," says Al as if he was giving me something new. "Anyways, that auto trip will be good publicity."

"Not on your life!" I says. "I'm going on business of my own as Mrs. James Smith," I says, "and I don't want the country all jazzed up to meet me. I want to catch it as it really is, with its kimono on and its hair in curlers."

Well, right away we had a fight on that, but I won, because the telephone operator give me the last word, and naturally I didn't try to ring him back.

Instead I got up and dressed, because I had left myself under a week to get ready, and realized that it's the woman has always to get things done before any trip or they are not, and that Jim would be busy up to the last minute, but was fortunately only working on some retakes now, his serial having finished the week before.

Well, the first thing I done was break the news to ma that she would have to take care of the baby and bring him and the nurse on by train, because even then I realized a open car and a trip like that wouldn't do him any good, with no milk on the desert and all. And instead of raising a kick, a fearful look of cunning come into ma's face exactly like the heavy in a melo when he sees that at last he can have his will, and I could fairly see her feeding that young one sausage to keep him quiet, and picking him up when he yelled and rocking him to sleep and all those good old-fashioned methods, which my generation grew up in spite of. But then on the other hand I knew Miss Barker, the nurse, wouldn't leave her do it, because she always prevented me, and I had first claim on him.

"I and Rollo Done it in the Fliwver. It's a Bird of a Trip, Dearie, and be Sure to Take Four Pair of Chains With You"

Of course, I hated to leave my baby, and it was the only real drawback to the trip. But it was like the girls making me take my wedding ring off right after I was married. They said it was better, because in case I ever had to later I wouldn't feel so bad about doing it. And a professional woman who is a mother has to do the same with her child; and I might have to go to Cuba on a location or Mexico or anywheres, so why not get the agony over at the start? And aside from that the prospect of having no family but Jim for a while was a kind of a relief. A child and your mother is something no woman would be without, but to be without them for a week or two is sometimes just as well, and after all I was going primarily for my country's sake, and I was sort of sorry I had only one family to give to it. There is a lot of difference between having the house quiet and making a lot of noise yourself, if you get me.

Well, anyways, I left ma gloating over her plans, and taking the bunch of books I had bought only the day before, but which seemed like years ago, I went back to the store where I had bought them as a good beginning. The same bright baby that I had bought them of was there, and he seemed real surprised to see me.

"Good morning," he says. "My, but you are a fast reader! What would you like to-day?"

"I'd like to exchange this junk for a copy of Romeo and Juliet, a pocket dictionary and a English grammar," I says. "I appreciate your helpful suggestions, but I guess I'd better get educated in my own way."

"By Jove, I don't know but you are right!" says Student Willie. "How about Westman and Arise America? Are you going to make the picture?"

"I am!" I says. "But not out of his book. Thank God he couldn't copyright that title!"

Well, the bird laughed at that, and exchanged the books like I wanted him to, and as it had run to quite some money the day before, I got a copy of the play that give me real pleasure to handle—something I never expected to get from a book.

"By the way," says the book hustler as he give me my new package—"by the way, I heard a very curious thing about Westman this morning. It seems he's disappeared. He had a definite engagement late last night with the chap that told me—Crabtree—who was in this morning with a black eye. Seems he went to keep the date, and Westman's room had been stripped clean. Did you dine with him?"

"Yes, we did," I says. "I bet the bulls are after him. We left early, thank heavens!"

"Well, it's an odd story," says the young fellow. "But perhaps there's nothing in it."

"Probably not," I says, paying really very little attention, because I was interested in my own plans. "Can you tell me where to get a good automobile road map?"

"Why, at the A. A. A., I guess," says he. "Going far?"

"Just to California," I says. And then I thanked him and walked out, little dreaming that I had passed up a piece of information that was of the greatest importance.

IV

THE only thing I thought of as I walked out onto the Avenue was that I was going to take a tour which practically nobody had ever done, and that it must show on me. I had an idea that everybody who looked at me must know where I was going and what perils and adventures I was about to face. I felt like a mixture of Sir Guy the Crusader and Christopher Columbus, and somehow, while I didn't really expect perfect strangers to point at me and say "There is a woman who is motoring to California shortly," I certainly did feel apart from the common herd which hadn't been any further than from the Battery to Harlem. I felt important and expected to be treated accordingly, and so I went into the A. A. A. all prepared to hand them a big surprise. I guess I must of forgot I was in New York. Naturally I went first to the plush offices on the Avenue, and they was nearly as handsome as Goldringer's downtown place, and almost as full of eager seekers, only of course they were not actors but autoists.

Well, after I had sat there for maybe twenty minutes of my valuable time, nursing Shakspere and the dictionary while six people ahead of me was told no, the road from New York to Philadelphia hadn't been mended yet, and you better take a train, a nice but exhausted young fellow lifted his eyebrows at me and I sprung my bomb—only the moment after I done so I saw it was a dud.

"I'm driving to California next week," I says impressively, "and I think I better get some information from you about roads and hotels."

"Which way are you going?" says the young man like water off a duck's back.

"Is there more than one way?" I says, flat as a cake on a cold griddle. "I want the best paved way."

The young man give a mysterious smile at that, which I didn't then understand. And a good thing we don't

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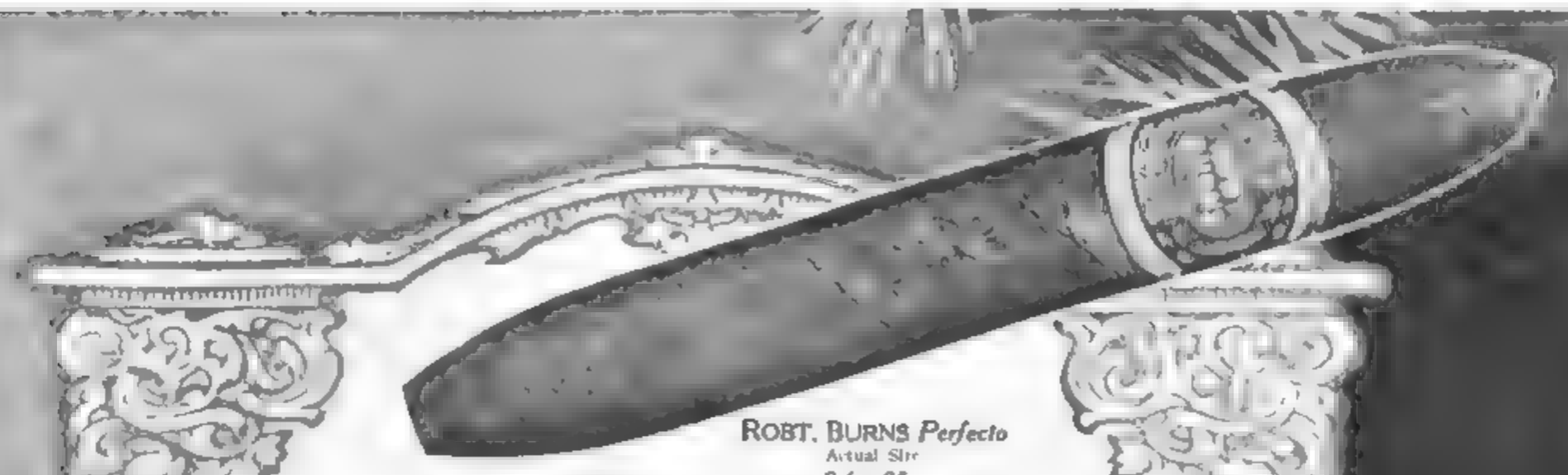

ROBT. BURNS *Perfecto*
Actual Size
2 for 25c
Box of 50—$6.00

Who is America's biggest User of high-grade Havana Tobacco?

The facts may surprise you

THE fragrant filler of your Robt. Burns Cigar is *entirely* of high-grade Havana—and it costs as much per pound as any filler tobacco which Cuba grows. The moderate prices of Robt. Burns are due to the fact that the duty on imported *leaf* is lower than the duty on imported cigars.

And here is a fact which may surprise you still more: More of this fine, high-grade Havana-filler leaf is used in the production of Robt. Burns Cigar than for any other cigar made in America!

How, then, does it happen that the bouquet of Robt. Burns is so enjoyably mild?

Through a special process of curing, the full Havana filler of Robt. Burns is toned down by *natural* methods to avoid undue strength.

For full yet mild aroma there is no substitute for a Robt. Burns Cigar. If you want a fine Havana-filled cigar, individual both in quality and value, try Robt. Burns.

Robt. Burns Cigar

PERFECTO: 2 *for* 25c INVINCIBLE: 15c *straight*

General Cigar Co., INC.

NATIONAL BRANDS

NEW YORK CITY

A·C·ARP

(Continued from Page 24)

always understand what is ahead of us or we'd never go any place—ain't it the truth?

"At this time of year I would go by the southern route," he says. "Take the Santa Fé Trail. There might be some snow on the Lincoln Highway by the time you'll strike the high places, and you'd be playing safe by going the southern way. If we can help you in any way, be sure to let us know."

"Is it much of a trip?" I says casually. "Dangerous, and all?"

"Not a bit, not a bit! Hundreds of people making it all the time!" says he. "Gas stations every seventy-five miles—nothing to it!"

"Thank you," I says, unconvinced. "Then there's nothing special I ought to know. Will we have to camp?"

"Not unless you want to," he says.

"I don't," I says hastily. "I'm in the theatrical line, and hotels have nothing to teach me in the way of horrors."

"Well then, there's really nothing especial to tell you," says the feller. "You'll need a tow rope. Better take along an ax and a desert water bag, of course; and you will probably have to adjust the carburetor in high altitudes; and take a collapsible bucket to fill the radiator—fill every chance you get, whether you need it or not."

"Hadn't I better take some pemmican and a couple of guns?" I says, kidding him back. But he never smiled.

"Might be a good idea," he says seriously. And then he turned to a man who was tugging at his elbow impatiently. "Yes, sir," he says to the man, "splendid road all the way to Canada, but it's dry now, you know."

Well, I got up and got out at that and went on uptown, wondering all the way just how much the fellow was kidding. I don't mean about dry Canada; I mean about what I ought to take. Of course I expected to take along a few conveniences, but not to have to break the wilderness. However, the biggest shock was to have my news taken so calmly.

The young lady at the stationers where I went to buy a map didn't die of excitement at my trip either. She and a blonde was deep in their own affairs when I come in, my self-importance somewhat restored by then, and she was saying something about "and I says she knew all along he was married, and all the sympathy I got for her could be parked in a eye dropper," and the other one says, "Well, you ought never to trust a man till you get it on paper," and then I come in.

"I'm going to California," I says, "and I'd like a road map," I says.

But the first girl, far from realizing the strangeness of my remark, went on talking, but reached languidly over with her right hand without even looking and drew one from a pile—"So, I says, 'Are you sure he is married and it ain't just an alibi?' I says. Two dollars, please"—only this was to me.

Well, I gave her the two and took the map, and went out wondering when she had got back from her seventh transcontinental trip.

And, believe me, this was some map! During lunch, which I had by myself, I gave it the double O; and, as the poet says, a world of romance commenced to spread before me, and at the same time a slight tendency to coldness of the feet; but I put that right out of my head in favor of the excitement and adventure I saw there before me in red and blue lines. I'll tell the world this was the first map I ever took any real interest in or cared where was the boundary line of anything, or how many miles there was in it, or any of those things which going to school had given me a natural hatred of. But, believe me, a map of some place you are going to is something different yet again from a map you got to study in school for no apparent reason.

As I commenced reading the names on it I got more and more excited. There was St. Louis, Kansas City, Dayton, where the aëroplanes come from, the Mississippi River, where the coon songs come from, and the Rocky Mountains! Why, we would have to go over 'em! And the Grand Canyon! They began to be places instead of names. When I showed the map to Jim that night we rolled these names about in our mouth like gum or something and chewed on them. But Jim didn't appreciate the map the way he ought to of. That was because I had bought it.

"Are you sure this is the right one?" he says, turning it over and examining it to try and find something wrong.

"It's official," I says.

"Well, it's not so bad," he had to admit at last. "But I think we ought to take the Lincoln Highway, at that. It's the best known."

"And miss the Canyon?" I says indignantly. "Not much! And, anyways, it's full of snow, or will be."

"In this heat?" says Jim. "Nonsense!"

Then the bell rung and we went at it for three rounds, which ended by compromising on the Santa Fé, Jim having been out by train that way, and I suppose giving in because he would be able to tell me what was coming next before we got to it, and no husband could be expected to resist that chance. But the way he handled that map drove me nearly wild. Before the end of the session you would of thought he had invented it and I had never seen it before.

"We'll go from New York to Pittsburgh," he says. "And then do we make Chicago? Let's see—no, too far north. That's the Lincoln. Columbus, Ohio, would be better."

"Lets go by Philly and Baltimore," I says. "I played Pittsburgh once, and I want to see some place I ain't been."

"Well, Baltimore, then. We may as well go through as many states as possible," he agreed.

Then he commenced recognizing the names of some of the stations he had stopped at; and, like a man, that was where he wanted to go—some place he had been! But as it was all new to me, I should worry!

"There's a wonderful hotel at Albuquerque—right on the desert—the best thing in the town," he says. "And where was it I seen the Indians—was it Flagstaff? And wait until you see the jack rabbits in Kansas, and the grades we have to take in—in—I think it was Illinois."

Of course I couldn't check him up then. I believed every word he said the way you have to if you ain't been a place yourself. But I got a good memory, and Jim ought to of known better than to tempt it.

Well, by about nine-thirty we had a route to Los Angeles all doped out, via Kansas City, Las Vegas and San Bernardino. And when this was all settled we discovered the Yellowstone way up north, and started in all over again on a different line.

"We don't want to miss that!" says Jim, and I agreed with him.

So by ten-fifteen we had the northern route all arranged for—and then we remembered the snow, which was hard to keep in mind at seventy with the windows open.

"I don't know but that the old Spanish trail would be better than either of them," says Jim. "Lookit, kid, San Antonio is on it, and El Paso. We could slip into Mexhic-co and find out what a highball looks like, eh? Of course it's a little longer, but what's a few hundred miles out of three thousand?"

"We'd have to take the boat to Jacksonville to do it," I says. "But that would be sort of good fun."

Well, at that we was off again, and by eleven o'clock we had seen New Orleans, the Rio Grande and was ordering a second round at Tia Juana.

"How long will it take?" I says, meaning the trip, not the drinks. "About two weeks?"

"I know a feller with Riolock Motor Company done it in five days," says Jim. "Only we don't want to hurry that much."

"We'll say a month or three weeks," I says. "I don't want any of this keeping on a schedule, Jim, and I won't do it. If you're going to be a timekeeper on this trip I won't make it, that's all. I want to stop off when I see some place I like, and not be hauled away from Pike's Peak or something just because you have calculated we'd be in the next town four hours from then."

"Well, if you don't want to make a time record we'd better not go that extreme southern way," says Jim. "After all, I'm not so sure but that we'll see the most on the Santa Fé, and I'm at least sure it's interesting."

And so, having shown our independence of the A. A. A. advice by flirting with our own ignorance, we come back to the Santa Fé by twelve midnight, and having by now made a total of over nine thousand miles, with a few side trips thrown in, we was pretty well exhausted and ready for bed.

"I hope the old bus will make it," says Jim, standing up and yawning. "I wonder if we really had ought to try it?"

"James Smith, we are going to make that trip if we have to buy a new car to-morrow to do it!" I says hotly. "We got this far, and now nothing would make me back out of it."

But for the next few days, which was one wild rush to get ready, I had several times when I would of backed out—almost. The first time was when I met Maison Rosabelle. She was, as usual, dressed in a ad of her shop, giving the appearance of a little child of forty-five or so, with a short dress but really not sufficient justification for it. I met her in the Paris Intime, where I was getting a few handkerchiefs for the trip in case I ran short and couldn't buy any. I always use a particular kind of handkerchiefs, you know, and I was afraid I wouldn't be able to buy them West.

Well, anyways, there was Maison getting a few practical Georgette winter weights, and of course I mentioned casually that we was going to the coast. But did she drop dead? She did not!

"Is that so, dearie?" she says. "You will find it real interesting, only the roads is awful. We went out last year, you know."

"Oh," says I kind of flat, "is that so?"

"Yes, indeed," she says. "And let me tell you, whatever you do, be sure and take a big piece of canvas to put under the front wheels in case you get stuck in the sand and their ain't any brush around to cut. And another thing, if you come to a big washout, go down real slow, and then step on her quick the very minute you reach the bottom. Otherwise you'll run the car's nose into the sand and be stuck. Never try to rush a washout going down." Then she turned to the saleslady. "Any wash-satin petticoats?" she says.

Maison! Can you beat it? I was so stunned you could of knocked me down with a drop of a hat!

"Did you really drive?" I says humbly enough to suit even a woman friend.

"I sure did!" says Maison. "I and Rollo done it in the flivver. It's a bird of a trip, dearie, and be sure to take four pair of chains with you—you'll need 'em in Illinois—and be sure to put 'em on if it even starts to rain. Them roads are worse when it rains a little than when it rains real bad."

"How about clothes?" I says, gasping and looking at this new Maison. But look as I might, she seemed just the same as ever—make-up, extreme clothes and all. I could hardly believe her, and yet she was as casual as if speaking of seeing a new fillum or something.

"Oh, clothes!" says our leading Snappy Ladies Gowns and Modes. "Oh, clothes—get some old khaki thing!"

Well, I walked out on her at that! Of course if she chose to drive to the coast in a flivver and dress like a bum that was her own business, but pretty poor business, it seemed to me. I intended to be comfortable and attractive; of course taking no more than was necessary—only a few bags and hatboxes and maybe one small trunk. I intended to dress smart but suitable, and of course her comparing her flivver to our Colby-Droit was all jealousy.

Well, Maison wasn't the only one give me a jolt. Because hardly had I left her when I ran into a friend of ma's, Mrs. Boyd, and her husband, which used to run the boarding house in Rochester where I have many a time stayed when on tower. Now, I thought, I will get a rise, and at least somebody will be surprised over my trip. But nothing stirring. When we had exchanged healths and so forth and ect. I dropped California on them. But they stood the shock surprisingly.

"Well, well! Now ain't that nice!" says old Mrs. Boyd. "You'll enjoy it real well, dearie. Only be sure and take plenty of warm clothes, and see that Jim has his winter underwear. There will be plenty of cold mornings in Colorado and New Mexico when you will be glad of them."

"And always carry a five-gallon can of gas and a gallon of oil," says old Mr. Boyd. "We found that very important on our first trip. If I was you I'd go right to Bushman's to the sporting goods department and get your stuff there. They know just what you need to take."

When I had got my breath I said good-by and beat it in confusion. I began to feel that if I wanted any distinction or class I had better remain the only one who had never driven to California.

And so I was more or less prepared for what I found at Bushman's sporting goods department, because I did go there. In fact, I almost ran there, because I began to realize I was as green as a new extra having a test made for the pictures. I was on my way but I had no ticket; I was headed for a strange country and I didn't know the language. What I didn't know about this trip I was about to pull off would fill all my suitcases and then some. And it being the age of specialists, I determined to allow the specialists on Bushman's top floor to practice on me and pull my ignorance out by the roots.

Well, anyways, I hurried over, and there for once I found somebody who was at least professionally interested in my trip. This was a fine-looking, athletic young man who had grown hale and hearty in the breezy atmosphere of the sports-goods department, what with living among the canoes and tennis nets, croquet sets, bicycles and sweaters day after day. At least that was what I thought at first, but after I had talked to him a little and told him where I was going I seen he was the real thing and no bluff but did really go out-of-doors a lot in the summer, and so forth, and actually had used personally himself the line of goods he was selling, and I'll say that is a type of man which will go far. What is further, he hadn't been to California by motor, but wanted to some day, and in the meantime he had fitted out over two hundred people for the trip.

"Going to camp?" he says. "No? Sort of a pity. It's the real way to enjoy it. But, of course, if your time is limited—well, you must have an ax, a good, practical one, a collapsible water bucket, and of course a desert water bag. Five gallons will be big enough for you people, I guess." And then he showed me something which looked like what potatoes come in by the bulk, and how any water was to stay in it had me guessing, but he said it would. Then he sold me a tow rope and the canvas thing called a tarpaulin, the one Maison had talked about, and it seems Mr. Hiyou, the salesman, agreed with her about it. Then he sold me a suitcase which turned out to be a kitchen cabinet when you opened it up, with dishes and knives and forks and a vacuum bottle and everything but the kitchen stove in it, and then he sold me the kitchen stove in condensed form. But the cutest thing he sold me was called a Puller.

When I seen it first I thought a steel derrick had had kittens and that this was one of them. It was made up of boy's-size steel cables and a couple of jiggers like the deuce of spades which you was supposed to stick in the ground and then hitch the hook part to the car and turn on the handle, and there you were! I mean, you were supposed to be out of whatever you was in when you started. It was

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You Know that Essex Excels But Do You Know Why?

Any Essex Owner Will Tell You

"My Essex grows more wonderful each day. Just finished 800-mile trip. Never lifted hood, nor even added an ounce of oil."

W. S. McCLEARY
Mgr. L. C. Smith Typewriter Co.
Albany, N. Y.

"I cannot imagine more abusive service than I have given my Essex in 15,000 miles of prospecting work, in virgin, rocky country. Running as well today as when I got it. Two other cars in the same kind of service are 'shot'."

G. G. SAWTELLE
Pawhuska, Okla.

"The remarkable record is that in 13 months since I purchased my Essex I have not spent one cent for repairs or motor troubles. The spare tire has not even been called into use."

REV. NICHOLAS RIGHTOR
Rector, St. Mark's Episcopal Church
Jonesboro, Ark.

It is because it does not grow old.

Cars two years old are running today as smoothly as when new. They are free from squeaks and rattles. Body joints have not separated and in the matter of maintenance cost their owners have been practically free.

That is why the coming of an Essex into any community is soon followed by many others.

Ask the Essex owner waiting his turn at the gas station to tell you about his car, particularly about its gasoline, oil and tire economy. Nearly every Essex owner says he has never heard of a car that requires so little oil. And oil, you know, is quite a cost item with most cars.

Essex will appeal to you because of its moderate cost and because it gives you qualities of performance that are to be had only in high-priced automobiles.

Touring . . $1595 Roadster . . $1595 Sedan . . $2450 Cabriolet . . $2100
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ESSEX MOTORS

E S S E X

ESSEX MOTORS

STRUGGLING BACK

By Edward Hungerford

FOR a little more than a year now our railroads have been back in the hands of their old-time operators. That it has been a hard year they will not deny; they, nor their labor nor their patrons. Apparently about the only folk for whom the twelvemonth that ended on the twenty-eighth day of February last has not been hard were the people who ask questions of the railroads. For them it has been a Roman holiday. And lest there should be any misunderstanding whatsoever permit me to add hastily that I am not referring to querulous and nervous travelers making inquiry about the afternoon train to Baltimore or the morning one to Little Neck or to Chicago.

To put the thing both definitely and concretely, I am referring to the various governmental bodies which for twenty years or more have been developing a marvelous momentum on this questioning business. Eleven men sit in high places in Washington City—with 4000 assistants to suggest and to prod them on—and ask more than 100,000 questions a year of the railroaders on every known topic, and others hitherto quite unknown. Coincidently with them forty-eight state commissions are asking questions until the time of the average railroad executive of high or of low degree is three-quarters occupied in answering governmental questions and filling out verbose governmental forms. The other quarter of the operator's time may go toward the running of his railroad.

I mention this at the outset because it is a phase—and a fairly significant one—of the pass to which our railroads have now come. It can hardly be denied that the first year of their return to private operation has not been a success, howling or otherwise. When their properties came back to them, on March 1, 1920, a goodly proportion of our railroad executives made a genuine effort to bring back immediately many of the operating conditions that once had made our American railroads—say up to eight or nine years ago—the finest in the world, the easiest upon which to ship or to travel. There were some points that they missed—of which more in good time—but in a great number of cases the desire was both good and sincere. The consolidated ticket offices of the late United States Railroad Administration were generally unpopular. Ergo, as we shall presently see, a good many progressive roads began withdrawing from them and opening their own city ticket offices in the larger communities across the land. In the West, particularly, fast passenger trains were restored to the time cards. Not only this, but they were brought to quickened running schedules. And that delightful American travel feature, the observation car, which in war days had quickly disappeared from all save a very few high-grade trains, quickly reappeared.

These were the obvious efforts. There were others, even greater, quite unseen. In the autumn of 1920, six months after the return of private operation, it still looked as if the entire machine might go tumbling down into the mud. In THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I remarked, with due reverence, that the situation to no small extent was in the hands of the Almighty. If He should visit upon the country another winter like that of 1919–20 the broken physical and human structure of our railroads could hardly stand the added burden. Well, what came to pass? Through that northeastern section of the land where under ordinary conditions the greatest volume of winter traffic passes we were given a winter of almost unparalleled mildness. The weakened transport structure was spared the overburden. And now it has clear sailing for its continued rejuvenation for at least another six or eight months.

The Thirty-Mile-Thirty-Ton Mark

WITH the favorable weather as a beginning, the big railroad operators worked like mad to save the situation. They found their properties badly scrambled, a condition perhaps not entirely unpremeditated by the men who had just preceded them. Cars seemingly were in every corner of the land save the particular corner where they should have been. To be more specific, New England was down on its coal; so was the great Northwest; and there were no two sections of the land more dependent upon a plenitude of fuel—for life itself, to say nothing of industrial prosperity. Before the winter came New England had its coal; and so had the Northwest. The accumulations of grain in this last territory have been greatly reduced; in most cases quite as far as the grangers themselves wanted them reduced. If you wish a bit of the technic of the situation, consider that 180,000 box cars were moved from the East, where they did not belong, to the West, where they were needed for carrying wheat and corn and other cereals; while, on the reverse, 180,000 coal cars were hauled from West to East to solve the fuel-emergency situation.

In all this the railroad patron coöperated. Merely to say that he coöperated is putting it too mildly. The shipper, bully boy, worked to aid the railroads, to beat the cars, or rather to fill them. On the first day that the roads came back to their private operators they announced that in freight-car movement they were going to try to make a thirty-thirty record. In other words, they were going to try to increase the average one-day movement of the American freight car to thirty miles instead of the 22.3 which it was doing at that moment. And the average loading was to be thirty tons instead of the 28.3 tons reported at the close of Federal control. The private owners asked the coöperation of commercial organizations and shippers to this thirty-thirty mark, and received it. They also asked the coöperation of their employes.

All this was by no means so easily done as it is set down here. Back of a really great accomplishment was a genuine organization, functioning in a most genuine sort of way. And this is about the way it functioned: When the railroads were turned back by our Uncle Samuel they were then handling about 800,000 carloads of freight a week, which in itself was pretty good operation. Despite a late winter and a decidedly unpropitious March this record was kept up until well into April, when came the outlaw strike with its complete demoralization of rail transportation. The weekly handling of the freight-car loads went down under 600,000, and more than 288,000 loaded cars accumulated in terminals, while—as is easily recalled—the entire business of the country nearly went to the dogs.

Mr. Willard Moves the Freight

FROM that staggering blow the railroads recovered but slowly; so slowly, in fact, that in June that veteran railroader, Mr. Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio, was called in to help, and was placed in charge of the Car Service Committee—brought back into service again after its fine work during the war. It went to work without delay. Under its prodding the railroads began again to coöperate, as once before they had been forced to coöperate—an item for the notebooks of the competition enthusiasts—and under hardly more than a few brief days of coöperation brought the average weekly movement in July up to 925,000, which was a good beginning; yet in Mr. Willard's eyes only a beginning; which was shown in October, when the average of freight cars moved each seven days reached and passed the million mark; which was railroading of a supersort.

Here then was another mighty unscrambling of the Federal Railroad Administration omelet, and one accomplished without Federal control or even Federal help, save a few orders from the Interstate Commerce Commission. A freedom from Federal interference seemingly was all that was necessary, while the judgment of those eminent railroaders who long months ago had said that what we really needed was not a great increase in the number of freight cars but a better use of the existing equipment was more than justified. For in this country an average increase of car movement of but a single mile a day is equivalent to the addition of 100,000 new cars, and in this particular instance, at least, was a considerable offset to 135,000 freight cars so badly worn out by the Railroad Administration that they needs must be immediately scrapped.

What might have been accomplished at this rate by the beginning of the present year is any man's guess, for, as we all know—and some of us to our sorrow—just as this great machine of freight transport began functioning at something like its old-time efficiency hard times came upon the land, and then, in a slight degree at first but rapidly growing in its volume, came the appalling decrease in traffic that was offered our railroads. That was, of course, in their freight traffic. The passenger business relatively held better. And in the opinion of more than one real transportation expert the passenger-traffic slump was due rather to the alarming result of the increased rates that were put into effect for it—as well as the freight—just before the first of September last.

But why, you ask, should increased rates be held as a strong deterrent factor in passenger traffic and not in the freight? The question is a fair one. It has been answered before in these columns, and here it is being answered again.

Broadly speaking the great proportion of freight traffic must move, no matter what the rate; while at least a goodly proportion of the passenger traffic does not have to move. It can be induced into the cars only by attractive rates of fare. You can lead a horse to water but you cannot make him drink. The force of this last has been coming so strongly to our railroaders that within the past few months, even weeks, they have been multiplying their excursion rates in almost every direction, and upon tickets valid all the way from one day to nine months. They actually are beginning to see the wisdom of selling transportation. On the other hand, this salesmanship possibility is by no means nonexistent in the freight-traffic end of our railroads.

"The roads have put the first-class rate per hundred from this town to San Francisco up to over six dollars, and the traffic won't stand it," said the traffic manager of a great New York concern to me not many weeks ago. "It won't stand over four dollars."

"What do you mean by saying that it won't stand it?" I pressed him. He was upsetting one of my pet traffic theories.

"Just exactly what I say," he reiterated. "It isn't standing it. It's going around to the Pacific Coast through the Panama in the new ships of our merchant marine at four dollars or less."

This time I understood. I recalled a paragraph in my morning paper setting down how a capable young man, scion of a great railroading family in the West and a heavy holder of some of its rail properties, had gone before the United States Shipping Board and had protested bitterly against the assignment of so many of our new ships to the coastal trade from the North Atlantic to the Pacific. His protests were heard in a dignified silence. But the ships are still in that service. There is not much business for them elsewhere.

We are talking of trains to-day, however, not ships. For the moment we are going to talk some more about the consolidated ticket offices, which were the pride of Mr. McAdoo and which were and still remain the horror of travelers—but the most of them still remain. In a goodly number of cases the roads in a single office have been segregated, and this of itself is a vast help. But there are far too many cases still where they remain completely scrambled, and a nightmare not merely to the folk who have to patronize them but to the poor clerks who have to work in them.

In a few cases the roads, although at heart opposed to them, are holding on to the consolidated offices, chiefly through a feeling of loyalty for their fellows. This is particularly true in Chicago, where out of twenty-eight or thirty systems entering that city only three or four have as yet pulled out of the huge consolidated ticket office, which occupies nearly a solid block of floor space on Jackson Boulevard. This plant, in addition to a huge initial outlay for brand-new mahogany furniture, represents a ten-year lease at $65,000 a year. Oh, we had some wonderful ideas on the best ways of winning the war, we Americans! It isn't every little nation that could pull as good a one as fitting up new mahogany ticket offices and scrapping perfectly good existing ones as a war measure.

Competition That Doesn't Get Anywhere

ONE of the larger and more prosperous trunk lines assumed this entire burden of refurnishing and the burden of $660,000 of practically useless lease—not at the request but at the order of the former Railroad Administration. Its railroad fellows, with a few exceptions, have been quite unwilling to pull out and leave it stranded with this huge extravagant leasehold. Gradually, however, the matter will be adjusted and the big office, with the roads remaining—already partially segregated into counter groups, with individual passenger representatives—will be parceled out into separate units. A method of this sort has obtained already, both in St. Louis and in Kansas City—and with excellent results to both the passenger and the railroads.

Very slowly this trend to pull out of the consolidated offices is increasing, or at least was increasing up to the time of the recent big traffic slump. After all, competition apparently is to be the thing. In Los Angeles the city ticket offices are again completely segregated, and in New Orleans they are becoming so, with but three roads remaining in the consolidated office, as against three separate offices outside, but close at hand.

This seems both right and fair. If we are going to have competition let us really have competition, and no makeshift imitation of the real thing. The trouble has been in the past that where competition might touch and help the railroad passenger at the spot where he most needs help—his pocketbook—it has suddenly and almost magically ceased to exist. Competition upon our American railroads is never translated to his financial benefit directly; rarely, if ever, indirectly. The roads, having received not merely generous freight-rate increases of late but raises in passenger fares beyond the wildest hopes of most of them, have been most reluctant to restore even some of the simplest before-the-war privileges of the passenger. Typical of these last is the stop-over privilege.

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WHETHER or not you have ever owned a Hupmobile, you probably know the qualities for which it is noted.

One of these is exceptionally long life. Others are great economy, with small and infrequent repair bills; and remarkable performance.

The car possesses these qualities to an entirely unusual degree because Hupmobile manufacturing policy steadfastly holds that the finest is not too fine for its product.

It is a fact that many important parts in Hupmobile construction are identical—in material and in cost—with those used in the highest priced cars.

Hupmobile shop methods are as exacting, inspection of materials and finished parts as rigid, as careful practice can make them.

Such things as these are at the bottom of the all-'round satisfaction a man experiences when he buys the Hupmobile.

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Granted that here and there and now and then there have been instances where this privilege, almost always reluctantly given, has been abused by certain travelers, the fact must remain that the average train rider has taken it for what it really is—a privilege—and has appreciated and respected it as such, even though it has its distinct advantages from the point of view of the railroad.

For years the point has been made and remade in rate hearings of every sort that one of the greatest expenses in railroad operation is terminal cost. Big stations in big cities cost much money, not merely in the initial expenditure for land and buildings but for their operation. And the terminal service that is performed upon any single package or passenger is the same if the trip is from New York to Newark as from New York to San Francisco. Here then is a factor of almost fixed cost—and a very considerable factor, too—which, in freight practice at least, has been translated into low long-distance rates, far less in proportion than the mileage multiples of short distance.

Yet our railroads seemingly prefer to multiply this terminal service upon baggage, rather than to concede graciously the point of the stop-over. If John Jones wishes to go from New York to Buffalo and stop en route at Albany, at Syracuse and at Rochester, the New York Central Railroad will compel him to stand in line and buy a separate ticket between each two of these points, and go through the time and trouble of rechecking his trunk at each of them, while the road itself goes to the trouble and expense of rehandling that piece of baggage at every one of these intermediate stations. If John Jones could buy a through ticket from New York to Buffalo, as he always could before the war, and, not needing his trunk at his intermediate stops, could check it right through to Buffalo, the saving to the New York Central in terminal or station service would be obvious.

For the moment, however, some of these things must go over into the to-morrow. Come back with me if you will to the less picturesque but more concrete problems of our railroad situation this moment. Let us be specific in our comment—and then general. And being specific let us choose for our consideration the Santa Fe; an unusually conservative and successful railroad, which hardly more than two decades ago was in receivership, a seemingly useless double streak of rust across Kansas and down into the little-known Southwest. From that all but hopeless beginning a great trunk-line property has been evolved. It is a road that has not only succeeded in restoring its prewar passenger service but in going far beyond it. If it is pessimistic we shall know that it is not the pessimism that comes of long-continued failure. We go straight to Chicago, to the office of its new president, Mr. W. B. Storey, a new president but not a new Santa Fe man. He is a veteran in its service. He saw it built, went through the trials of its early existence. He speaks as one having authority and is ever blunt and straightforward.

"The cessation of many years of development of our American railroads came upon the first day of August, 1914," Mr. Storey says. "With the first beginnings of the war overseas prices began their rapid upclimb that made the railroad managers hesitate about embarking upon new projects for their properties. All development work was postponed indefinitely."

He hesitates, then continues: "Then we went into the war ourselves. Our Government may have won the war, but it certainly neglected all the rest of things."

Mr. Storey himself suddenly swings from the general to the specific: "The Santa Fe system is at least five years back of the point where it ought to be to-day, and now finds itself compelled to make replacements at prices at least double those of the days before the war. In some cases these have even tripled. On top of this the money rates have doubled; so that when we combine these two we find that a facility which cost, let us say, for comparison, $100, before the coming of the war, now not alone costs $200, but the money that we must borrow will cost us to-day 7½ per cent interest as against but 4 to 4½ in the old days. Which means in hard practice that $100 facility of those days will cost us about 15 per cent annually to-day.

"Before the war and for nearly twenty years past the Santa Fe annually spent anywhere from $10,000,000 to $20,000,000 upon the property. In the five years that immediately preceded the coming of the great conflict this had risen to a steady $20,000,000 a year. Here, then, was beyond a doubt one measure of the ordinary growth of this country, also of the needs of its transportation facilities. And in our own case once again, that which was costing us $20,000,000 a year in 1914 will cost us $40,000,000 in the twelve months of 1921. And the Santa Fe, big as it is, represents but one-twenty-fifth of the entire railroad structure of this country.

"We shall also build 2000 refrigerator cars, although we need at least 5000," explains Mr. Storey. "And 500 coal cars, where we need 2000. We need 2000 box cars, but with the present prices, the present interest rate and the present inefficiency of labor, we shall build none. The same is true of the flat cars. We need at least 1000 of these, but at the present time shall not build a single one of these."

He is quite typical of the other big railroaders, most of whom at this moment are standing pretty pat.

"I am an optimist," concludes Mr. Storey with no little pride, "and I do believe that private operation has thoroughly justified itself."

When any fair-minded man comes to analyze the efficiency results that it has attained in twelve brief months in the handling of the fearful freight situation that was wished upon it, along with its deteriorated plant, he cannot but feel that the president of the Santa Fe has put the thing very modestly indeed. As an operator, pure and simple, private management certainly has no apologies to make. Remember Mr. Willard's million-a-week car record.

And yet despite these good records, despite the remarkably fine promise for the future which greeted private operation at its resumption of control a little over a twelvemonth past, there is to-day not the slightest assurance that it will be able to carry through. As these paragraphs are being written the entire railroad question is becoming rapidly involved again in the imbroglio of politics through the mere suggestion on the part of the executives that they would like to begin a downward revision of their pay rolls by lopping off the final $700,000,000 which the Railroad Labor Board placed upon their shoulders last July out at Chicago.

It is one thing to suggest this taking a cool $700,000,000 off the pay of the rank and file of our railroaders—and it is quite another and more difficult thing to succeed in doing it. I shall not at this time go far into this vexed and puzzling question. It is almost enough to say that an annual wage bill of $1,134,000,000 in 1915 has now reached something over $3,610,000,000. The entire operating expense of all our railroads in 1917 was $2,860,000,000.

Yet this does not tell the entire story, for it is unquestionably true that in 1914 many of the railroaders were underpaid; some of them grossly underpaid.

Whether the men in the main are overpaid to-day is very much of an open question. At the moment at which these paragraphs are being written this question and others are being suggested as fit subjects for a Congressional investigation; more questions by the tens of thousands are to be asked out of Washington City. What will be the outcome of such an investigation no man knows.

By this time there is no guesswork, however, in the proved failure of the Transportation Act. Heralded as a panacea for our entire transport ailment, this rather hurriedly constructed measure has failed to bring any definite relief either to railroad labor, the railroad stockholder or the railroad patron, and that remarkable part of the statute which refers to the compulsory consolidation of our railroads—"competitive consolidation," whatever that may mean—is still very much in embryo, with the distinct prospect in view that once it has been worked out by the governmental experts some of the railroads will fight it to the last ditch. Our private owners may like competition, but they want their own brand of the dish.

"Competitive competition" is a future possibility, however. There are enough present ones to give plenty of thought to the average American. It would be quite futile to deny the serious predicament in which the private ownership of our railroads again finds itself. Once again it is backed up against the wall, is fighting for its very existence. From every side its antagonists press in upon it; some of them cold-blooded and unsentimental things such as increased costs for fuel, track maintenance, car and locomotive repairs. Yet all these pale before the problem of the labor, which is a cost, and more than cost, for I am perfectly willing to say that if to-day I were a railroad executive I should be tempted to assume my fair proportion of the great rail wage bill—even that last $700,000,000 which the Railroad Labor Board out at Chicago granted after the cost of living had taken a definite turn downward; even the outrageous special working contracts, minimum wage, minimum hours and the like which the Federal administration had foisted upon my property—if I could have but one thing back—the old-time morale of the American railroader. That quality, so rapidly disappearing to-day as the older generations of railroaders die off and the younger ones replace them, is more precious than money. The possibility of its entire disappearance is by far the most serious single problem that confronts the American railroad.

It is entirely conceivable that private ownership cannot stand the vast burdens that steadily are being heaped upon its bent back—increased costs, rates fixed so high that traffic becomes shy and exceedingly hesitant, governmental questionings, a steadily widening gulf between its labor and its management. It may go down. We may have government operation of our rails; and it is inconceivable that if we had it again it would be temporary. But would government operation restore that morale, that fine tradition of our old-time railroading, in which men worked not alone for the wage but for the zest and the glory of the game as well? It has not been the experience elsewhere that governmental employes—in civil functions at least—always work very hard for the zest of the game.

In the recent war crisis we did many things—and all at the same time. We forged guns that were destined never to fire a single shot. We fabricated great ships which were not to make a single turn of their propeller screws; we built great cities here and there across the land which, after a few glorious months of existence, were destined to die. When the war ended, with an unexpected abruptness, we charged off the many millions we had put into these as one of its unavoidable expenses.

But not so with our railroads. As a war measure many of their facilities were vastly extended—and in many cases along lines of little avail in peace times. The expense of the wartime expansion of our railroad structure has been saddled upon the various properties, with the inevitable result that we are paying for it rather dearly in both freight and passenger rates.

Theoretically we have made a saving, practically we have achieved still another loss.

It might indeed be wisdom if to-day we were to charge off our railroad war debt as we charged off these others. With such a step accomplished we might not only be able to lower our fares and rates to the point where once again they would begin to invite traffic, but we might be able to pay our railroad labor a fair wage; perhaps not so high as it is now receiving, but certainly considerably higher than it received in 1915, with the direct purpose of reviving once again the old-time traditions of our railroading—which also is left to the consideration of the next governmental investigation.

SELF-DETERMINATION WITH THE LENOXES

(Continued from Page 7)

practice but trying to show his friend the town. He had slipped her a fifty-dollar bill as they got out of the motor, with the remark that she deserved something for her kindheartedness in going out to supper with two dull and lonely old men.

They sure were dull, she thought, but they were no pikers, and they showed no signs of getting fresh, which was a relief. So she rattled on, ordered magnificently and waited for developments. She approved when Grafton, pushing aside the illicit liquid which the waiter brought as whisky, produced a silver pocket flask full of old Scotch.

"You can't tell about the stuff they hand you out in this town," she observed. "Swallow it, and like as not you wake up dead." After two drinks she felt more at ease.

The burden of the conversation from the male side fell upon Grafton. Lenox sat silent, picking at the food. Occasionally he answered a question or forced a laugh. His reintroduction to the night life of Manhattan left him cold. It amazed him that even the young could be lured by anything so tawdry, unreal and vapid. How hard these followers of the easiest way worked for their precarious living! What a mockery to call it pleasure!

Presently Grafton inquired artlessly if Miss St. Clair did not have some friend that they could get later in the week for a foursome party.

Miss St. Clair pondered. It might be possible, she thought. The feel of the yellowback under her garter prompted optimism. Only her best friend Alus wasn't any good these days.

Grafton, alert, on the scent, inquired sympathetically if she was ill.

"No, she ain't ill," said Millie, "but she wouldn't come. She goes out with a gentleman friend."

"Is she nice?"

"Oh, she's an awful sweet girl!" Millie exclaimed earnestly, "and say, you ought to see her dance!"

"We ought to go to see her," said Grafton. "Where is she playing?"

"In the Frolic. She's the fourth from the end when they all come down after the first number."

"Don't you think we could get Miss O'Neil to come out just once?"

Millie looked at him sharply. "How did you know her name was O'Neil?"

"You just called her that," said Grafton.

"Did I? That's funny. I thought I just called her Alus. You might try."

"I could phone her, couldn't I, and use your name?"

Millie considered. "I don't see why not. Only she lives at home. Her number is — " She gave the number.

"Where is that?" asked Grafton.

"It's an apartment building up in the Bronx." She gave the address and Grafton wrote it down on his cuff with the telephone number.

"It would be nice if we could get her to come to supper and then dance for us. We could get some music. Of course we'd make it worth her while; she's a professional dancer."

"I might do some cloggin' too," said Millie, beginning to take an interest. "I can clog all round Alus, but for regular dancin'—say, she's some baby! It seems like she hadn't a bone in her body."

Lenox winced.

"I'm sure I'd like to," said Grafton; "but you say she's tied up with a steady?"

"Uh-huh. He's crazy about her; wants to marry her." The Scotch was doing its work. "Perhaps you know him; it's no secret. Bertie Lenox."

"Bertie Lenox?" Grafton repeated. "You mean Mr. Bronson Lenox's son?"

"That's him. He's a swell fellow, but say, ain't he the souse!"

"Souse?" repeated Lenox.

"I'll tell the world. That baby just eats it! I don't stand for trying to swallow all that's left."

"You mean he drinks hard?" said Lenox.

"Drinks hard?" she repeated. "Say; him and Alus and me and a friend of mine was out to supper last night, and he comes in with two quarts that he's dug up out of the old man, I guess; the real stuff, just like this. Well, Alus said to him: 'Now, look here, Bertie, you go easy on that booze.' Well, that got him sore, and say, do you know what he done? In just twenty minutes he soused a whole quart. Of course he passed out and two waiters put him in a taxi, and my friend had to take him home and two or three butlers carried him up and put him to bed."

(Continued on Page 32)

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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

Jim Henry's Column

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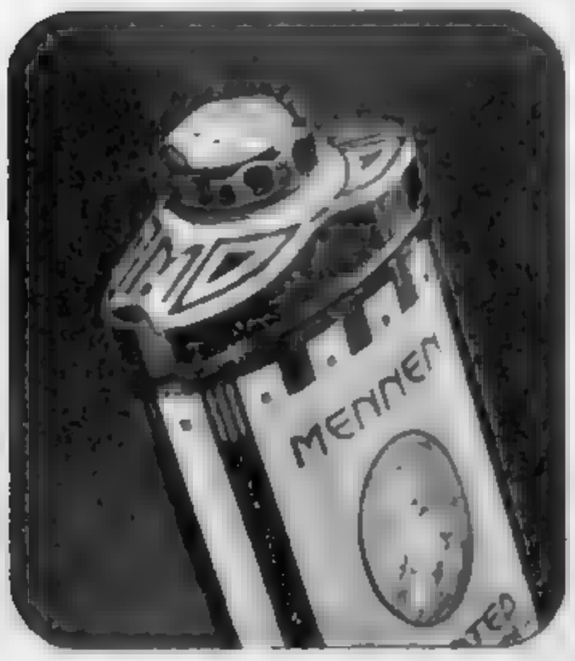

(Continued from Page 30)

"You saw this yourself?" asked Lenox.

Grafton was reflecting that Bertie's indisposition in the afternoon was understandable.

"I didn't see him put to bed but I was in the taxi when the butlers came out and got him, up in Sixty-fifth Street just off from the Avenue. It's a private house—somethin' swell!"

Lenox was sitting silent. Old-age lines had suddenly grown in his face.

"These boys go pretty hard, I'm afraid," said Grafton, forcing a laugh.

"I'll say they do," said Millie; "especially since prohibition, but they ain't many in Bertie's class."

Grafton glanced at his brother-in-law. He felt sick, almost physically, himself, but there was the comedy to keep up and the need of finding out what might help in mending the situation.

"I suppose that's why she hasn't married him," he suggested.

"You've said it. No one minds a fellow gettin' lit, but this passin'-out stuff is bad."

"Still, if she married him she might leave him and get a comfortable alimony."

"Of course she's thought of that," said Millie. "I've advised her to do it; but I don't know. Alus is too sensitive. She don't consider her own interests."

"In a way, I suppose that's creditable to her," said Grafton.

"Sure, but she's got to live, and these people are lousy with soap. And they're not tightwads, either."

Grafton looked at her confidentially. "Do you know any of them except Bertie?"

"I know the girl, Marion," she answered. "I give her cloggin' lessons."

"The girl?" repeated Lenox.

"Sure. Say, she's got a line!"

"A line?" said Grafton, nonplused.

"Speed, dearie, speed. And say, she wants me to get her a job at the Winter Garden. Wants to earn her own livin'. Wouldn't that jar you?"

"But she can't dance?"

"She'd learn. She's got good legs and she'd make up good. But why throw a sure thing for the chorus?"

"Yes, that's what I'd like to know," said Grafton. He was looking at his brother-in-law.

"Well, I don't know the answer," said Millie; "but anyhow, nothin' 'll come of it."

"You mean she couldn't get a job?"

"No: Henry wouldn't stand for it."

"Henry?"

"He's the chauffeur. She's stuck on him. He comes in when she's takin' her lessons. Say!" she broke off, looking at Lenox. "He's goin' to be sick. He's eat somethin'——"

Lenox was ashen. Grafton pushed his chair back. Suddenly Lenox straightened up.

"I'm all right, Millie," he said. "I'm Bertie's father, that's all."

The girl looked at him, stupefied. "I sure have spilled the beans!"

"There's no harm done," said Lenox. "We owe you an apology, that's all."

"Alus'll never forgive me."

"She'll never know unless you tell her. This is all in confidence."

"But Marion?"

"You won't be brought into it."

"Honest to God?"

"You have my word for it."

Grafton had gone into the hall to call the waiter and pay the bill. As Lenox rose he drew some folded bank notes from his pocket.

"I don't squeal for money!" she said indignantly.

"I don't mean it that way."

As they went out he slipped the notes into her hand and the hand closed on them. She bade them good night and left in a taxi.

Grafton waved to another cab.

"I'd rather walk," said Lenox.

IV

THE first words spoken were at the corner of the Avenue and Sixty-third Street. They had walked a mile.

Grafton had stopped. He lived in Sixty-third Street.

"It's tough, Bronse," he said, "but then, we're lucky we've got hold of it in time."

"In time? You don't seem to understand what's happened." Lenox's voice was tired and thin.

"I understand what's happened; and I understand why—which I don't think you do."

"Well?"

"These children are bored: that's what's the matter. They've nothing to do. Pack Bertie off to a steel mill, send Marion to Europe, and forget about it. They'll come out all right."

"Good night, George. You know I'm grateful."

Lenox's eyes met Grafton's and he went on up Fifth Avenue. Two blocks north he turned eastward, came to his house and mechanically let himself in with his key.

The lights were on in the vestibule. A footman was sitting in a hall chair, his head on his breast. He was waiting up to let Marion in. It was one of the things Mrs. Lenox insisted on.

Lenox slipped off his coat, laid it on the bench and went softly upstairs.

At half past eight the next morning Lenox breakfasted as usual in the dining room; at nine, as usual, he laid down his newspaper and rose.

"Do you know whether Mr. Robert is up?" he asked.

"I believe he's dressing, sir," the butler answered. "He rang about ten minutes ago."

"I wish you'd tell him that I'd like to see him this afternoon at quarter past five, in my study."

"Very good, sir."

Lenox left the dining room, went downstairs and out to his waiting motor car.

At the office he found that Miss Tate was still at the bedside of her mother.

"She was very much pleased with the check," said Eastman. "She said she'd write as soon as she got time. Will you have Miss Bruce or Miss Armbruster for dictation?"

"Perhaps Miss Bruce," he answered.

He began going through his mail. It was over an hour before he pressed the button that called the stenographer. He knew that Miss Bruce would be antipathetic. He would find himself self-conscious, unable to think clearly. He was annoyed at Miss Tate's mother.

Miss Bruce entered and settled herself with the notebook and pencils. With the papers in the case spread before him he began to dictate. Twice with an uncomfortable feeling of annoyance and failure he ordered the first sentence struck out. Then he began again, lost himself in his subject and went on for half an hour. Again before lunch and twice during the afternoon he pressed the buzzer and dictated letters. Just before four as he was clearing up his desk preparatory to leaving Eastman came in.

"Well, sir," he asked, "how did it go?"

Lenox looked up, at a loss.

"Miss Bruce—was she all right?"

"Oh, yes," said Lenox; "quite satisfactory."

He had forgotten that it was Miss Bruce, forgotten that he had expected to miss Miss Tate.

Eastman, when he was in the stenographers' room, told it as a joke on Miss Tate.

"And she thinks she's indispensable," he added.

As Lenox drove northward in his car his mind went back to the problem that was facing him at home. At the office he had been able to shut it out. His mind was disciplined. He had the habit of work. But in the automobile the thing came back almost like physical sickness.

During the night he had decided on the course that he would take with Bertie. Of course Grafton had been right about getting him out of town, but the steel-mill proposition he thought too drastic. Besides, Pennsylvania was too near New York.

He was a director in a mining company that had properties near the Mexican border. It was a country interesting with the survival of frontier life. He decided on it as the better place. If practicable Bertie would take the fast train for St. Louis the next day. After that he would straighten Marion out.

The evening tide of northbound traffic had not yet set in and his car made good time. Just at quarter to five it landed him at his house. He went in and upstairs to his study.

The fire was laid and he touched a match to it. As he watched it, uncertain whether it would burn, he heard a step.

"Can I see you for a few minutes?" a voice asked.

He turned. Marion, with her hat and gloves on, was settling herself on the couch.

He glanced at the clock. It reassured him.

"Of course."

"Pa," she began, "what's all this about Bertie?"

"Are you asking for information or has he talked with you?"

"He's told me. What I can't understand is, why a row?"

"I wouldn't call it a row," said Lenox.

"You forbade him to marry. I don't know what else you'd call it."

"As a matter of fact I didn't forbid him, but it amounts to the same thing. Why shouldn't I? What would be your idea?"

"My idea would be to let him alone," she answered. "We're grown up."

He noted the "we" but ignored it. "And what about your mother and me, not to speak about Bertie's future? What about you? Do you want Miss O'Neil as a sister-in-law?"

"She's all right. I'm told she's a very nice girl."

"But what about your mother?"

"She'd have to swallow it. She'd throw a fit, but she'd get over it. They're plenty of men who marry chorus girls—why, in Boston."

"This is New York," said Lenox dryly.

She shot him a resentful look. After a pause she said: "Do you mean to say you're going to make a heavy-parent scene?"

"I mean to say I'm going to do my best to save Bertie from throwing his life away, from crushing your mother and disgracing the family."

"That's your last word?"

He looked at her curiously, fancying that he caught the suggestion of a threat.

"Yes; why?"

"Nothing; I suppose you think you're doing what you'd call your duty. Well, if you do, I've got a duty too."

"Well?"

"It's simply to tell mother that when you said you had a business appointment you and George Grafton were on the town last night with Millie St. Clair."

Lenox looked at his daughter in amazement. It was so preposterous, so childish and yet so outrageous, that he hung between anger and a desire to laugh.

"Do you realize what you are saying?" he asked at last.

"Perfectly. It's blackmail, but why not? Let's be practical. If you insist on a row we'll have a good one. If you'll be reasonable I'll be reasonable."

"I think you'd better go to your room."

"Certainly." She finished inserting a cigarette in her holder, lit it, rose and went to the door. There she paused a moment. "You understand; I mean what I say. You know the state ma's in. You know what she'll do. She'll hit the ceiling."

He made no reply and she went out, closing the door behind her. Lenox deliberated, then walked to the bell beside the fireplace and pressed it.

A footman appeared.

"Do you know where Mrs. Lenox's chauffeur is?"

"He's downstairs waiting for orders, I believe, sir."

"Ask him to come here."

"Very good, sir."

Lenox sat down and gazed blankly into the fire. For the first time something like a realization of what his daughter was began to come to him. Her slang, her flippancy, her lack of respect for authority—he had accepted as the peculiarity of her generation, an unattractive one, but still something in the nature of a pose. He had never doubted her fundamental affection for him, her fundamental character as what he would have called a lady. What he had heard the night before had shocked him, but it was rather because he had heard it in the way that he did than because he believed what the girl had said. As he thought about it during the night he had discarded entirely the possibility that there was anything between her and the chauffeur. But since the last five minutes he did not know what to think. But he was glad of the opportunity of getting rid of Henry without touching that question.

Presently the chauffeur came in. He closed the door behind him but it did not latch. He came forward and stood erect with his cap in his hand.

"Mangan," said Lenox quietly, "Mrs. Lenox is making a change with her car and your services will not be required. You can leave your livery with the butler and come to my office to-morrow for your

(Continued on Page 34)

PACKARD

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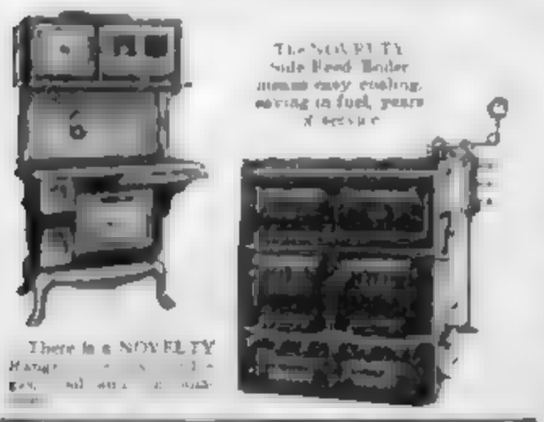


There is a NOVELTY

NOVELTY
BOILERS-FURNACES-RANGES

(Continued from Page 32)

wages. You will be paid for the full month."

"Yes, sir. Shall I take the car back to the garage?"

"You can leave it in front. I'd rather have you leave the house at once."

"Yes, sir."

The door pushed open, and Marion appeared. She had been at the crack.

"I don't wish Henry discharged," she said quietly.

"Marion," said her father, "have the goodness to go out."

"Not till you take back what you've said to Henry. You know what I told you a little while ago."

"Marion," her father repeated.

For answer she seated herself on the arm of the couch.

Henry Mangan turned, made a little gesture.

"Go out," he said.

She hesitated, looked at him, and went.

Lenox looked on, speechless.

"I guess you and I'll have to have a showdown," Henry went on. "I don't like to talk about my private affairs, but it seems I've got to now."

"I don't see why," said Lenox, collecting himself. "I have no desire to discuss your private affairs. I have discharged you, as you know well enough, because you told Miss Lenox that I had taken a young woman from the theater to a restaurant."

"Never in a thousand years!" said the young man indignantly. His eyes met Lenox's fearlessly.

"You mean you didn't tell her?"

The door pushed open again. "He certainly didn't tell me! I didn't know he'd driven you. I got it out of Millie."

Henry turned, went to the door, closed it firmly, came back and stood at attention again. Again Lenox looked on.

"I don't blame you for firing me," Henry went on. "If I was in your place I'd probably do the same thing, but let's get down to cases about why you're doing it."

"If you didn't tell," said Lenox, "I owe you an apology."

"But I'm fired, just the same?"

"Don't you think," said Lenox, "you had better leave? You'll have a reference."

"I'm through with driving. Marion and I are goin' to get married pretty soon and pull out."

"Do I understand that you are referring to my daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

The impulse came to Lenox to press the bell, call the servants or the police, and have the man put out. It was the natural way to deal with such a situation, but the fearlessness of the boy's eyes stopped him. Obviously it meant nothing to the young man whether Lenox approved or disapproved, objected or consented. Yet withal he was respectful, poised, thoroughly in hand.

"Why do you want to marry my daughter?" he said at last.

"I suppose for the usual reason."

"You care for her?"

"Yes, sir."

It flashed upon Lenox that aside from the fact that she was his daughter and all that meant, there was little reason for any man to care for Marion, but he forbore to disclose this view.

"Of course you realize how she has been brought up?"

"I'm taking a chance that she'll get over that." He spoke soberly, as a resolute man facing an obvious danger.

"I see," said Lenox slowly. "You realize then that if she doesn't, as you say, get over it, you haven't much of a chance to make her happy."

"Sure," said the boy, "but she hasn't got much of a chance as it is. I'm the one who's taking the chance," he added.

"I think you're very certainly taking a chance," said Lenox, but not meaning exactly what Henry meant. "You don't seem anxious about it."

Henry smiled. "You get used to taking chances."

"You were overseas in the Army, I understand."

"I was in C company, second battalion, 28th infantry."

Lenox looked perplexed. Henry seemed to imply a distinction between this and the Army.

"That's one of the First Division units," he added, as if that were the explanation.

"Of course," said Lenox. "The First was one of the best divisions."

"The best," corrected Henry.

"You were wounded?"

"Hit twice, gassed a couple of times."

"Of course I understand what you mean by becoming accustomed to taking chances, but don't you think this is rather a different sort of matter?"

"Sure. It's worse if it goes against you."

"You don't understand me exactly. You've had no experience for this sort of thing."

"Oh, I don't know. I've never been married, but I've seen something of girls. Besides, I broke colts when I was a boy."

"You think marrying my daughter would be in the line of colt breaking?"

"There's a similarity." There was a gleam in his eyes.

"Well, Mangan, I can't stop you marrying my daughter if you and she want to. She's of age, and she's got a little money of her own, but I wish you wouldn't do it. In the first place, it will be very hard on her mother ——"

"I don't suppose my mother will be crazy about it."

"As a sensible woman she wouldn't," said Lenox. "That's a double reason. For a third, you haven't got a chance in a million of making a go of it. These things always end in disaster. You've been brought up in different ways, you look at things from a different viewpoint."

"We have been brought up different," said Henry, "but I'm not sure that we look at things different. She's tried your bunch and she's sour on it; and can you blame her? What does she do? Clog-dance and smoke cigarettes. Mr. Lenox, that girl's never had no chance at all! And there's lots of good in her, in spite that she's never stood up to the gaff."

Lenox would have liked to ask him exactly why he thought so, but that was of course out of the question.

"There's one thing I'd like to speak about," Henry went on. "You spoke of her havin' money just now. Of course she's told me about that. Well, I like money, and a hundred and fifty thousand dollars is a heap of it to me, but it's like this: I ain't a fool. If she has seven or eight thousand a year, where do I come in? I'm the tin can on the tail. Later on, when we get broke to one another and when we might need it more—why, we'll take it, but not now. Before there's any weddin' bells she hands that money over to you or somebody, for five years—that is, if she stays married to me."

"But what would you live on? She spends nearly that much on her clothes."

Henry laughed. "I guess she won't—that is, till we make good."

"Do you intend to live in New York?"

"No, sir!" With emphasis: "My father's a blacksmith in Missouri, and he's got a little farm on the side. I'm a machinist, and a good one, if I do say it. What we're going to do is this—I've got fifteen hundred saved up and Marion's goin' to put up fifteen hundred. I can get an auto agency in Birdville ——"

"Birdville?"

"That's a town in Missouri, and a pretty good one. Well, I'll run a garage and at first we'll rent a little farm I can get, for twenty a month, half a mile out of the village. We'll raise most of our own stuff with a darky and his wife, and we'll start pretty well. There's three acres of old orchard on it. If it's trimmed and cultivated it ought to come pretty near payin' for the man. Then there's enough grass land and plow to carry a couple of cows. Of course we'd keep hens for our own use and carry a couple of hogs. I figger I ought to clean up a hundred and fifty a month out of the garage, and perhaps make another hundred out of sellin' cars. 'Twon't cost us over a hundred to live, and we'll be savin' money toward buyin' a place."

Lenox listened in a detached way, trying to picture Marion on the twenty-dollar-a-month farm in the suburbs of Birdville.

"Well," he said, "you seem to have a scheme worked out. I'm not much of a judge of its soundness but I should doubt if Marion would take to it, after the novelty wore off."

"She'd have to," said Henry. "That's the beauty about it. And once she'd made good, she'd eat it. You know yourself, Mr. Lenox, that the only money you enjoy is what you've sweated for."

"I can't say I ever thought of it that way," Lenox answered, "but I dare say you're right."

"Well, I must be going," said the boy abruptly. "Good night, sir."

"Just a moment."

Henry stopped and turned back.

"I don't know just what to do," said Lenox. "You've behaved very well. I don't want ——"

"Oh, that's all right about firin' me. I was goin' to quit the end of the month."

"That isn't the point." He hesitated. It was repugnant to discuss his family affairs with his discharged chauffeur, but after all —— "What I was going to say is this—you drove Mr. Grafton and me last night. Well, my daughter intimates that if I send you away she will tell her mother a highly colored version of this affair, and I am inclined to believe she will. Mrs. Lenox is not strong and I have reasons, for a few days at least, for keeping her from being upset. Now are you willing to stay at least till the end of the month?"

"Sure," said Henry, "if it will oblige you. I haven't any hard feeling against you, sir. You're square. But you needn't be afraid of Marion squealin' to her mother. I'll fix that."

Lenox bit his lip. Then he laughed. "All right," he said. "Fix it. I can't."

"Yes, sir," said Henry, and went out.

Lenox looked at the clock again. It was ten minutes past five. He sat down in a corner of the sofa by the reading light. The evening papers lay beside him. He gazed blankly into the fire and tried to realize that what had happened, had happened not to someone he read about in the newspapers, but to him, Bronson Lenox.

At one time or another he had contemplated the possibility of the death of his wife, of his children, he had pictured the gap that it would make in his life and his process of readjustment, but his own life had always gone on as a background. Now it was not a question of death but of something that tore down everything characteristic and fundamental. There seemed nothing left to readjust. The continuity of the Lenox tradition was gone. And yet he felt no resentment toward Henry. At most he was merely the instrument of the thing that had attacked his house from within. If the truth were told, he felt rather drawn toward Henry.

As his mind ran on, it seized presently on the hope that the worst had taken place with his daughter's catastrophe; that in some way his son would be saved from the impending wreck. It was inconceivable that two such breakdowns could strike him simultaneously. After all, it was Bertie who bore the Lenox name. He must, he would make the boy understand what he was doing. He rose and began pacing the floor, searching for ways to appeal to what must be the fundamental nature of his son. His appeal could be only a moral one. What he had forgotten when he first thought of packing Bertie off to the West was that Bertie had money of his own, as well as Marion.

He was still pacing the floor when Bertie came in.

"You wished to see me?" he said.

"Yes. Won't you sit down?"

Bertie dropped into a chair.

"I dare say," his father began, "you've been thinking this thing over, just as I have. Have you any new light on the subject?"

"No, sir." The boy shook his head moodily.

"You still are bent on marrying this girl?"

"Yes."

"But, Bertie, has it ever occurred to you that the advantages with which you were born carried certain responsibilities?"

"Did I ever ask to be born?" the boy burst out bitterly.

Lenox looked at his son, aghast. His son repudiated his birthright. It meant nothing to him, less than nothing; it was bitterness.

"But, Robert," he said pathetically, "is there any way in which I have failed you? Is there anything that your mother and I could have done for you which we haven't done?"

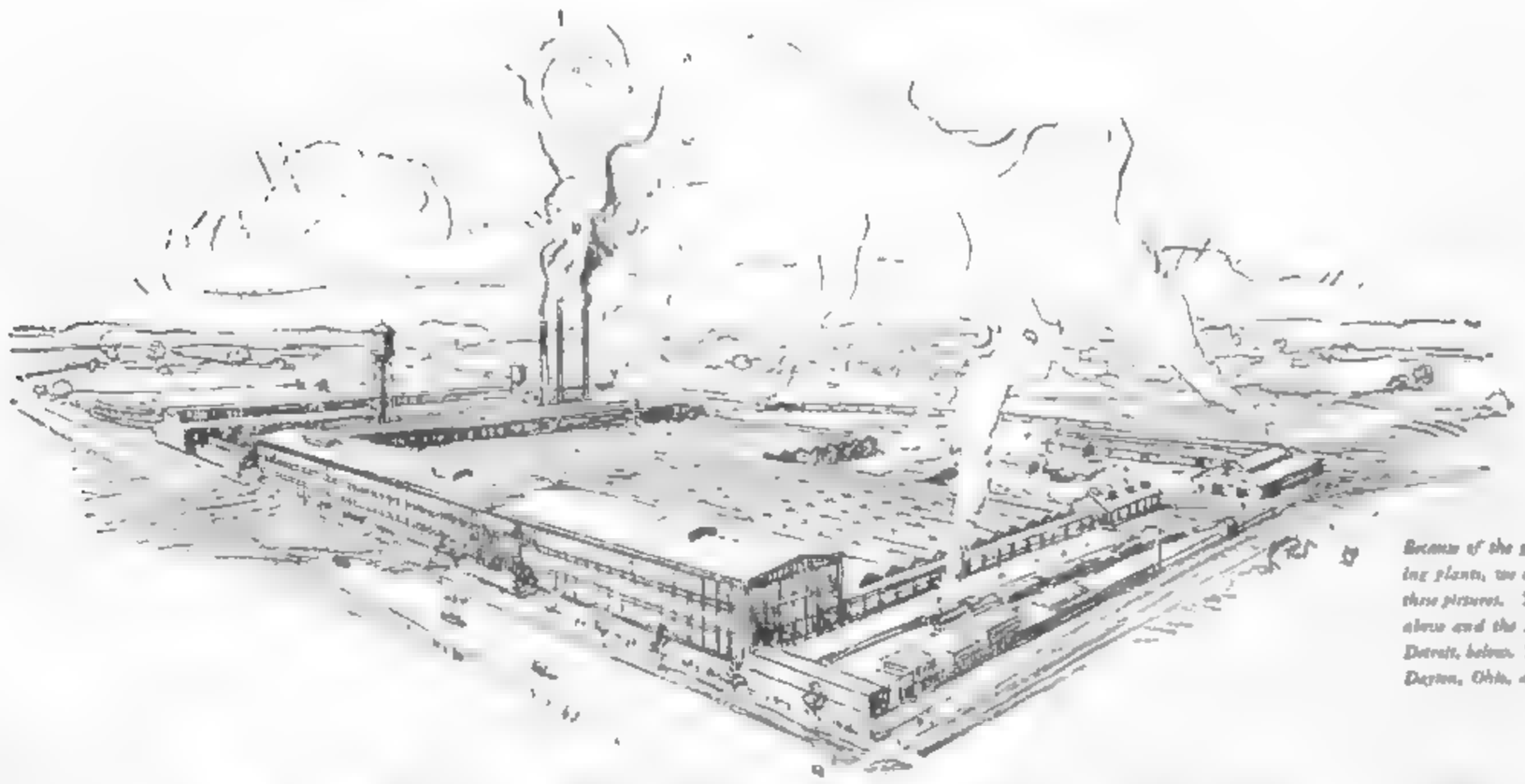
The boy shrugged his shoulders. "I don't think so, father; I just feel that way, that's all."

Grafton's words came back to Lenox—"They're bored." Perhaps Grafton was right.

"Do you mean," he went on, "that you are not interested in the law?"

"I don't think I'm interested in anything," was the answer.

(Continued on Page 36)



Because of the great size of the Maxwell manufacturing plants, we can only hint at their vast facilities in these pictures. The plant at New Castle, Ind., is shown above and the Jefferson Avenue Plant and Foundries, Detroit, below. There are also plants at Detroit, Mich., Dayton, Ohio, and Windsor, Ont.

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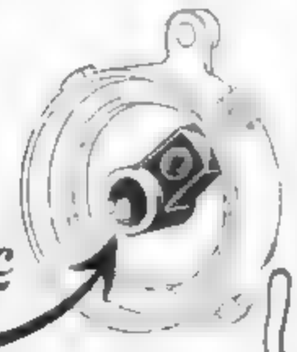

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(Continued from Page 34)

"Except this girl?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that is why you have been drinking?"

"I suppose so."

"But you must realize that, if you did marry her, whisky and your lack of interest in your work would land you on the rocks."

"If she'd marry me I wouldn't drink."

Lenox looked hard at him. "She won't marry you?"

"She thinks I drink too much."

It was on his lips to say, "But if you stopped?"

The boy read what was in his mind. "Of course I've promised to chuck it, but she won't take a chance. I don't know as I blame her."

So she wouldn't marry him. Lenox found himself catching at this with an instinctive sense of relief.

"Well, then," he said after a pause, "what do you intend to do about it?"

"Go on as I'm going. I'm through."

"You're talking nonsense, Robert," said his father with a note of sternness.

"Very well, then." The boy settled himself in the chair and gazed moodily at his boots.

"If you're not interested in the law we'll find something that you are interested in."

"You needn't trouble, sir. I've made my own plans. I'm not going to sit around here and make a mess of myself. I'm sailing next week. I've got enough to live on in Paris, and I'll finish it out there. You needn't say anything about it to mother unless you want to. I'll just tell her I'm running over for a month or two." He rose.

"But, Bertie ——" his father began with a hitch in his voice.

"Don't let's begin on that," the boy answered. "It won't do any good; it's just a waste of time. Good night, sir."

He nodded and went out.

As the door opened the sound of laughter and women's voices came up from the drawing-room. Mrs. Lenox was having people to tea.

▼

IT WAS after eleven when Lenox and his wife came in that night. They had been dining with Kate Bleeker, one of her grand banquets for a visiting cousin of royalty. They went upstairs together, noiselessly on the heavy carpet.

On the drawing-room floor his wife paused to get her breath.

"That dreadful little man," she observed, continuing her discussion of Mrs. Bleeker's dinner, "reminds me of a dissipated fox terrier. He told me Kate was trying to get him a job, but no one would take him on."

Lenox made no comment. After a moment she started up the next flight. Halfway up she paused again. "I wish you'd speak to Bullock about always having the light on at the head of the landing. He pays absolutely no attention to me. I suppose I've told him a thousand times. It's black as your pocket."

"I should hardly say that," said Lenox. "There's a light on about ten feet down the passage." He was behind her, but he could tell from the glow that it was as he said.

"Well, if you were nearsighted," she answered irritably. She stopped abruptly three steps from the top. "What's that on the floor?"

Lenox slipped by her. In the half light at the head of the stairs he saw Bertie in a heap on the carpet.

His mother had raised her lorgnette. She stiffened excitedly.

"He's dead!" she screamed. "He's broken his neck in the dark!"

"He's not dead," said Lenox. "You'd better go to your room. I'll take care of him."

She stepped aside, her breath coming fast.

"What is it? Is he ill?"

"He's drunk," said Lenox.

"Oh!" she gasped futilely.

She went on a few steps, stopped, watched her husband gather up the limp, muttering Bertie, and went into her room.

A half hour later Lenox was in bed. The reading lamp on the table was burning. A book with a paperknife at his place lay beside it. He was gazing blankly at the dim figures on the wall paper. The sum total of his consciousness seemed an aching numbness. He heard the little French clock strike one. He got up, went to his bathroom, took ten grains of veronal, and some time later fell asleep.

When Lenox rose from the breakfast table the next morning at nine, as usual, he had no idea what he was going to do. There seemed to be nothing that he could do except go to the office and do his day's work. Leaving the dining room he turned up the stairs to his study. There were some papers there that he wanted to take down town. As he neared the top he heard the rustle of silk. Then he saw Marion coming down the passage in a wrapper.

She nodded good morning and preceded him into the study.

"What's the matter with mother?" she demanded. "She had the doctor at three o'clock."

"She was ill, I suppose. I haven't seen her this morning. She was asleep."

"Has anything special happened?"

"Do you mean, have I told her about you?"

"Yes."

"No, I haven't; not yet." He regarded her thoughtfully. "I fancy she's disturbed about your brother."

"You haven't told her about Alice?"

"No." He hesitated.

"Oh," she said. "Drunk in the hall again? I meant to sit up for him but I fell asleep. I didn't go out last night."

"Have you been in the habit of doing this?"

"Off and on. He's getting worse."

"How long has this been going on?"

"Three or four months."

"Do you know why?"

"I suppose he likes it."

"But you don't know any reason for it?"

She shook her head. "You can't put it on Alice O'Neil. She doesn't encourage it."

"You know her then?"

"I've met her at Millie's when I was taking my lesson."

"What sort of girl is she?"

"She's all right. She's shy with me, though. I don't think she talks much with anybody."

"Do you think she likes your brother?"

"Yes, I do. I've only seen them together once, though. Bertie doesn't like my taking lessons of Millie."

Lenox looked at her thoughtfully. "Does he know about Henry?"

"No. Nobody does but you and Millie. She guessed it. That's what I wanted to talk to you about," she went on. "Father, you were awfully decent to Henry yesterday. I'm pretty rotten to you, but I appreciate it." Her lip quivered for a moment, but she collected herself. "You don't understand my way of looking at things, and I don't blame you, in a way; but you ought to be able to see how, when you're born—well, you know what I mean—you can do what you want." Lenox's jaw dropped, but she ignored it. "You ought to understand that I don't have to care for appearances. It's second-rate. And this whole bunch is second-rate and rotten, and I'm sick of 'em. The way they're afraid to know this person and the way they run after that; it's cheap, that's what it is. I don't mean my crowd, because most of 'em do what they please, but your crowd, mother's friends. I don't want to bring my children up in that atmosphere. I want 'em to amount to something. You're decent, but look at Bertie; look at his crowd. You wouldn't want me to marry one of them!"

Lenox listened with a mixture of amazement and a certain strange jubilation. Marion had not renounced her birthright, but was employing it for extraordinary ends.

"But do you think it's wise, do you think it necessary to go to Birdville to make for yourself the kind of life you do approve of?" he asked.

"It is for me," she answered. "I'm too soft to break away here. I couldn't do it. Besides, Henry wouldn't stay here. Almost everyone that amounts to anything in this town comes from the country."

"And you think you'd be happy?"

"I think I'd be happier than I would be here. You don't know Henry, father."

Their eyes met. Her lip began to tremble again. She swept towards him, threw her arms about his neck and was sobbing on his shoulder.

Minutes passed, and she was calm again. She kissed him, slipped away and seated herself on the arm of the sofa.

Lenox stood watching her. He still could not trust his voice.

"I've been thinking how we had best manage this," she began abruptly. "Of course mother will take on, but there's no use in your getting yourself disliked. Henry and I'll go down and get married by the mayor or somebody like that, and then beat it, and you won't know anything about it till I call you up on the telephone. If she knew that you had known about it you'd never hear the last of it."

Lenox smiled. "There's something in what you say," he said; "but I ought to be able to take the responsibility in my own house."

"You do as I say, pa," she said emphatically. "We'll clear out for a week or ten days, and then come back and see you before we go West."

"Well," he said, "we'll see."

There was a silence.

"There's one other thing," she began again; "don't you think we ought to do something about Bertie?"

"I wish I knew something to do."

"If he'd come to Birdville I believe Henry could make a man out of him."

Lenox smiled. "We'll talk that over," he said. "I'll be glad to." He took up a packet of papers. "Well," he said, "I must go."

She put her arms about his neck and her cheek to his.

"God bless you!" he whispered, and went out, his eyes wet.

He got into the waiting motor car without speaking to the driver, and the machine started. At Sixtieth Street an idea began to form itself in his mind. He got out his pocketbook and produced a slip of paper on which an address was written in Grafton's hand. He gazed at it for a time. As he was crossing Fiftieth Street he took the speaking tube and signaled the chauffeur.

"Turn," he said, "and drive to the Bronx—One Hundred Fifty-second Street. This is the address ——"

The car turned and went north.

It was quarter to ten when Lenox got out in front of an apartment house. It was one of those buildings where before the rent profiteers had begun their wickedness one could hire a five-room apartment with modern plumbing for thirty-five dollars a month. A colored buttons opened the door.

"Can you tell me in which apartment Miss Alice O'Neil lives?"

"Yes, sir."

He led the way to an elevator and Lenox ascended to the fourth floor.

"On the right at the end of the hall," the boy directed him.

He pressed the bell button and a shrill clatter came from within. The better part of a minute passed and he heard footsteps. Then the door opened and he stood facing Miss Tate.

He gazed blankly at her. Eastman must have given him her address, and he had mistaken it for the other. But he had no recollection of Eastman giving it to him. Miss Tate seemed as much taken aback as he.

"Why, Mr. Lenox!" she exclaimed. "This is so good of you! Please come in."

He went mechanically and seated himself in a fumed-oak armchair in what was evidently the parlor.

"My mother was so grateful for the flowers. And the check! Really, Mr. Lenox!" Speech failed her.

"I hope she is quite out of danger."

"She's doing very well; very well indeed. I hope to get her home the end of next week."

"That's good news."

"I'm so sorry to have been away from the office," she went on. "You've been so kind, but I know how it puts you out. I think by day after to-morrow ——"

"Don't hurry," he said. "We're getting along all right. We'll be glad to see you back, but not till it's all right for you to come. If there is anything that you think would be good for your mother ——"

"Oh, Mr. Lenox!" she exclaimed. "You've done everything. It was so good of you to come."

He rose. "I'm glad everything is going so well. I wanted to look in a moment and I had another errand in the neighborhood." Hat in hand he moved toward the door.

Miss Tate regarded him reverently, and with doubt and perplexity in her eyes.

"I wonder ——" she began, and hesitated.

"Well?"

"I wonder if you would mind my introducing my niece to you. I know she'd like to thank you for all your goodness."

"I'd be delighted." So she had a niece, as well as a mother, he thought. Miss Tate went to the door opening into the next room.

"Alice!" she called.

(Continued on Page 39)

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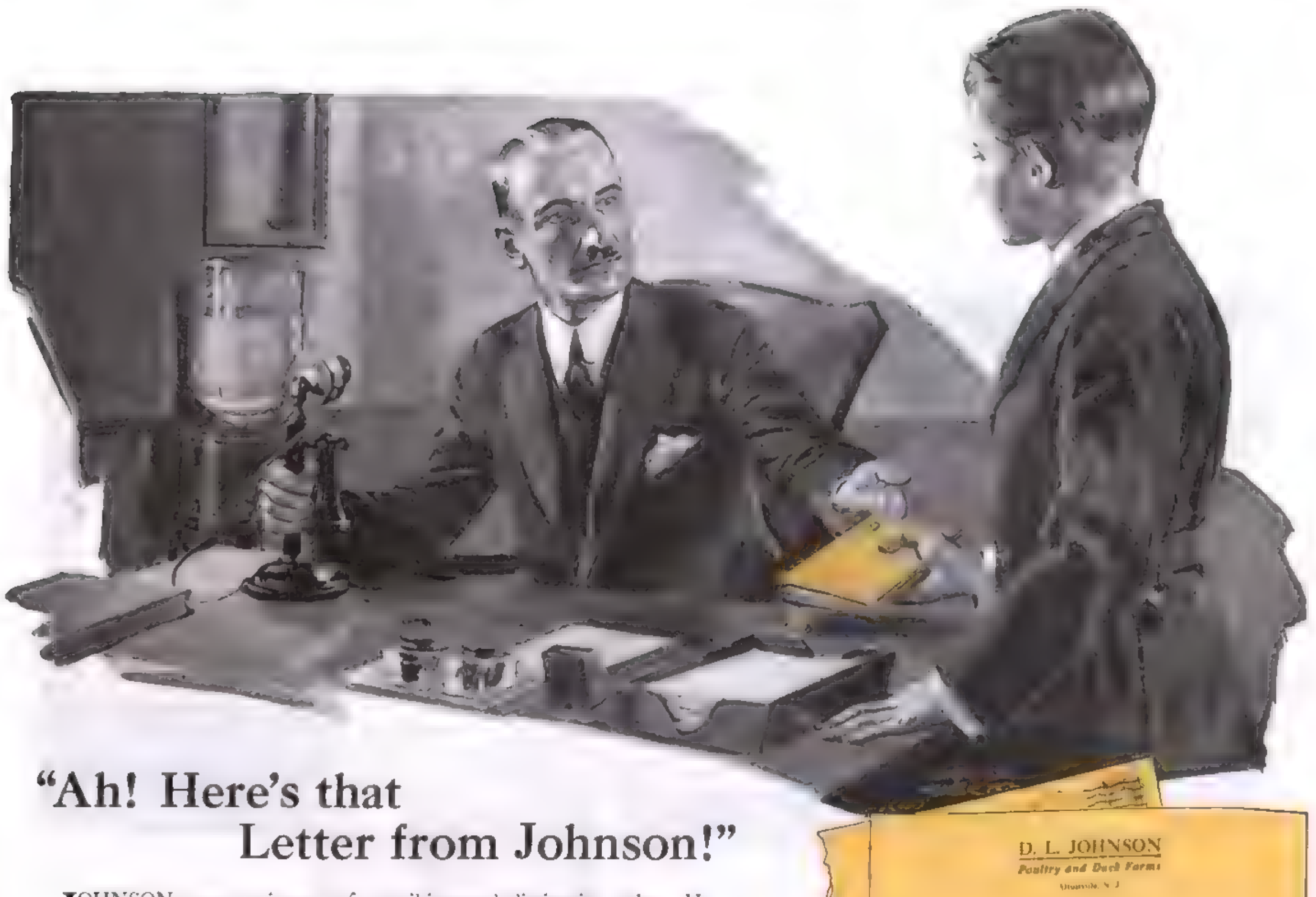

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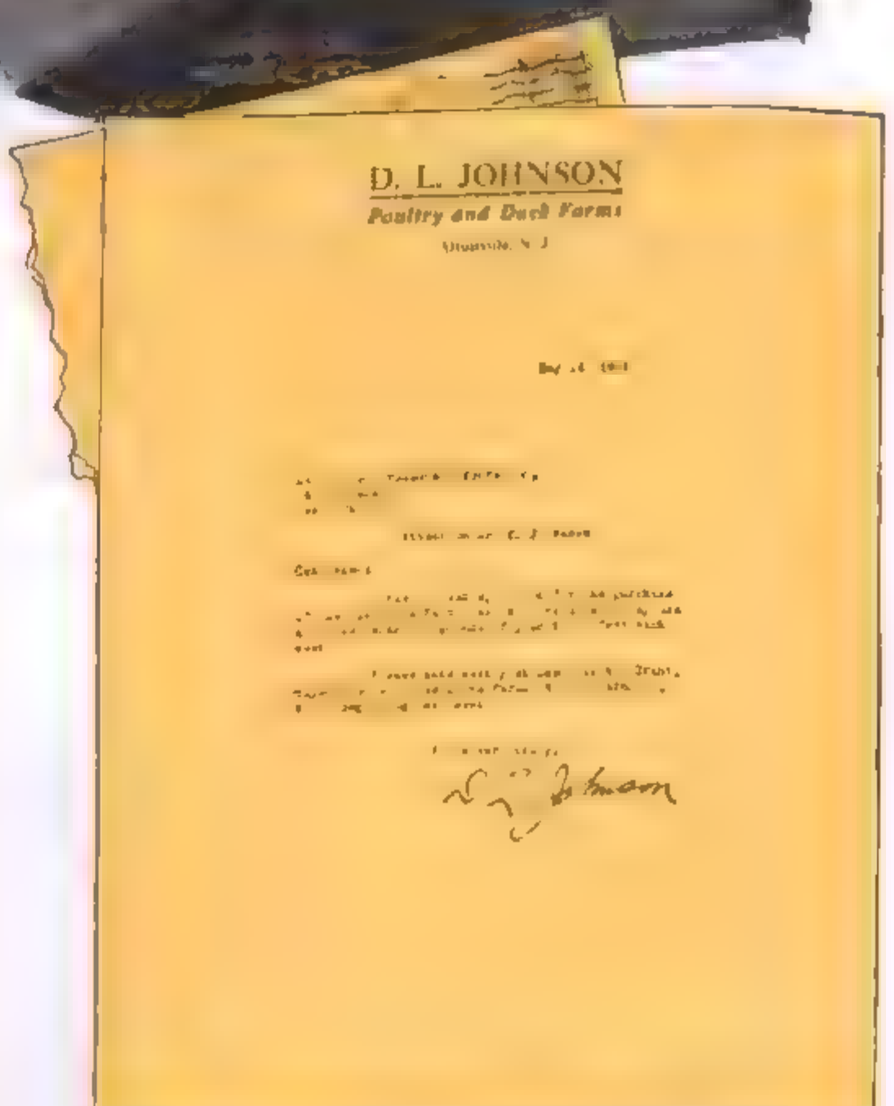

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(Continued from Page 36)

Lenox started.

There was no answer.

"I know she's in there," said Miss Tate. She disappeared.

Lenox caught the reflection of his face in the beveled mirror set in the imitation-cherry mantel over the gas log. So this was the way it was. Alice was Miss Tate's niece.

Miss Tate returned alone. "She says she isn't dressed. She's a shy child. I'm so sorry "

Instead of turning to go, Lenox stepped back into the room.

"I didn't know that you had a niece," he said. "May I ask her name?"

"Alice O'Neil, the child of my sister who died."

"I see," said Lenox. "Miss Tate," he went on, "may I have a little talk with you?"

"Why, of course," she said. She looked at him anxiously. "Please sit down."

Lenox bowed and sat down. He found it difficult to begin.

"Miss Tate, to put the matter briefly, my son wishes to marry your niece."

"Your son?" she repeated in a frightened tone. Evidently it was news to her. "Is that what you came for?"

He nodded. "That's what he tells me. But as I understand it she refuses to marry him on the ground of his habits. The past few months he has been drinking too much."

Miss Tate's right hand pressed against her thin chest. She spoke with difficulty. "Are you sure this is true?"

"It is what he tells me," he repeated.

"Well," she said at last. Her tone seemed to imply "That settles it."

Their eyes met again, and Lenox noted that her fright had passed. The light of the maternal instinct had kindled in them, protective and resolute.

"Miss Tate," he went on, looking at the gas log, "I find myself in a somewhat peculiar position. I won't pretend to say that I should have encouraged this interest on the part of my son. I should have considered their points of view, their ——" He hesitated.

"Their circumstances and position," put in Miss Tate.

"Exactly; I should have thought them too different to make such a thing advisable."

"I am sure I feel the same way," said Miss Tate. "I have had no suspicion ——"

"Just a moment," put in Lenox. "We are considering not what we would have thought best, Miss Tate, but a fact accomplished. As I have said, my son informs me that he cares for your niece, and I have learned that your niece is interested in my son, but, as I have stated, for excellent reasons she has declined to marry him."

"Do I understand that you wish that she should marry him?"

"That is the question that I should like to discuss."

"But you couldn't ask me to urge my niece to marry anyone who drank?" said Miss Tate tremulously.

"Assuredly not. The question is what we mean by 'drinking.' He graduated from college only last spring. He was in training for the crew and other athletics his whole four years. He is a healthy, normal boy and I doubt whether a few months of excess would establish him as the victim of an alcoholic habit. The trouble is that he has no interest in anything except your niece."

"I see," she said. "And you want my niece to take the chance ——"

"If it is a proper thing to ask," he answered, "I want your niece to take the chance. You must see that it is a somewhat different situation to take this step with the approval of his family than to take it as she might have taken it. I will say more than approval," he added; "I will say gratitude."

"But you know nothing about my niece," said Miss Tate.

"She is your niece," said Lenox.

As he said it he realized the mockery of his words. But there was no mockery in his heart. Two days before it would have been different. Now he was grateful for the decency and character that made the background of this unknown chorus girl.

Whatever Miss Tate may have thought she gave no sign. Her brows knit. She was plainly troubled.

"But a marriage with your son, in my opinion," she went on, "would be a dangerous experiment for a girl brought up as Alice has been. Alice has been earning her living for three years. This stage experience I disapprove of, but she wanted gayety and excitement, and after all who was I to condemn her for wanting it? She has, no doubt, done foolish things, but I think she is sound at bottom. What I have hoped for was that she would get her fill of excitement and settle down to some self-respecting way of earning her living or marry some decent, hard-working young man. The life of a society woman "

"Just a moment," said Lenox. "I can't describe my son at present either as decent or hard-working, but it is my object to make him both. Suppose he should go to some little Western town, take a job and begin. His sister is about to marry a very fine young chap, at present my chauffeur."

Miss Tate's eyes opened wider.

Lenox continued: "They are going to Birdville, Missouri. I should propose that Robert go with them. If he gives me his word to stop drinking and go to Birdville I should feel that I was warranted in asking you to use what influence you might be able to exert ——" He broke off. These were the words that Breslin had used two days before. Then he heard the door into the next room open.

Miss Tate started.

Alice was standing in the doorway.

"If he'll do that," she said, "I'll marry him."

Lenox appraised her with a quick look. She was very like thousands of girls one saw in the street every day. He wondered what Bertie could see in her that he could not find in a thousand others. And yet there was a certain poise and earnestness about her, a certain suggestion of commonplace efficiency.

"Do you care for him?" he said at last.

"Yes, I do," she answered. Her voice had a straightforward ring.

"Then we'll see what we can do about it," he said. "Is that all right, Miss Tate?"

"I'd like to talk with him first," she answered. "I've never seen him but once."

"Naturally," said Lenox. "I'll send him here this afternoon. What time would be convenient?"

"Between three and four."

"Well, then ——" He stood uncertainly for a moment, offered his hand to Miss Tate and then to Alice, bowed ceremoniously and went out.

That night Lenox and his wife dined out and were taken on to the opera. The Breslins were in the party. As he sat in the back of the box he could see his wife's face silhouetted against the brightly lit proscenium. It wore recurrently an expression that he knew, as if she smelled something unpleasant. He smiled.

Before the final curtain the boxes in the grand tier began to empty as usual, and they went out with the rest. Their footman met them in the Thirty-ninth Street lobby and the motor appeared. As Lenox got in, his eye rested on Henry in his furs at the driving wheel, and he smiled again.

His wife began immediately. "I can't understand Louise having the Breslins."

"I thought they went about everywhere. Weren't they at Kate Bleeker's the other night?"

"You don't set up Kate Bleeker ——"

"But aren't they rather nice?" he broke in.

"The woman's too dreadful! Do you know what's in the back of her head? She'd like that dreadful boy of hers to marry Marion."

Lenox said nothing.

At the Sixty-fifth Street house the footman, who was sitting up, admitted them. Mrs. Lenox went in ahead. As she passed the long hall table she glanced at a note that lay on the tray.

"It's for you," she said. "It looks like Bertie's writing." She stopped and gave him an anxious look. He tore the envelope open. "Well?" she said.

He handed her the note.

What she read was this:

It's all right, father.

Thanks. BERTIE.

She glanced at the footman and went on up the stairs. Lenox followed. On the third floor she turned into her sitting room. Her maid was there.

"I'll ring when I'm ready," she told her. "Bronson," she called.

He followed her in.

"What's all right?" she demanded.

"It means," said Lenox, "that Bertie has been accepted by a Miss Alice O'Neil. Miss O'Neil is a chorus girl," he went on, "and a niece of my stenographer, Miss Tate."

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AUTOMOTIVE EQUIPMENT

"But, Bronson!" She looked at him, dumfounded.

"There's more," he said. "You had better hear the whole thing. Marion has arranged to marry your chauffeur."

She glared at him, her breath coming fast. "Is this intended as a joke?"

"Get hold of yourself, Carrie," he said gravely. "It's no joke. George and I have done what we could. We've got to face it."

She pressed both hands to her chest. "Oh, my God!" she whimpered.

"There's only one thing to be done about it," he went on. "Either we lose our children or we keep them. If we forbid it they do it anyway and go their own ways. We've got to make the best of it. Perhaps ——" He broke off. "What I want to say is this: Marion's plan is to slip off and get married by a justice of the peace. I don't like that; I've been thinking it over and I think that early next week we'd better have Marion's wedding here in the house. Robert can have a quiet church wedding just before, and the wedding breakfast will do for them both. You can write or telephone our intimate friends and later have the announcements sent out."

"But you don't mean you approve?" she gasped.

"I've tried to explain, dear. It's not a question of my approving. Suppose we don't approve? Then what?"

She was silent. Her mouth hung loosely, her eyes were staring blankly. He knew what was passing in her mind.

"I don't see that we need worry about what people say. I don't propose to be criticized. If I am satisfied it's no one else's business."

She began to moan, "Oh, oh, oh!"

"Stop!" he said sharply. "Hold on to yourself! Considering what they are they've both done well for themselves!" He strode to the wall and pressed the button for the maid.

She appeared a moment later.

"Bates," he said, "Mrs. Lenox is a little overtired this evening. You'd better give her something to make her sleep."

"I shan't take it," said his wife. "I'm not tired."

"Very well then, if you don't sleep and want to talk to me come in." He kissed her on the forehead and went out.

She watched him go with a resentful look, then stood dully while Bates began unhooking her dress.

She had never understood anything thoroughly, and now she was only dazed and uncomprehending. The one idea she grasped out of the confusion was that at short notice she was to arrange a wedding breakfast. The Breslins flashed into her mind. She would have to ask them. It was a matter of pride.

FLYING MADE EASY

(Continued from Page 4)

landing platforms on the roofs of railway terminals. A Spanish airplane builder claims that even landing platforms are unnecessary, and has built a plane which carries two propellers at the top. He starts these two propellers and the plane sucks itself straight up into the air. Then he starts the propeller on the front of the plane and sails away. When he comes back he reverses the process. Thus one can commence and end his flights on the roof of his own home if his home has a flat roof and he has a good eye—and if, of course, the top propellers don't go on strike.

The automobile picked me up at the door of my hotel and then proceeded to the office of a travel agency in the Place de l'Opéra to get the morning's grist of air passengers. There were only three others—two for London and a doughboy from Arkansas who had elected to blow in a little of his accumulated pay by taking the air express to Brussels before returning to his regiment on the Rhine. We were all very nonchalant on the way out to the field, and we all cast knowing glances at the cloud rack that was drifting in from the west. We all conveyed to each other the impression that we were old and experienced air travelers. A little questioning, however, revealed that the other three were novices. I was thus able to retain my superior air until one of the London passengers asked me if I had flown much. I was forced to admit that I hadn't—much.

So then we were all boobs together, and it was obvious that we were all wondering whether we wouldn't have been much happier and much better off to have taken the train. Not that we were frightened or anything like that! Perish the thought! Perish it a couple of times, and with a heavy perisher! But as one of the London passengers—the male one—said: "When you're on the ground you know about where you are; whereas when you're in the air you aren't much of anywhere, what?"

The commercial flying of to-day, even though flying is in its infancy, is as safe as automobiling or ocean steamship travel; but persons who are taking their first shot at it will probably always be nervous, just as people are nervous at sea when the foghorn blows, or nervous in an automobile when it hits fifty-five miles an hour. Their imaginations work too hard.

At Le Bourget, where the field for all the air liners in and out of Paris is located, a person is shamed into shedding most of his nervousness because of the constant passage of planes overhead—planes whizzing up off the ground and planes plunging down on the enormous field and planes streaking this way and that way above the scores of low dark-gray sheds and office buildings and hangars with which the field is edged.

The automobile dumps its passengers at the door of the starting shed. A blackboard beside the entrance bears the schedule of incoming and outgoing liners. A Breguet, according to the board, left London at 10:27 loaded with freight—no passengers. A man with a smudge of grease on his nose emerges from the door, gazes skeptically at the blackboard, looks fiercely into the west, grunts in a vivacious French manner and walks languidly to the field. One hears the sawmill drone of a plane. The plane itself glides down on the field and taxis up to the man with the smudge of grease on his nose. He opens a door in the side of the plane and shrieks passionately for someone to come and help him.

Two assistants hustle up and begin to pull out the small packages which fill the space ordinarily occupied by passengers. The 10:27 express from London has arrived—on time. Most of the packages seem to be addressed to Rue de la Paix jewelers or dressmakers or hat makers whose names are known all over the world. These packages will be delivered before six o'clock, or six hours after leaving London. Because of postwar disorganization, the same packages sent by train and boat would have been six days in transit.

In the starting shed, if one has not already bought his ticket from a travel agency, one gets his ticket and weighs in his baggage. It isn't so expensive to travel by air out of Paris as one might think. It is almost as cheap to go from Paris to London or from Paris to Brussels by air as it is to go by train and boat. This is because of the government subsidy which France grants to commercial air lines operating on a regular schedule.

Commercial aviation in England is practically paralyzed because the British Government has apparently failed to realize the vital necessity for its substantial encouragement by the state. At the present time no commercial aviation line in any country can exist without a government subsidy, and a generous one. All the regular English air lines have already gone into a nose dive and crashed noisily because of their inability to compete with the more heavily subsidized French lines. I will go into this matter at greater detail in another place.

An air ticket to London or Brussels from Paris costs a little more than twenty dollars at the present rate of exchange. One is allowed a small amount of baggage—a small suitcase, say; and for more than that, unless the planes are traveling light, one has to pay heavily. This matter of extra luggage causes great anguish, and the French starting sheds witness frequent and violent arguments. These always arise when a small man, weighing perhaps 130 pounds, is charged heavily for a suitcase which is twenty pounds overweight, while a large man weighing 210 pounds is allowed to travel without any extra charge because his suitcase is just within the weight limit. The arrangement strikes the excitable Gallic temperament as being all that is evil and loathsome, and Englishmen

(Continued on Page 42)

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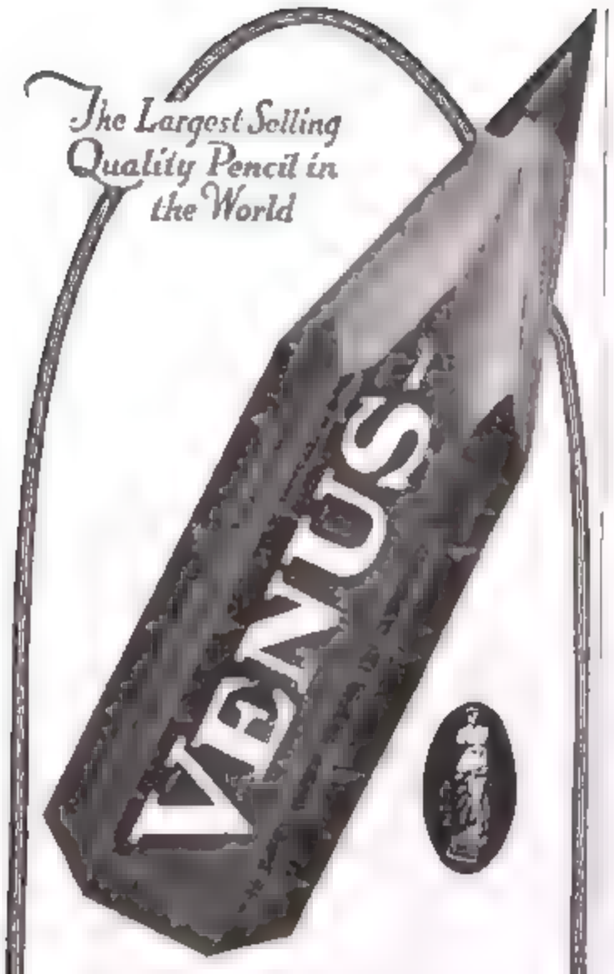

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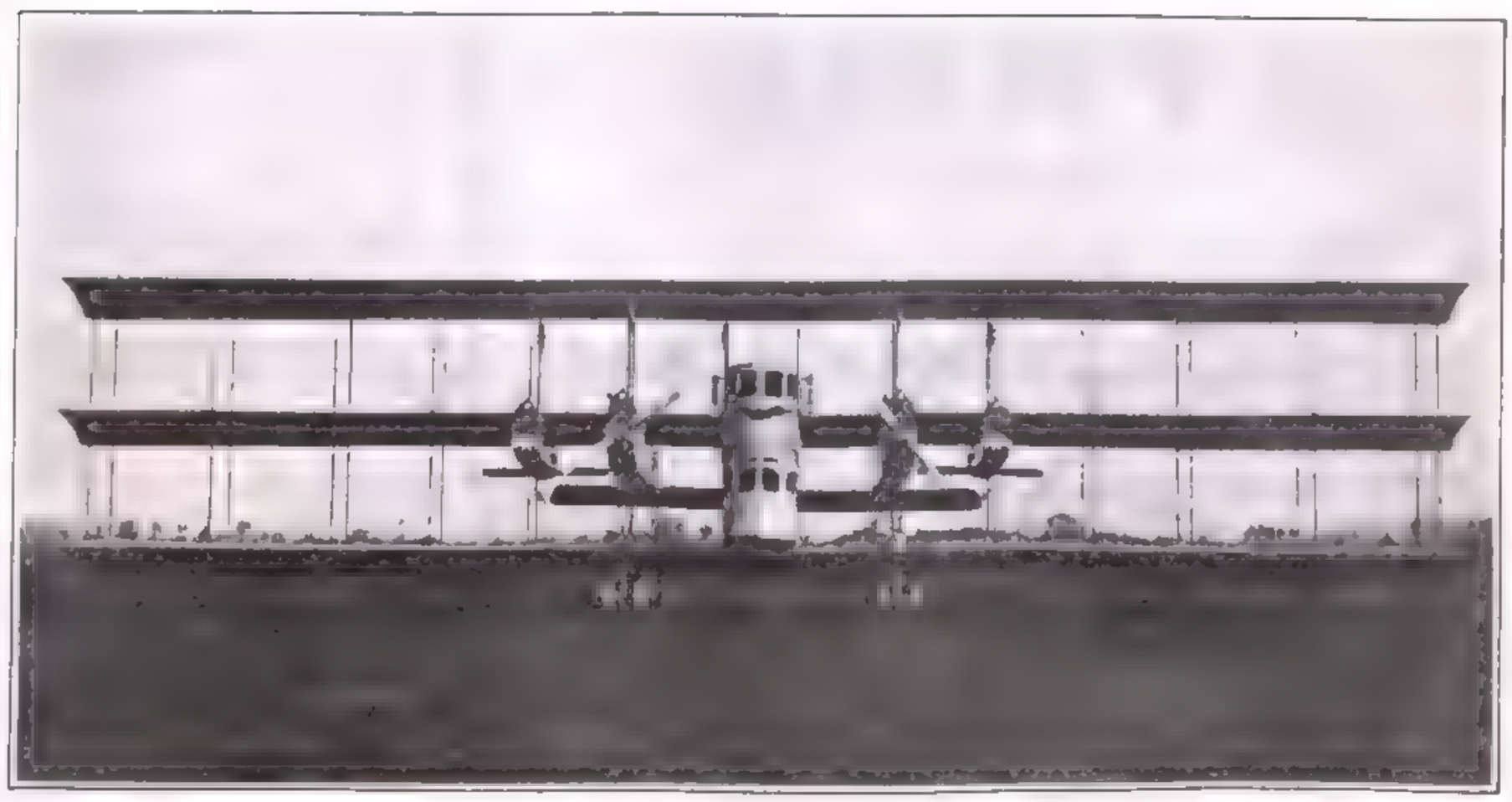

Caproni's 2000-Horse-Power Triplane

(Continued from Page 40)

get so wrought up over it that they write letters to the Times on the subject.

The small man contends that he should be allowed to carry eighty extra pounds of luggage free of charge, since his weight is less by eighty pounds than that of the large man.

The subject is a delicate one, and threatens to cause more accidents among airplane passengers and the employes of commercial aviation lines than will ever be caused by engine troubles or structural defects.

The baggageman stops in his baggage weighing to peer out of the window at a particularly noisy sawmill which seems to be passing overhead.

"Behold," he announces proudly, "the Gole-yaht!"

All Aboard!

We look out and see something that resembles a large light blue interurban trolley car with wings coasting down on the field in a slow and stately manner. This Goliath plane—a Farman production—is a regular old he plane. Its length from nose to tail is forty-six feet. From wing tip to wing tip it measures ninety-one feet—nearly as great a distance as track athletes are called on to sprint at some of our leading indoor track meets.

When it lights on the field, turns and comes lumbering toward us with its big blue nose stuck high in the air and its strip of windows circling its nose like a grinning mouth, it might be some great beast of the Antiphlogistine Era nosing around in search of a couple of nice elephants for lunch.

Yet this, it should be remembered, is the merest infant of the newly created big-plane world. The big Lawson machine, which is in regular use in America, has room for twenty-four passengers. Breguet's Leviathan—pronounced "Lave-ya-tahn" in French aviation circles—is much larger. The Goliath, however, is in regular service, while the Leviathan is not as yet.

The incoming London express has unloaded and buzzed away to its hangar and the Goliath and the outgoing London express have wheeled up to their starting slots.

The London express is a limousine plane. It is a snug affair containing four small but luxuriously upholstered armchairs. Our investigations, however, are cut short by the man with the smudge of grease on his nose.

"Messieurs," he shouts, making deprecatory gestures with his hands and face, "it makes necessary that we go to depart, yes?"

This being French for "All aboard!" we lie to him fluently and state that we follow his suggestions with the grand pleasure. What we would prefer to do would be to walk back to Paris and get a little something to eat and drink. Nevertheless, we walk over to the Goliath, and the mechanician unhitches a ladder from the interior and lowers it from the back door of the machine.

The interior of the Goliath looks like the interior of a miniature Pullman car. The armchairs are of wicker. The walls and the ceiling are decorated with very Pullmanish designs in cream and brown. The armchairs are unusually small, and a passenger weighing more than 190 pounds would probably have to be forced into his chair with the assistance of a shoehorn or with the help of a few sharp blows on the head from a sledge hammer. In the rear part of the plane there are eight chairs and in the front part there are four more chairs. These two sections are partly divided by a small compartment in which the pilot sits. His seat is higher than those of the passengers, so that his feet are about on a level with the passengers' heads. His own head protrudes through a hole in the roof of the plane.

My doughboy companion and I crowd up into the nose of the machine and look thoughtfully down at the ground, which, though only a little more than ten feet below us, already looks too far away. Our pilot, a dependable-looking young man, climbs to his seat behind and above us and grins amiably. Somebody has just told us about him; but owing to what the travel books call the bustle of departure we have not remembered the details perfectly. He had flown a big machine down to Africa some time before, had been afflicted with engine trouble when over the Sahara and had descended to be pursued by lions for four days or four weeks or four years or something. But what's a few years or a few lions in our lives just now? Name of a pipe, but let us go, not?

The London machine starts up with a roar and ambles clumsily around under our bows so that we can get away first. The mechanician looks questioningly into the pilot's face. The pilot grows depressingly. The mechanician shrieks a volley of French commands at another mechanician who is standing on the ground fondling one of the Goliath's twin propeller blades. The man on the ground gives it a spin.

"If we come down," said the doughboy tactfully and hoarsely, "we'll be the first ones to land." He was evidently a mind reader.

While I am trying to think up something witty to say the first engine starts. Shortly afterwards the second engine starts. The doughboy, probably with the idea of giving me a little information which I might otherwise overlook, leans over and shrieks in my ear above the din, "Makes some noise, I'll tell the world!"

He looks at me inquiringly, so by way of confirmation I place my lips within half an inch of his ear and scream, "You said a mouthful!" He doesn't quite get it.

"What's that?" he shrieks wildly.

Just then the machine starts, and our instructive and elevating conversation dies a sudden death from the series of vicious and tooth-shaking bumps which are preliminary to the Goliath's rising.

Several people have gone out of their way to assure me that the big planes are as steady as rocks in the air. One man declared firmly that they ran through the air as smoothly as a trolley car runs over Brooklyn Bridge. It is my belief that these people have, as the French are given to remarking, hannetons, or May flies, in their foliage; that they are, in other words, bugs.

Invisible Bumps

Air is a fluid, just as water is; and it appears to be even more restless than water. The largest ocean liners develop considerable motion in restless water, and in the same way the large planes pitch and lurch with unbridled enthusiasm when they strike rough air. Sometimes, oddly enough, the air will be very rough on a day which is cloudless and windless. An experienced flyer told me that if a person was subject to seasickness and wished to cross the English Channel with a minimum of internal inconvenience he should go by boat on calm, cloudless days, because on those days the air would probably be rough and the water smooth; but on blowy, cloudy days he should go by air, because on those days the water would be rough and the air would probably be comparatively smooth.

It would therefore appear that not only does every cloud have a silver lining, but that even the most perfect day possesses invisible bumps for the unwary. There is material for many a sermon in this peculiar state of affairs, which will be peculiarly gratifying to those persons who are given to asking whether Nature ain't wonderful.

But to return to our Goliath: As she—an airship is a she, just as the six-masted schooner Thomas W. Lawson was a she—leaves the hubbly earth, rises majestically above the hangars and sweeps around into the north until she is pointed toward the old battle lines and Brussels, she rises and falls, rises and falls, in almost exactly the same way that a small motor boat rises and falls when it meets the short chop at the mouth of a tide river. Occasionally she lurches upward heavily or pitches downward suddenly in such a way that there is a very squidgy feeling in the vicinity of the base of the spine—a sort of bashful, withdrawing sensation. One feels, as one so frequently does in an automobile which is taking corners abruptly, that one must personally assist the plane in its lurches and swerves and pitches by pushing it back to stability with foot pressure or body twisting. Some of the downward slumps made my neck feel as though it were stretching upward like that of a swan. The doughboy sat perfectly impassive during them. I queried him on the subject at the top of my lungs.

"Say," I howled, "don't those quick drops affect you at all?"

"I'll say so!" he bawled. "They make me twist my ears like a mule!"

One quickly becomes accustomed to almost anything. Two hours of flying is

(Continued on Page 45)

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(Continued from Page 42)

sufficient to make the restless movements of a plane a matter of almost complete indifference to the passenger. At the beginning, too, one hesitates to move too abruptly for fear of upsetting the plane. The windows in front of us clouded up. I drew my handkerchief from my pocket gingerly and dabbed at the windows with a minimum of motion—until the mechanician rushed up the aisle, hurled himself over my shoulder and rubbed the windows violently with a handful of waste.

I crawled out of my armchair and pursued the mechanician back down the aisle. He got out his map and we lit up a couple of rank French cigarettes, which always smell as though they are made from chopped taxicab tires. He knew the country below him as well as a Paris taxicab driver knows Paris. He pointed out our line of flight—Paris, Soissons, between La Fère and Laon, St.-Quentin, Maubeuge, Valenciennes, Mons, Waterloo and Brussels. The names called up a picture of the thousands of youngsters who scouted and raced and fought and laughed and flirted with death in these very air lanes a hundred times a day not so very long ago. That was a dangerous world to live in. To-day there is no danger in the air or under the sea or on the civilized portions of the earth that is any greater than the dangers of Main Street. Yet —

"What is it that it is below there?" I asked the mechanician.

"Compiègne," he replied.

In the square before the Cathedral of Compiègne a tiny taxicab was careering around a turn on two wheels after the manner of French taxicabs.

"Behold that taxicab there!" I said to the mechanician. "A dangerous calling, that!"

"Truly," replied the mechanician. "Occasionally I ride in one in Paris and am overcome by terror. They have no regard for life or limb, and rush madly around corners with no thought of the unseen perils which await them. At each turning I clutch the seat in fear that another taxicab is about to leap out upon my taxicab and crush it; or that my taxicab is about to hurl itself against a dwelling with such force that the building will crush me. It is always a great relief to ascend from Paris into the sky, where there are no taxicab madmen. There is no longer any safety on the ground."

It's all a matter of what one is accustomed to.

We yelled at each other industriously until the pilot withdrew his head from the hole in the roof and craned down to see what we were talking about. Fortunately the bus lumbered into some sort of air vacancy just then and plumped downward violently, so that he was obliged to resume his regular posture. Consequently I was saved from a bad attack of heart failure.

Sir Walter Outclassed

"This motion here," I asked my friend, "is it not that it causes the seasickness, yes?"

The young man admits that on a rough day there is apt to be a tinge of green among the passengers. And then he proceeds to tell me of a case which, to my way of thinking, has Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak-spreading trick lashed, as one might say, to the strut or to the guy wire or to the aileron or to whatever it is in an airplane that corresponds to a mast. Sir Walter, as I see it, was more or less of a grand-stand player. It was very kind and thoughtful of him to throw his cloak into the mud puddle so that Queen Elizabeth wouldn't wreck her slippers, but the romantic qualities of the act are overrated. Sir Walter might easily have directed her to the dry spot which always exists near a mud puddle. Even if this had been impossible he was probably well aware that he would send his cloak to be steam-cleaned; that the Queen would probably invite him around to lunch because of his courtesy; that it was a good press-agent stunt and that the cloak would unquestionably make a good museum piece or heirloom for his descendants. All things considered, Sir Walter's feat wasn't enough to get excited about.

But this other thing—well, it deserves to have an epic poem written about it. The only trouble with it is that it has to be handled too delicately. One can't come right out and tell about it in direct, blunt, hearty language. In fact, I am not too sure that it ought to be told here at all. I don't want to offend anyone. This thing was one of the nicest things that anyone ever did, and yet, in a way, it was very painful.

There were three people going from Paris to London in a limousine plane—an American, a young English girl and an Australian soldier. The Australian was wearing one of those fine big hats caught up at one side very hard hats to get when one is several thousand miles from Australia. It was a hot day and rough in the air, and the plane bobbed up and down and slipped into holes and bumped up again on the top of air waves and generally misbehaved. The three talked together pleasantly for a while, and then the girl fell silent. If such a thing is possible, she fell silenter and silenter with every passing second.

"Ah, the poor girl!" said the Australian, and without more ado he snatched off his hat and—ah, well, I should never have started to tell the story, anyway. But I'll leave it to anyone if it wasn't a more generous thing than Sir Walter did, with those big hats being so hard to get and all.

Flying in the big passenger planes quickly becomes a monotonous matter. They cost about 200,000 francs apiece, and the pilot is given careful instructions to take no chances in or with them. Straight flying for him, and nothing else. If he tried a bit of trick flying, and it were found out, he'd be fired with such violence that the fillings would be jolted out of his teeth. So they go droning along with nothing to relieve the dullness except an occasional bit of bumpy air.

The Goliath is equipped with two 260-horse-power Salmson motors, which haul her along at a speed of between seventy and eighty miles an hour. This is not an exciting speed, though I should like to take issue with persons who declare that when one travels in a plane the plane seems to stand still and the earth seems to slip away beneath the plane. Nothing of the sort. There is never any doubt in one's mind that the old hooker is clawing through the air at top speed, and that the earth below will stay right where it is in case one hurries down to meet it.

Nowhere to Look But Down

The propellers of the Goliath are located on each side of the smoking compartment in the nose of the machine, and as one looks over his shoulder and sees them whirling around at one's very ear one can't help looking away hastily for fear that one may have the evil eye and put a witch's curse on them or something so that they will cease to function. Consequently there is nowhere to look but down—châteaux, villages, gray forests, light-brown fields, dark-brown plowed areas, a meandering river, two diminutive horses plowing in a field, an occasional city—same old story over and over again. One gets drowsy and warm, and feels obliged to remove one's coat and hat and hang them on the spare propeller blade which is slung against the roof so that one won't fall asleep from the heat. Air travelers should provide themselves with books or writing pads so that they may have something with which to combat boredom.

The Goliath got away from Paris at 12:44—fourteen minutes late. At 1:30 we meet and pass beneath the Brussels-Paris plane, running on time. At 1:35 we slip over Noyon and find the air a little bumpier than any we have yet met. Fifteen minutes later the plowed fields begin to be spotted with various-sized light-yellow rings and circular white splotches—the remains of the wartime shelling which the land received. Though the holes have been filled in and plowed over, the lighter subsoil has been churned into the upper soil by the explosions, and remains there. These peculiar rings and disks will survive years of plowing, harrowing, planting and harvests—a constant reminder to the voyagers in the air lanes of the four years that nearly wrecked civilization.

At 1:52 we pass St.-Quentin. The roadways are pock-marked. Old trenches appear as white scars, doubling, zigzagging, radiating and stretching off interminably toward the horizon. Extra-spotted areas mark the sites of former ammunition dumps, and possibly hospitals which attracted Fritz's enterprising artillery eye. The heart of the city, around the cathedral, is completely blasted out. At 2:05 we reach a low-lying layer of heavy mist—a solid, fleecy-topped carpet as we approach it, but a dingy, torn, gloomy mess of scud as we pass over it. The earth shows

A DECREASE OF 10% IN ADVERTISING COST

IT has continuously been the policy of this company to offer to the advertiser circulation in large volume at the lowest cost commensurate with the expense of publication.

The present rate for advertising space in *The Saturday Evening Post* was based upon a circulation of 2,000,000.

During the paper shortage the sale was restricted to this figure, in spite of a growing unfilled demand.

With improvement in the paper market, and in anticipation of further reductions, the circulation is being allowed to expand automatically—without forcing, without premiums, without clubbing, without installment subscriptions—but only through gradual increases in the number of copies allotted to each sales agent.

The result is as follows:

Net paid circulation,	Nov. 6 *issue*	2,036,911
" " "	Dec. 4 *issue*	2,101,350
" " "	Jan. 1 *issue*	2,143,764
" " "	Feb. 5 *issue*	2,180,210
" " "	Mar. 5 *issue*	2,181,465
" " "	Apr. 2 *issue*	2,198,410
" " "	May 7 *issue*	2,225,000

These figures subject to final A.B.C. audit.

This means that *The Saturday Evening Post* is today delivering a surplus circulation, above that on which its rate is based, of at least 200,000 per week.

This increase in circulation has already reduced the cost of advertising in *The Saturday Evening Post* 10 per cent.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

through in occasional patches, dark and dull, and from the appearance of the surface of the winding road ribbons below us we can see that it is raining heavily.

Gradually the scud thickens. The pilot drives down into it so that the earth can be kept in sight. At 2:52 we nose down again to a height of six or seven hundred feet, getting below the clouds and into the rain. At 2:57 the pilot whistles to the mechanician, who informs us that we are five minutes from Brussels. We stagger into our coats and collect our various belongings. In five minutes the broad gray spread of the city and the graceful white tower of the Palais de Justice lie ahead of us. At 3:04 we pass over the Palais de Justice, then over the cathedral.

The sun comes out blood-red from the clouds through which we have just passed. The scenery which we are viewing from the right-hand windows suddenly vanishes. Startled, we crane over to find where it has gone. We then realize that the machine has banked to descend, but that there has been no sensation of tilting or turning. She jolts down over a series of air steps which would have been sickening two hours before but are merely exhilarating now, slips over a cemetery—unpropitious spectacle—with only a few yards to spare, skims along the ground of the aviation field, bumps along the ground itself and taxis up to the shed, where the automobile is waiting to take us into Brussels. It is 3:09. The trip has taken exactly two hours and twenty-five minutes.

Government Subsidies

Air lines are more plentiful in France than in any other European country because of the generous subsidy which the government allows. There are the heavily traveled lines from Paris to London and from Paris to Brussels. There is the 1100-mile line from Toulouse, in the southwest of France, across Spain and the Straits of Gibraltar and down the west coast of Africa to Rabât and Casablanca in French Morocco. At the beginning of January, 1921, the planes of this French-Moroccan company had flown almost 350,000 miles and had carried 1200 passengers between France and Morocco without an accident to a passenger. The only machines used in this line were converted war planes carrying two passengers; but in the spring the swarthy sons of the desert will see twenty-passenger planes drifting lazily above the golden sands.

The Morocco trip is a two-day trip by plane, and the planes leave three times a week. By train and boat the same trip takes from six to eight days. As a plane trip it is done in several hops, and without crowding, so that the passengers can see the country. On the first day the plane goes from Toulouse in France to Barcelona in Spain in the morning. In the afternoon it goes from Barcelona to Alicante, where the passengers climb out and take a sketchy but satisfying look at the Spanish bullfight, the Spanish fandango, the Spanish red pepper, the soothing Spanish wines and other matters which keep Spain from fading into obscurity. They also buy a few Spanish fans and mantillas as souvenirs. Early on the second day the plane cruises to Malaga, where the Malaga wine comes from. Without stopping there long enough to allow anyone to get more than one drink the plane makes its second hop across the Straits into Africa, reaching Rabât, capital of French Morocco, early in the afternoon. Casablanca is only an hour farther on. In addition to passengers, this line carries the mails and a large amount of freight.

The prices charged for this trip give a good idea of the large subsidies which are given by the French Government. The total distance from Toulouse to Casablanca is 1845 kilometers. The cost of a ticket by boat and rail comes to a little more than 1000 francs, while the cost of the air journey is—or was in January, 1921—1690 francs. This means that the air passenger pays ninety centimes, or less than seven cents in American money, for every kilometer traveled. Yet for this company to make money it should take in from nine to ten francs, or from sixty to seventy American cents, per kilometer. No passenger would pay as much as that for a long airplane trip, for on the Morocco run it would amount to about 18,000 francs.

The government, though, wishes to encourage regular lines and accustom the French people to flying. Consequently it pays the difference of eight or nine francs a kilometer. The passenger pays less than one; the government pays eight times as much. It doesn't seem reasonable, but it's what every government has got to do if it wishes its airplane factories to keep busy and its airplane designers to keep on their toes and its airplane pilots to stay in practice and its people to become accustomed to flying and confident in the safety of flying so that the infant industry of aviation may eventually be able to stand on its own feet and support itself.

The Morocco line is about to be extended down the African coast from Casablanca, touching at Mogador, Port Etienne, Rio d'Oro, St.-Louis, and ending at Dakar in Senegal. Thus France is completely linked with her African colonies by plane, and a ten-day boat trip is cut to four days. From Dakar, too, steamships sail direct to South America.

Another line which severely jolts the wanderer from America is the Franco-Rumanian Aërial Navigation Line. This line runs a daily service from Paris to Warsaw, an air run of about 1000 miles, with stops at Strasburg, in Alsace, and Prague, the capital of Czecho-Slovakia. This company is headed by General Duval, who was at the head of French aviation during the war. The railway fare direct from Warsaw to Paris, in January, 1921, was 975 French francs and a few hundred Polish marks. It was a forty-eight-hour trip, and the meals on the train added another hundred francs or so to the total. Yet the Franco-Rumanian line charges 800 francs for this trip, which is made in limousine planes in nine hours of flight, with stops at Strasburg and Prague to change planes. In addition to the flight, the company furnishes an automobile at each end of the run so that the passengers may be set down at the doors of their hotels. When one can travel more cheaply by plane than by rail it is time to realize that even the most conservative will soon be taking to the air.

Education in Air Travel

I had a talk with the Franco-Rumanian people in order to find out how they could do it. The answer, of course, is government subsidy plus a willingness to lose money for two years in order to educate the people up to the fact that aviation is neither a sport nor dangerous, but a reliable, safe, extremely rapid and, therefore, an essential form of transportation.

"For two years we shall carry passengers more cheaply than they can go by train," said the manager. "Then we shall be established, travelers cannot get along without us and we shall raise our rates."

The Franco-Rumanian company is capitalized at 10,000,000 francs. Early in 1921 its equipment consisted of seventy-two machines. It had secured the air-postal monopoly from the governments of Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, was receiving subsidies from the governments of France and Rumania, and had completed arrangements to extend its line to Constantinople. The concessions which it has received from the governments of the countries through which its machines will fly on the Constantinople run will make it very difficult for the lines of other countries to compete with it. It is such a move as this that makes the British aviation enthusiasts emit piercing screams of agony at the wonderful aviation chances which have slipped through England's fingers and are continuing to slip through them daily because of her niggardly and shortsighted policies in respect of subsidies. Early in 1920 England was the leader in European aviation. Early in 1921 she had fallen behind the French, the Germans, the Dutch and the Belgians.

"Eighteen months ago," declared G. Holt Thomas, one of England's foremost aviation authorities, "the ability of our designers and the gallant work of our pilots during the war had gained us a reputation among nonbelligerents second to none. The nonbelligerents had decided on the adoption of aircraft, but had no knowledge on the subject, no designers and very few pilots, and naturally had to look for guidance to some other nation. Great Britain had established the first international air mail between London and Paris, a service of supreme efficiency. Because of these things we could have had a very considerable hand in the aviation of Northern Europe. We could have had a

(Continued on Page 48)

Darn! Darn! Darn!

Same old story every week. That irresistible Big Toe comes plowing through to worry and weary the slaves to the darning needle.

Slaves! Tired. Nervous. Irritable. Serfs to an endless, useless task. But

True Shape
SOCKS
KEEP THE BIG TOES IN

They emancipate women from needless toil. They keep Mr. Big Toe snug and comfortable.

Of course True Shapes are reinforced, but that's only part of the story. The silk is heavier, finer and more of it. The fabric is elastic.

It's easy to get away from useless work. Just remember the words "True Shape **No. 152.**"

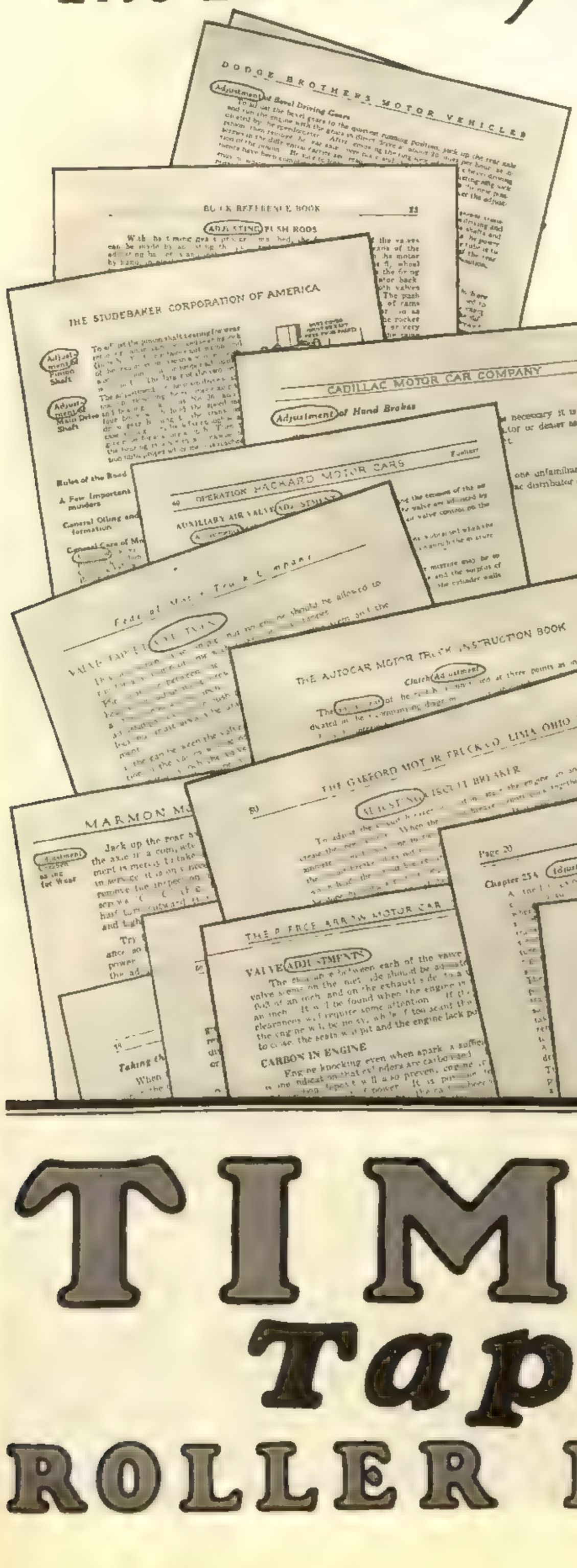
TRUE SHAPE Hosiery is also made for women and children. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

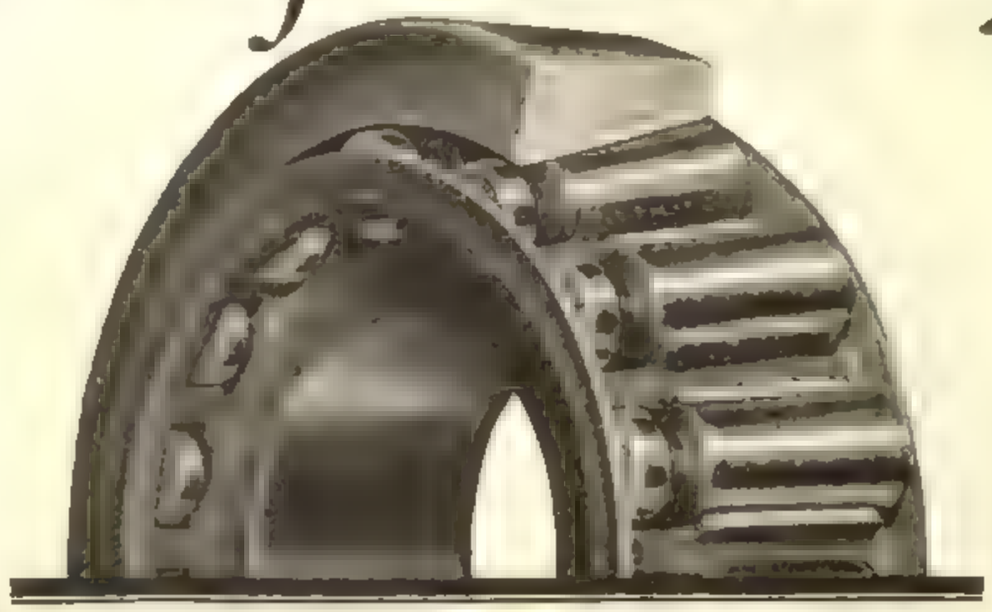
Wherever you are, you'll be sure of hosiery satisfaction if TRUE SHAPE *you insist on the TRUE SHAPE diamond on each pair.*

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Harmony of Adjustability





The motor car—that is putting more usable hours in your day; the motor truck—that is moving goods neither railroads nor horses can negotiate; the tractor—that is getting American Agriculture on a sound basis;

Each of these is the result of years of experimentation in the laboratory and in the field; and of the co-ordination of the most progressive Transportational Engineering brains in the world.

Eight and one-half million self-propelled "locomotives" that go calmly, unquaveringly, and comfortably into by-ways several years ago considered inaccessible to machinery!

—truly the automobile is a magic-mechanical achievement!

And from "Tip to Stern" these marvel-designers have provided adjustment for the wear that *must* follow all motion; in the spring shackles, motor bearings, chains, fan belts, valves, carburetors, spark plugs, commutators, clutches, steering gears, transmissions, universals, pinions, differentials, wheels, and brakes!

That is why—

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings are adjustable.

The Timken Roller Bearing Co. Canton, O.

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings for Passenger Cars, Trucks, Tractors, Trailers, Farm Implements, Machinery, and Industrial Appliances

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

"Let me try your tobacco"

Only an unlucky man asks you that. He is either out of tobacco or he isn't satisfied with the tobacco he has picked for himself.

To smoke a pipe tobacco that doesn't suit you to a T is to feel a little irritated every time you light up.

Where you should be taking your comfort, you feel sore over something missing.

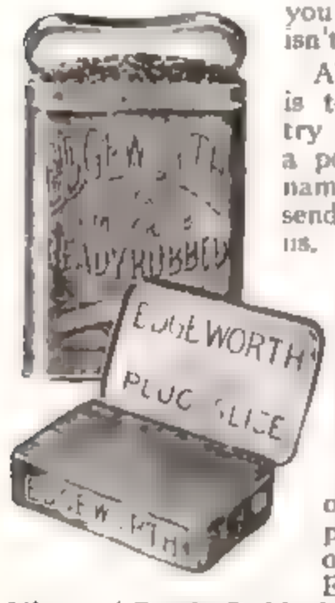
No one is so patient as a pipe-smoker. He will smoke one kind of tobacco that doesn't quite satisfy him until the cows come home, or until some trouble crowds him so that he notices how little comfort he is actually getting from his little old pipe.

But he hasn't been happy—dimly he has realized it all the time.

And when he asks someone else for a pipeful and finally comes upon the smoking tobacco that is just his—oh me, oh my, but he's a happy man!

He now gets out of his smoking what others get—the solid comfort that takes the sting out of the alarm clock mornings and helps his nerves to relax at the end of a hard day.

It's because we realize how many smokers are still hunting for the right tobacco that we make it so easy for you to learn if that isn't Edgeworth.



All you have to do is to write "Let me try your tobacco" on a postcard, sign your name and address and send said postcard to us. If you want to add the name of your tobacco dealer, we'll make sure that he has Edgeworth in stock in case you like it.

Off to you at once we'll ship postpaid samples of both kinds of Edgeworth—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

When it comes, give the little old pipe a Spring housecleaning and fill it to the brim with Edgeworth. Settle back in your chair and put your feet up somewhere—the higher you get your feet the more comfortable you feel for a short time. Then light up and make up your mind for yourself just what you think of Edgeworth.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is formed into a cake or plug, then cut into thin, oblong slices. You peel off one thin, fragrant slice, rub it between your hands to just the fineness you personally like best, and there you have an average pipeful.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is just the same tobacco already rubbed up for you. It's ready to pour straight from the little blue can into your pipe.

As to which packing you will like better, that is a matter you will decide for yourself, for you will receive samples of both sorts. The tobacco is precisely the same in both. They differ only in the form in which they are packed.

Both kinds pack so well that they light easily. That's why they burn so freely and evenly to the very bottom of the little old pipe.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors, and glass jars, and also in various handy in-between quantities.

For the free samples which we would like you to judge, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

(Continued from Page 46)

very considerable hand in the airways of the Balkans and in a large portion of the American continent.

"To-day, because of insufficient government assistance and national financing, our advantages have been lost. An approximate estimate of the European air mileage in being or to come into being this year is 20,000 miles. If things continue in 1921 as they went in 1920 Great Britain will hardly be able to claim even its own mileage of seventy miles from Croydon to the coast as her own."

The leading newspapers of Great Britain have harped on the subject with such energy that their harpers have almost worn out.

"It is difficult to avoid the conclusion," bellows that well-known bellower, the London Times, "that the present unsatisfactory and dangerous state of affairs is directly due to the lack of a separate and independent Ministry of Air."

A word to the wise, it is said, should be as good as a kick. Mr. Rudyard Kipling recently wrote to General E. M. Maitland, who flew the R-34 across the Atlantic in July, 1919, that aviation is "at the opening verse of the opening page of the chapter of endless possibilities."

An Official Warning

Aviation is an essential part of any decent policy of national defense, and it is also a great deal more than that. If properly encouraged and directed it will become one of the country's greatest industries. If not properly encouraged it will die of inanition, and our national-defense policy will automatically become about as valuable as a chain of snow forts in a January thaw. Congress has been fully as generous with appropriations for the air service of the Army and the Navy as though aviation were something to be used in flavoring enlisted men's rations. If Congress wants to be niggardly it could work out its niggardliness to almost everyone's satisfaction by attaching the Indian sign to appropriations for post offices and courthouses in jerk-water communities, while assisting with a lavish hand in the writing of the chapter of endless possibilities. It might also devote its somnolent after-lunch moments to brooding over Great Britain's unpleasant experience in aviation matters and to the advisability of profiting by that experience.

The director of the United States air service wrote what is known as a pageful when he reported as follows to the Secretary of War:

(1) Peacetime air fleets at all adequate in size for war needs cannot be maintained by any nation. The great air fleets necessary for war must be produced after war begins.

(2) To provide facilities for aircraft production at the beginning of war commercial aëronautics must be developed.

(3) Under present conditions the only effective stimulus to the development of commercial aëronautics is government assistance in large annual appropriations guaranteed for a period of a considerable number of years. If this policy be adopted by the Government, these appropriations, in order to accomplish the result desired, must be continued until commercial aëronautics can stand by itself as a dividend-paying business.

(4) The Government itself should not undertake the production of aircraft in government factories unless trade combinations in the production of military aircraft should eventually be formed against it.

(5) Federal agencies should be provided for the adequate control of various national and international matters connected with aëronautics.

(6) A single government agency should be responsible for the procurement of all aircraft used in the government service.

(7) A single government agency should have charge of all development work in so far as the same is common to all branches, military, naval and commercial. This agency should be provided with the means to carry on experimentation and research.

When he had said these things he had, as the saying goes, said it all. There isn't an aviation expert in France or England or any other European nation that has made progress in aviation who doesn't agree with everything he said. If his recommendations aren't acted on it won't be because they oughtn't to be acted on or because the subject needs further ponderous deliberation, but because those qualified to act are either asleep or sitting on their hands or recovering from an overdose of home-brew.

When the Franco-Rumanian company starts its Constantinople run its machines will start from Paris and pass over Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade and Bukharest. Each plane, when the line first starts, will make four stops; but the company's plans call for an eventual nonstop flight between Paris and Constantinople. This year it is using limousine planes carrying four passengers besides the pilot, and 160 pounds of freight and mail. It is getting larger planes, however, for use to Constantinople and Warsaw, which will carry ten passengers and 600 pounds of freight and mail at a commercial speed of slightly more than 100 miles an hour. Freight rates from Paris to Warsaw on this air line are nine francs for every two pounds or fraction thereof. At the present rate of exchange that figures out to sixty-six American cents for two pounds. One can send two pounds of freight to Prague for fifty cents, and to Strasburg for seventeen cents. Two pounds is the unit of weight, because the French unit is the kilogram, which is equivalent to about two pounds.

This line is a great timesaver. General Pellé, the French general who observes the military affairs of Czecho-Slovakia with an eagle eye, wished to go from Prague to Paris in a hurry not long ago. The Paris train starts from Prague at half past nine in the morning on alternate days and arrives in Paris twenty-six hours later—if it gets through the various customs examinations without any of the three, four and five hour delays which are common. The general left Prague at half past nine by plane, arrived in Strasburg at half past twelve and stayed there an hour and a half for lunch, reached the flying field at Paris at half past three in the afternoon and was deposited at the door of his home at four o'clock—about twenty hours sooner than he could have got there by train—and the fare was less. In France a person has to be pretty ingenious in order to think up excuses for not traveling by air instead of by train.

Many people are quite unable to understand why the Franco-Rumanian company should operate a daily service to such an out-of-the-way place as Warsaw. They will understand it better when Russia is opened up and they begin to realize that Warsaw is on the straight line which connects Paris and Moscow.

The most heavily traveled of the French lines are those plying between Paris and London and Paris and Brussels. Nearly 6000 people flew across the English Channel during 1920 on the regular lines, exclusive of taxi planes, and in 1921 more than 20,000 will make the trip. The leading French companies worked in conjunction with English companies. Thus one French flying field answered for an English company as well as for a French, and vice versa, so that there was a great saving in expense. On March 1, 1921, however, there wasn't one English company left in the cross-Channel business. There were plenty of planes running from London to Paris, but they were all French planes. All the British lines had failed because they had been unable to compete with the lower prices which the French companies, with their much larger government subsidies, were able to charge.

British Companies Handicapped

The British subsidy, which was not granted until late in 1920, granted to an approved air line a sum equal to 25 per cent of its total revenues earned by the carriage of passengers, mails and goods, and the sum to be spent on subsidies was not to exceed $240,000. The French subsidy, which was in operation all through 1920, was ten times as generous. It varied, depending on the number of flights made, the number of passengers carried, the wing surface of the plane, the horse power of the motors and various other intricate matters; and in order to work it out exactly a person had to be more or less of a statistician and be thoroughly familiar with geometry, trigonometry, conic sections, higher algebra and the mechanism of a slide rule. Generally speaking, however, each French company in the cross-Channel business received from four to six francs for each kilometer flown by each of its machines. The distance from the Paris flying field to the London flying field is 375 kilometers. For this flight in 1920 the French companies charged the passengers 550 francs, and received more than 1500 from the government.

The French Government, not content with this, has increased its subsidies so that everyone who can afford to travel can afford to fly. During 1921 the French lines will receive the equivalent of nearly $2,500,000 in subsidies alone. The cross-Channel fare has been reduced to 300 francs, or slightly more than twenty dollars at the present rate of exchange. This sum is about one-half that which the British companies were obliged to charge. Mr. Handley Page, head of the only remaining British cross-Channel company in February, 1921, stated that unless the British subsidy were increased he would be unable to compete with the French companies and would have to close down. On the first of March his company ceased to operate.

The anguish which this situation has caused in British aviation circles is about 100 per cent poignant, as one might say. The British may be a stolid and phlegmatic race; but when they begin to visualize, as they are now doing, French, Dutch, German and Belgian air lines running into London and over to Liverpool, while British lines are unable to compete with them, their vaunted stolidity dons a transparent veil and has hysterics and fainting spells all over the parlor carpet.

The British are at a disadvantage in cross-Channel aviation, even when rates are equal, because of the one-sided nature of the cross-Channel freight. Thus, in the case of the Handley Page company and the Compagnie des Messageries Aériennes, which worked in conjunction for a year, 36,324 pounds of freight were carried from Paris to London between March 1 and December 1, 1920, whereas only 14,476 pounds were carried from London to Paris. This was due to three things: To the French Government's prohibition of certain imports; to the exchange rates, which make it hard for the French to buy English goods; and to the luxury trade out of Paris. The Rue de la Paix, which is the dress, hat, jewelry and perfume center of the world, sends enormous amounts of fragile goods to London by air, and London has nothing that corresponds to it. On the twentieth of December, too, French planes carried a rush order of half a ton of *pâté de fois gras* to London.

The Newspaper Planes

They'll take anything, those French liners. Last autumn one of them flew over to London with two prize Berkshire pigs valued at $400 apiece. It was a big day for the pigs' owner when he found that he could send them by air, for they would have been twelve days on the road by train and boat, and would have lost value.

Goods sent by air can be insured for a much lower rate than the same goods sent by rail and by boat. The insurance by rail and boat, for example, is from one per cent to one and a half per cent of the value, according to the fragility of the shipment. By airplane the rate is from one-half of one per cent to three-quarters of one per cent. In airplane travel the only risk is the crash, which is a very slight risk indeed. By train and boat one has the risks of train wreck, shipwreck, three or four handlings in transit and violent shakings en route. A Paris dressmaker told me that every time she shipped a dress to London by rail she felt morally certain that it would travel at least half the distance with a sewing machine resting on it.

One of the latest plans in London is for a newspaper plane to leave London at six o'clock every morning so that the English newspapers can be put on the Paris newsstands at eight o'clock. Traveling Britons become very restless and upset if they can't get their London papers every morning and read in the agony columns those familiar old nerve sedatives to the effect that a lady traveling to the Riviera would be willing to share hand bag with another lady—references given and received; or that gentleman leaving England for reasons connected with health would be willing to sell rare collection of early eighteenth-century pawn tickets—price 125 guineas; or that lady with Titian hair and mole on chin whose handkerchief was picked up by gentleman with white spats and bulldog-headed walking stick will drop handkerchief in same place 5:30 P.M. next Thursday. In order that this early morning flying

(Continued on Page 51)

Barrett Everlastic Roofings

The Harmony of Beautiful Roofs

The roof is the dominant note of a house. Standing out against the sky, a handsome roof—graceful, sweeping, colorful- means so much to the harmony of the whole design; but an unattractive roof produces architectural discord.

Many home-owners endure unsightly roofs because they believe that beautiful roofs are costly. This is a mistake.

For at an outlay no greater than for commonplace materials, Barrett Everlastic Shingles, surfaced with real crushed slate in the rich natural colors, warm red or cool green, will lend a charm and distinction to any home, however little, however big.

There's a form of Everlastic for every type of steep-roofed building — your home, schools, churches, factories, farm buildings. Waterproof, fire-resistant, economical and durable, the thorough-going goodness of Everlastic Roofings is backed by The Barrett Company's sixty-year-old reputation for dependability.

The four Everlastic styles mentioned below are fully described in illustrated booklets – gladly sent to any address upon request. Write our nearest office.

Your Choice of Four Styles

Everlastic Multi-Shingles

Everlastic Strip Shingles

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing

The most beautiful and enduring roll roofing made.

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing

This is one of our most popular roofings, a recognized standard among "rubber"

Look for the Everlastic name on the label when you buy

The Barrett Company

New York Philadelphia Boston St. Louis
Jacksonville

THE BARRETT COMPANY Limited Montreal Toronto Winnipeg

90% of all washing is the plain and heavy things

The Millrace Principle Solves the Problem of Washing Heavy Things

Any woman can wash her dainty things by dipping them in a basin of water. But *force* is needed to get the dirt out of the soiled clothes, underwear, dresses, stockings, waists, sheets, bed linen, table linen, towels, blankets, spreads, drapes and even such things as overalls, curtains, etc.—which make up 90% of the regular family wash.

This is the kind of work to which the Maytag is especially adapted. Due to the wonderful *Millrace Principle, it gets the dirt out.* Yet it is gentle—because daintiest things are handled in absolute safety.

The Maytag all-aluminum cylinder has only 5 openings—each designed on the principle of the old-time millrace. The cylinder revolves rapidly. The hot, sudsy water gushes into the cylinder through these 5 millrace gates. It is this *action* of the hot, sudsy water that does the work.

Go see the Maytag at the local dealer's store. Note the fine workmanship and excellent finish. Note, too, the exclusive all metal, three-way, reversible electric wringer.

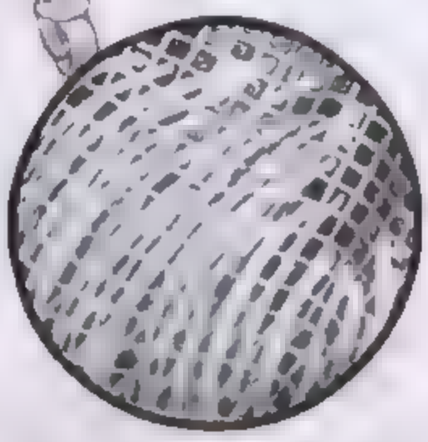
THE MAYTAG COMPANY, Dept. 100, NEWTON, IOWA

Branches at Philadelphia, Pa., Indianapolis, Ind., Minneapolis, Minn., Kansas City, Mo.; Portland, Ore.; Winnipeg, Man., Can., and The Maytag Company of England, 123 Caledonian Road, King's Cross, London

Makers of Maytag Multi-Motor, Electric, Belt and Hand Power Washers

Maytag

Cabinet ELECTRIC WASHER



The Millrace Principle

All fabric is woven like a screen. Dirt clogs the pores or meshes. Flushing this dirt out requires active, forcefully moving water. This action is produced by the Millrace Principle

"The Gray Machine with the Red Stripe"

(Continued from Page 48)

may be made practicable during the winter months the French and the British air ministries have agreed to erect light towers which will shoot powerful beams of light straight into the air.

In addition to the lines to Warsaw, to Africa and across the Channel, there are regular services between Paris and Cabourg on the English Channel; from Bordeaux near the Atlantic to Montpelier on the Mediterranean; from Paris to Geneva in Switzerland; from Paris down through the center of France to Nice on the Mediterranean; and from Bayonne in France to Bilboa in Spain, across a bit of the Bay of Biscay.

Then there are the innumerable taxiplanes and sight-seeing planes and joy-riding planes which go up daily from every city and summer resort and winter resort, carrying passengers by the hundreds of thousands. These planes, of course, do not get in on the government subsidy. They take passengers on short hops which require no great expenditure of gasoline, and are consequently able to make money. Some of them can travel a long way without using any gas at all, as can be seen from the experience of a French pilot in the cross-Channel service not long ago. Planes are above the Channel for twenty minutes in the cross-Channel flight. This pilot had been over the water for twelve minutes when he met with the accident known to flyers as a salad of the propeller shaft. When it happens the propeller makes a salad of itself and ceases to turn. The pilot, flying at a height of 1500 feet, turned his plane and coasted all the way back to England again. In landing at the Dover flying field he broke the wheels of his plane, but suffered no other damage.

Recent German Developments

Paris is covered with posters which hysterically set forth the delights of short flights over the city. There are two varieties of flights—the air baptism and the aërial promenade. In the baptism one merely flies off the ground and coasts back for forty francs. The aërial promenade is more elaborate. The advertisements state unhesitatingly that it is the best physical cure. They don't say what it's the best physical cure for; but the readers gather that it's good for whatever ails them, from hot flushes to hiccups, just like those good old corner-cupboard compounds and remedies that were composed of 99 per cent rye whisky and 1 per cent ink.

"Fly," declare the advertisements in several exciting colors, "and you will breathe better! Fly, and you will sleep better! Fly, and your color will be better!"

One can promenade for a quarter of an hour for seventy francs, and for 400 francs one can promenade for an hour. Yet for 300 francs on the regular lines one can fly to London or Brussels.

One can get taxiplanes in England for two shillings sixpence a mile, and they'll take one anywhere. At two shillings sixpence a mile, however, the London-Paris flight would cost around 1500 francs, or about $110, so that taxiplanes aren't the cheapest method of travel imaginable.

Such air vehicles are nothing more than air jitneys, and they contribute little to the growth or development of aviation; for, as has been said before, it is by trade alone that aviation will develop. Sir Alan Anderson, another British aviation authority, has laid down three axioms in support of his contention that the best aviation ideal to follow in planning future air policies is to become air traders as soon as possible and to adopt the organization most likely to lead to this goal. These are his axioms:

So long as the air is a military element the money column in the government's air account is a record of expense always growing as air business expands.

As soon as air trade can be made to pay this burden on the treasury is converted into income and air trade begins to maintain our air defense.

The nation which is supreme in air trade will be mistress of the air in war.

His axioms are merely an echo of the report made by the director of our own air service to the Secretary of War.

Germany has been no trailing arbutus in the matter of aviation, though her style has been considerably cramped by her lack of knowledge as to just how many machines she could operate under the terms of the peace treaty. Representatives of leading French aviation companies attempted to reach an agreement with German companies late in 1920 for a consolidation which would control the mail, freight and passenger traffic from Paris up the coast of Germany and across to Sweden, and from Paris straight across Germany. The ultimate destination of these lines would, of course, be Russia. No agreement could be reached at that time because the Germans didn't know where they stood.

Throughout Germany there is a tremendous interest in aviation, and it is being passionately studied in the feverish German manner. There has been so much demand for information and technical instruction that one Berlin publishing house has recently published forty volumes, averaging more than 200 pages to the volume, on every phase of aëronautic engineering. The French military authorities, in whose ears are constantly ringing the universal German threats against France, declare loudly and continuously that Germany is a distinct menace from the air; that the aviation branch of her forces is being maintained by aviation clubs where pilots and observers are organized in such a way as to be capable of going instantly on a war footing; and that her aviation plants are bending all their efforts toward perfecting far-cruising planes capable of carrying very large loads over great distances in a few hours. These planes, it is claimed, could be converted into very dangerous bombing planes at a moment's notice. This is perfectly true, but it's hard to see any remedy for it. Germany's trains are also getting much better, and they could, of course, be used in carrying troops; but German trains can't be abolished on that account.

The most popular large plane in Germany is the Staaken, a twenty-passenger affair with six motors which is made by the Zeppelin factory, and which the Zeppelins also allow to be made by two or three other companies. This plane has a cruising radius of about 650 miles and a commercial speed of nearly 110 miles an hour. Mid-1921 will see Staakens making the Berlin-London flight in four hours, according to present plans. Other plans call for a fleet of Dutch-built limousine Fokkers carrying seven passengers to run on a regular service between London and Amsterdam, with connections at Amsterdam for Hamburg, Copenhagen and Berlin. The picture of Fokkers dropping down on London aviation fields while British planes can't afford to compete with them is making John Bull send out for headache powders.

The New Trans-European Line

Germany is already connected by a network of air lines, such as those between Augsburg, Munich and Frankfort-on-the-Main; between Berlin and Gelsenkirchen; between Königsberg, Munich and Riga—a three-day train trip and a five-hour plane trip. These are rapidly being linked up in such a manner that one can enter Germany on a main air line and make connections at the principal stops for all sections of the country.

German lines are also operating skittishly between East Prussia and Lithuania, and when Russia is opened the lines are to be extended immediately to Petrograd and Moscow. The fare on the German air line between Königsberg in East Prussia and Vilna in Lithuania—a longer distance than from Paris to Brussels—is 300 marks, or in the neighborhood of five American dollars.

Everything is in readiness for a trans-European line engineered by the Germans. By the time this article appears the line will probably be in operation. The machines used will be Staakens. The distance to be covered is 1200 miles and the flight is to be made by a single machine in one day. Daily flights in each direction are to be made. Buffet refreshments, consisting of light and dark beer—or blond and brunet beer, as the Germans say—and Schweitzer sandwiches will be served to the passengers every two and a half hours. Stockholm, Sweden, is the northern end of this line, and Genoa, Italy, is the southern end. Planes leave Genoa at 6 A.M. and arrive in Munich at 9:10 A.M. They leave Munich at 9:40, reach Berlin at 1 P.M. and leave Berlin at 1:30. Copenhagen is reached at 4 P.M and Stockholm at 9 P.M. The machines are multiple-engined, have gyroscopic stabilizers and powerful searchlights for fog and night flying, and can accommodate twenty passengers comfortably in their luxuriously equipped, large-windowed draft-proof saloons. Thoughtless persons

You Can't Take Welded Steel Apart

When you roll the drawers of a *GF Allsteel* Cabinet into place, you are putting them into a frame of solid steel.

Every joint is welded, no rivets or bolts being used.

This means permanent rigidity. It is impossible for these cabinets to get out of true in service.

They are cross-braced and given strength many times greater than necessary for ordinary use. Even if they are stacked twenty feet high, the bottom drawer will operate with perfect ease.

This same strength of construction is found in every *GF Allsteel* product, from the simplest Filing Tray to the finest article in the line.

The name *GF Allsteel* covers, besides Filing Cabinets and Supplies, a line of Counter Height Files, Safes, Desks, and Shelving.

Our local dealer will gladly demonstrate them or we will send you a catalogue.

The General Fireproofing Company

2108 Trussit Ave. Youngstown, Ohio

Branches: New York Chicago Boston San Francisco Philadelphia Seattle Washington, D. C. Atlanta

Also Makers of Herringbone Rigid Metal Lath, and Other Fireproof Building Materials

GF Allsteel Office Furniture

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor

THIS great group of factories illustrates the gigantic growth of the dollar razor. It was built upon the demand of millions of men who found complete shave satisfaction in the Ever-Ready.

Today this institution stands behind the Ever-Ready Safety Razor with any guarantee which *you yourself* may care to dictate. Either the Ever-Ready fulfils your every conception of a perfect shaving safety razor, or you get your money back.

We prove our confidence in the Ever-Ready Safety Razor by selling the complete outfit for $1.00 under the most sweeping money back guarantee which *you* may choose to set for it.

American Safety Razor Corp'n
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Factories:
New York Toronto London Paris

$1.00 Complete

"The Little Barber in a Box"

will be reminded by signs in Italian, French, German, English and Swedish that it is strictly forbidden to throw beer bottles out of the windows.

The most annoying feature about the ordinary airplane in use to-day is the fact that when anything happens to the engine the plane is forced to descend. Even a plane with two engines must descend when one of the engines goes bad. It can, it is true, keep going a little farther than a plane with only one engine; but it can't keep plowing through the air regardless. It must hunt a landing place and come down. Consequently the airplane designers are devoting all their energies to planes which can keep on going if one engine goes wrong—or two or three engines. The short hauls have little or no interest for the commercial aviation people, so they want machines that will be absolutely dependable for long hauls.

The head of one of the largest French cross-Channel companies, for example, put the matter to me in this way:

"To-day we are carrying a large amount of cross-Channel freight because parcels go so slowly by train and boat. This is due to a shortage of rolling stock, to congestion, to after-war demoralization of everything and to rigid customs examination. Before the war a parcel could be sent to London by boat and train in a day and a half. Now it takes six days. Therefore much is sent by plane. When the service goes back to normal again many companies are bound to suffer. They will then turn to fields where there is less competition. The surest field is, of course, the Atlantic. Planes will cross the Atlantic in twenty hours, which means that no other method of transportation will have a chance. But those planes will be of a sort which do the job even more effectively than our present cross-Channel liners do theirs—more effectively in that they'll never have to descend. The planes on which the designers are working to-day are the ones from which the transatlantic commercial planes will spring."

Accommodations for Twenty

Breguet's Leviathan—pronounced, as I have said, "Lave-ya-tahn"—is one of the most compact big planes ever built. Her spread of wing is seventy-five feet and her length is forty-two feet. She has only one propeller at the front end of her swollen torpedo body. Four 250-horse-power engines, however, are attached to her single propeller shaft. She does her work on three engines and carries the fourth one as a spare. If, while she is in flight, one of the engines starts to go wrong it automatically disconnects itself from the driving shaft. The mechanicians in the engine room at once throw the spare engine into gear and repair the one which disconnected itself. It is possible for the Leviathan to keep flying with only two of her four engines in commission. She carries, with her normal amount of fuel, twenty passengers and 1000 pounds of freight, or forty passengers and a small amount of freight. Loaded for a transatlantic flight, she could only carry her two pilots and two mechanicians, their food, 9400 pounds of gasoline, 600 pounds of oil and 1000 pounds of spare parts; but so loaded she could fly thirty-eight consecutive hours at a speed of 102 miles an hour in windless conditions.

Gianni Caproni, the Italian plane builder, informed me that in his opinion it would be impossible to adhere to the present type of airplane and build larger ones of increased commercial value. They could be built larger, he declared, but they would only carry less and cost more to run because of the large amount of fuel needed. Caproni therefore constructed a new type of plane. It was a big flying boat shaped like a house boat. It had a set of triplanes at the bow, a set in the middle and a set at the stern; but it had no tail for steering purposes. All the steering was done by warping the ailerons. As a result this machine resembled nothing that is now traversing the air lanes, and had a peculiarly clumsy appearance—something like a summer hotel which has cut loose from its moorings and soared aloft.

It was equipped with eight 300-400-horse-power Liberty motors, four being pullers and four being pushers. It ran on five of the eight motors, three of them being used as spares. On the front set of planes there were four propellers, three in front and one behind. On the middle set of planes there were no propellers. On the rear set of planes there were four more propellers, one in front and three behind. Each set of four motors was in charge of a mechanician. The ship carried two pilots, and over the pilots and the mechanicians there was a captain.

The captain had a special cabin of his own; and there, surrounded by his instruments, he issued orders which were carried out by the pilots. Caproni believes that the division of duties on airships will greatly decrease the strain of flying large ships long distances.

The boat was sixty-six feet long. Each of its three planes had a span of 100 feet, and when the boat rested on the water its total height was thirty-two feet. The machine, empty, weighed fourteen tons and could carry a load of ten tons. This, Caproni said, would enable it to carry 100 passengers and about 3000 pounds of freight. So loaded, the ship could travel for six consecutive hours at a speed of ninety miles an hour.

In this article I have touched only on the types of air transports that are being put into regular commercial use, and have purposely refrained from venturing into the speculative side of aviation. To figure out what will happen in three years' or ten years' or twenty years' time is a fascinating and limitless pursuit. One can run hog-wild in the matter of predictions and still be free from scoffing laughter, because, as Mr. Kipling said, we are at the opening verse of the opening page of the chapter of endless possibilities. People even hesitate to burst into raucous merriment when Mlle. Volf, a noted Parisian trance medium, emerged one evening from communion with the spirits or with something and anncunced that in 1935 tourists would forsake ocean travel for airplane trips to Mars, Venus, Saturn and other sky resorts.

No Rates Quoted

The round trip, she stated, would take six days; but she was unable to give the price of a round-trip ticket, since her sources of information had carelessly failed to tip her off to the rates of exchange that would be obtainable on Mars, Saturn and Venus in 1935. She had, however, learned that this travel would be particularly attractive to big-game hunters because of the great amount of game in the giant forests of Saturn. The planet is still rude and uncultured, moreover, and will have no prohibition law in 1935. The whole matter is, as I intimated, perfectly fascinating, though Mlle. Volf, in predicting a six-day round trip to Mars, is presupposing an airplane speed of several hundred thousand miles an hour, and consequently may meet with a few half-hearted objections from more conservative predictors.

The logical means of transatlantic travel would seem to be by dirigible and not by plane. The dirigible cannot compete with the plane for short hauls; but it is difficult to see how the plane can compete with the superior carrying power of the dirigible for long hauls. Air Commodore Maitland, skipper of the R-34, declared that in a very few years large commercial dirigibles should be flying from London to Australia by way of Montreal and Vancouver in about twelve days' time. Such a ship, he said, was under construction at the present time. This dirigible, on the basis of a London-Australia flight, would be capable of accommodating fifty passengers in addition to its crew. It has dining accommodations, comfortable saloons and cabins on top of the ship. Instead of landing as airships land to-day, the airship of the future will fly up to a high tower and drop a cable. This cable will be caught, attached to another cable running up the center of the tower, and the ship will be hauled down to the top of the tower by electricity and held by the nose. Passengers will disembark into the tower and come down in an elevator.

England has complete plans for the linking up of the entire empire with rigid dirigibles, and has a fleet of dirigibles ready to start work. Dirigibles, however, cost $2,000,000 apiece, whereas a luxurious twelve-passenger airplane of French manufacture can be purchased for the equivalent of $15,000. Consequently the civil aviation companies are using and developing the plane and leaving it to the government to toy with the dirigible. That is why this article is devoted to the plane while the dirigible is ignored.

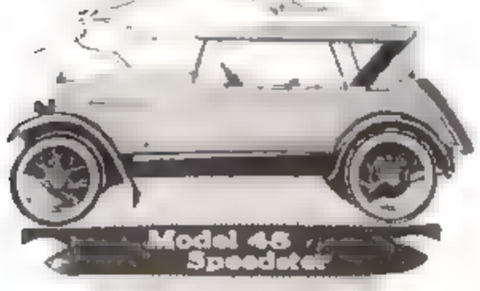
The flying of to-day, however it is approached, is what is technically known as a cinch; and one of its most favorable features is that, though one may not care particularly for it at first, one is always willing to come back for more.

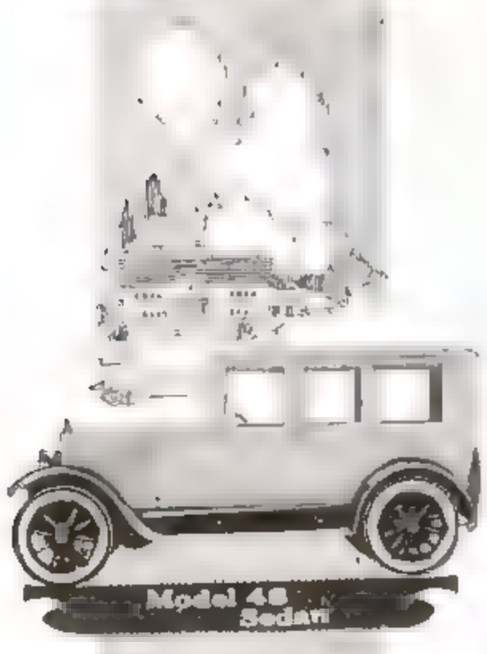
Why You Should Buy a Velie

Because: No matter what type or size of car you desire—open or closed—from the small 2-passenger roadster to the big 7-passenger touring—you will find it in the Velie line. Eight splendid models, all cord equipped; a car for every need or preference: Touring Cars—Sedans—Coupés—Roadsters and Speedsters. Two sizes of chassis; six-cylinder of course.

Because: In the smaller Velie you can have a six-cylinder car at the price of a four. The *added* power—the *greater* economy—the velvety smoothness of six cylinders as compared with four needs no argument. Velie Model 34, completely equipped even to cord tires, is the 1921 wonder of quality at low price. And on performance the gold medal winner of two continents.

Because: If you want a larger six with all the power, all the room and the utmost luxury—qualities you expect in cars costing $2500 or more—you can have it in the Velie Model 48 at many hundreds less. With its great engine; with internally-heated vaporizer burning low-grade fuel; with Timken axles front and rear; Timken bearings all around; with the finest construction in every detail.

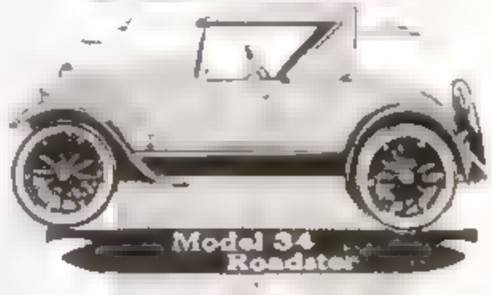




Because: The Velie Sixes hold famous records for economy of fuel, tires and upkeep. *Get the facts.* Velie cars built ten years ago are still in faithful service. The reasons are found in Velie engineering—a mile of Velie factory—and the Velie's cardinal principle of using only such proved units as insure enduring cars.

Because: In style and beauty the Velie is admittedly a leader. The distinctive and envied pattern for long, sweeping, graceful lines. The Velie lasting mirror finish looks bright and new after years of use. Deep, restful upholstery, genuine leather and curled hair in open models; the richest fabrics in the closed. Compare Velie with the highest-priced cars.

Because: When you buy a Velie car you have the satisfaction and the security of a product backed by one of America's largest and most successful manufacturing institutions. In these days of rapidly changing conditions, Velie stability and sound financial position make your purchase doubly desirable.



Finally: See and judge Velie cars for yourself—try them out—compare them point by point. You will be convinced that you should buy a Velie. Catalog for the asking. Why not write today?

"Some Day You Will Drive a Velie"

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION
Moline, Illinois

Velie Six Model 34

SWAMP COLONY

(Continued from Page 11)

for safety. A few blue-wing drakes merely crowded to the far side of a small pond as he passed, observing him closely but without taking wing.

A giant bull moose rose from his bed in the willows, his belly and flanks plastered with the fresh mud of his wallow. The little eyes, set high in the massive head, glared wickedly at the intruder and the big bull popped his thick lips with a sucking intake of breath as the man passed within fifty yards of him. Only the mothers showed concern at his coming, and every stage of his progress down the marsh contributed fresh evidence that birds conquer personal fear in the interests of their young. Fesler noted that here, where man was unaided by trap or gun, he had been relegated to a place among other less dangerous killers, for the ruses which the mother birds practiced upon him now were the same they brought into play to trick their natural enemies of the wild.

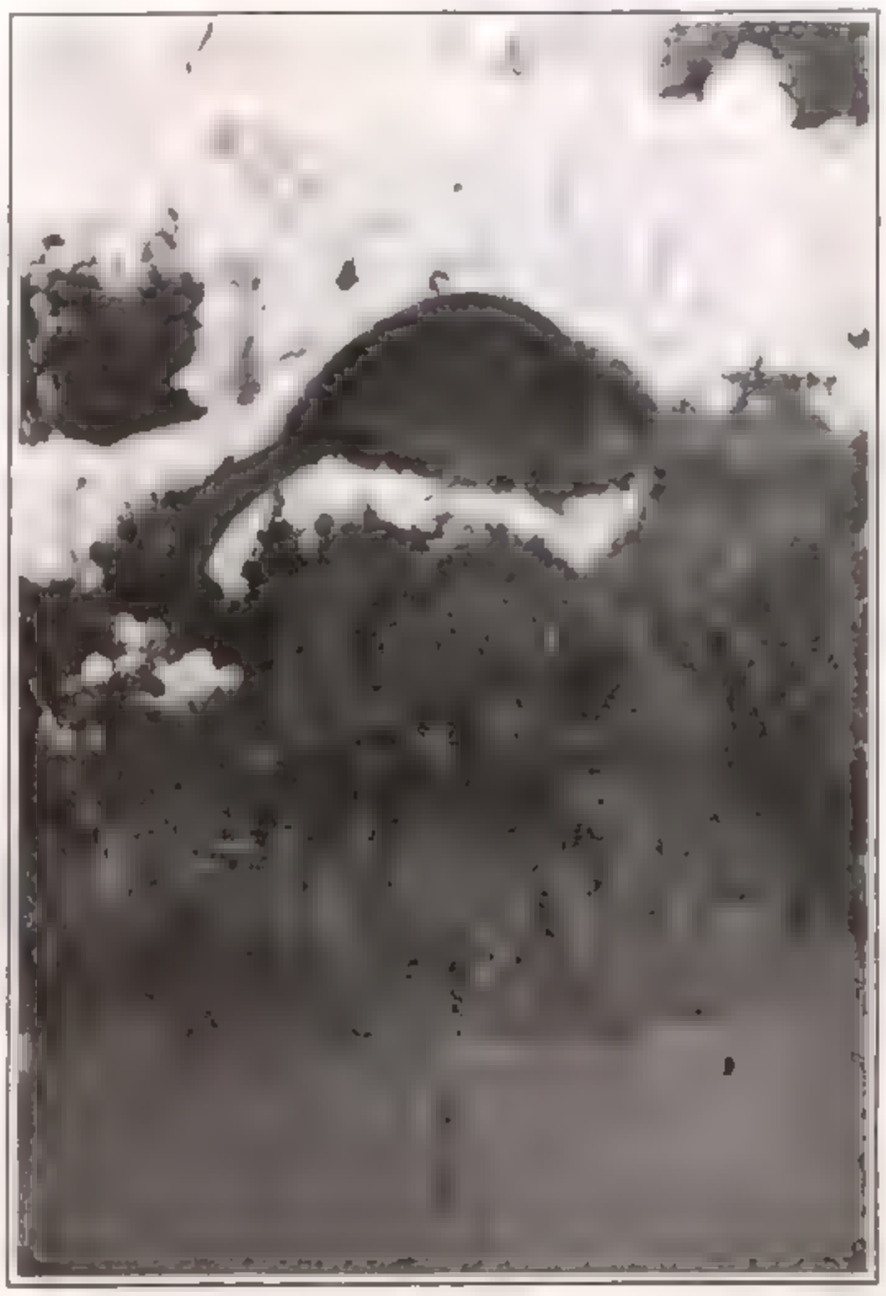
A sandhill crane appeared suddenly before him in a patch of stunted snow willows that grew to his knees. It was all too evident that the stately gray bird had suffered a broken leg and a fractured wing. When she attempted to move off her leg buckled under her weight, and when she spread her wings to take the air one of the broad sails whirled crazily. She lurched down and flapped helplessly in his path, but when he advanced to seize her she found strength to struggle on. Fesler humored her and allowed himself to be lured step by step away from the two helpless babies in the nest. At last she set sail for the crest of a knoll, from which point of vantage she witnessed the departure of the enemy she had so easily tricked, preening her gray plumes with placid satisfaction.

He reached the edge of a small sheet of water backed up into the grass by a play dam built by the beaver kits. A blue-wing teal flew toward him and fell to the water ten feet from his stand, uttering plaintive cries of distress totally unlike her usual duck notes. Tiny rustlings on the opposite side testified to the fact that eight or more ducklings were caching their small bodies in the rank grass. The old duck flopped past him, inviting the man to follow her and capture her at will. He stood his ground for a period of ten minutes, and three times the distracted bluewing returned to drop to the water and go through all the fluttering tremors of approaching death. Three times she died before his eyes, only to revive and leave for another trial. Then he departed and left her in peace. Some minutes later the rustles in the rank grass were renewed as the ducklings rallied toward the mother's soft call.

The young of the golden-eye were well feathered out and the old duck had led them out to the main beaver pond. They showed little fear of the man and moved slowly toward the opposite shore, turning frequently to paddle back a few strokes in his direction and regard him curiously. The pond was quiet, not the stroke of a tail or the furrow of a head to mar the placid surface, for Matakinoo's family had sought shelter inside at his approach.

With the first crisp cold nights of fall Matakinoo showed signs of reviving ambition and made several tentative starts toward raising the dam, but desisted after each half-hearted effort. Perhaps he was but estimating and blocking out his work in advance. He was now entering upon the second season of the beaver, the period of ceaseless activity and constructive work. An early snow fell and the cold that followed it spread paper ice round the still margins of the pools at night. Then Matakinoo began his work in earnest.

He felled aspens, willows and cottonwoods, cut them into sections and rafted them to the dam. These were placed with the butts upstream and the brushy ends protruding below. As they were laid he tore up great chunks of mud and sod and chinked the crevices between. The pond side of the dam sloped gently from base to crest and answered a double purpose. It furnished an easy route for a beaver emerging with a load, and also it was subjected to far less strain than would have been the case had a flat side been presented to the tremendous pressure of the water stored behind it.



Matakinoo Crawled Out Upon a Hummock and Looked Off Across a White World

The water level was always flush with the new layer and flowing softly over, so that Matakinoo had no dead weight to lift above the water line when he came out with a load. He swam easily with great chunks of mud gripped between his forefeet and as he reached the dam he shoved this out ahead of him. When he crawled out on the dam his broad tail dragged flat behind him and served to trowel down the rounded upstream edge of it. Matakinoo did not use his tail as a paddle with which to pat down the mud, as has been reported of his tribe, but instead he packed it in place with his feet; the tail, pressed flat as he worked, troweled smooth the surface and eliminated any inequalities that might be presented to the sheet of water that flowed over the dam.

Matukin and the kits worked with him, and in the course of a week their combined efforts had raised the elevation of the dam a foot above its former level and backed a sheet of water a full hundred yards farther up the meadow.

It reached a level where the overflow found a different spillway off to the south through the willow jungle, following a depression some ten yards across till it reached a broad grassy swale flanked by willow, birch and alder.

Night after night the two yearlings disappeared down the overflow spillway through the swamp. Twice Matakinoo joined them and helped with the construction of a dam across the mouth of the swale, and soon it was a marsh no longer but a beaver pond of fair dimensions. The yearlings did not build a house that fall, but instead elected to fashion a home in the bank, their entrance a tunnel whose mouth was three feet under water. This led up to underground chambers above water level, with branching galleries and two exits above ground in clumps of willow brush.

The bite of frost turned the green swamp into a riot of blending hues; the soft yellow and wine tints of the snow willows were torn by vivid splashes of crimson and rolled away to where vast banks of orange and vermilion on distant sidehills marked the location of quaking-asp jungles framed between green walls of spruce.

The beaver house was raised to accord with the new level, and Matakinoo set about storing away his winter food cache. He felled many quaking aspa on the slope. In cutting these he notched them to weaken first on the side where he wished them to fall. Always they were ringed clear round the trunk, carefully undermined so as not to fall till sufficient wood had been cut away to insure that the remaining core would snap and bounce free of the stump. In perhaps one case out of twenty this object failed and the butt was still attached to the stump. When this event came to pass Matakinoo never severed the few remaining fibers by which it adhered, but chose instead a new spot along the fallen trunk and set about cutting it through.

It may be that when the teeth of a beaver slice across these last few fibers, bent under great strain, the slivers whip erect as suddenly released springs and lacerate his mouth; or perhaps he dreads the action of the tree butt when suddenly freed of the stump, not knowing whether it will rebound and its end be driven straight back, spring into the air, or take a mighty sweep to the right or left according to the pressure exerted by limbs cramped against other trees or doubled beneath against the ground. There are several contingencies, but whatever the cause, it is certain that a beaver will seldom sever the strained wood fiber by which a fallen trunk cleaves to the stump, but elects instead to perform the arduous labor of cutting it through at some other point.

Matakinoo worked these green logs into sections and rafted them to a point near the house, there to let them sink to the floor of the pond, for a green aspen log will not float. To make doubly sure he tamped one end with mud. He varied his cache by storing away willow and alder, the butts of the saplings secured in the mud while the brushy tips broke the surface, interlacing the whole of it in such fashion as to preclude possibility of its drifting away. At last his cache stood complete.

This was his cold-storage plant. The clear icy water would preserve the tender green bark.

A heavy snow blanketed the swamp with white. It melted off in the bottoms but lay deep in the higher hills. The cold clamped down and sheeted the ponds with rubber ice at night, and the sun and wind cleared them again by day. Matakinoo's activities had slackened and he waited now for the third season of his tribe, the long period of under-ice operations, when for months at a time he would never see the open. Occasionally he added a stick to the cache.

South-bound flyers poured into the swamp. Open hunting territory commenced a few miles down country and the dull pound of the shotguns of hunters on the Snake drifted faintly to the swamp. The migrants soon learned the dead line from the actions of residents of the sanctuary. Matakinoo's marsh literally swarmed with ducks as the birds banked up in the haven where no gun was fired, tarrying till such time as a cold wave should send them scurrying off on one more lap of the long journey into the south.

There came a day of light snowfall, and when Matakinoo emerged in the evening the skies were smoky and gray. Great ricks of fog and low-hanging clouds obscured the saw teeth of the mighty Tetons. For just an instant the sun pierced the pall of mist that shrouded Mount Moran, outlining the fluted edges of the cloud banks with white and gold, then winked out, to appear no more for seven days. The air was still, without even an eddying breeze to ripple the dead calm, and Matakinoo sensed that the first flurry of flakes had been but the forerunner of a heavy storm. The migrants bunched to leave Raft after raft of ducks lifted from the marsh and headed into the south. It was high time that all hands should be at work.

Matakinoo and his mate carried soft mud and plastered the house above the water line. As they crawled up its sides, forefeet laden with mud, the flat tails dragged behind and troweled the droppings of the present load and the deposits of preceding ones sleek and smooth. A white pall cut off the view of the Tetons as the storm swept across the lake. For four days it snowed without a break, apparently lifting at times, the swirl of flakes thinning out perceptibly, only to be renewed with a smother of white.

At last the snowfall ceased, but the skies were still overcast when Matakinoo crawled out upon a hummock and looked off across a white world. But always, even in the dead of winter, the swamps of the high country have a trace of color. Acres of willows, their twigs tipped with red, showed above the snow and cast a rosy luster against its white background; a jungle of quaking asp loomed in tints of pale olive gray; thickets of alder were a deeper shade of the same with a hint of mauve; and scattered clumps of dwarf birch showed brown.

Ice coated the pond near the margins, but the center was clear. Matakinoo smoothed down the plaster, channeled by rivulets of melting snow that had trickled down the sides of the house, adding a touch of fresh mud here and there. A chill tightened down and the margin of ice crept out into the pond. Matakinoo returned to the comfortable retreat on the inner platform, and while he slept an icy blast out of the north coated the pool with four inches of ice and froze the mud plaster of the house into an iron shell that precluded the possibility of enemies' tearing their way in through the walls.

Successive snows added their layers to the first and when Fesler came again the swamp seemed a great white plain, the dwarf willows buried beneath six feet of snow, and he traveled on webs above their tops. The teeming life of a few months past was gone. The few scattered moose seemed the only living creatures left in the swamp, for these long-legged monsters could buck the drifts where other hoofed game could not travel. They browsed the tips of alder and willow and found food in plenty. The beaver house was a white mound that rose a few feet above the surrounding plain. Warm air, generated by the living bodies within the house, had seeped through the lattice of the top and honeycombed the snowcap with air holes.

Two days after Fesler's visit a hunting coyote crossed downwind from the frozen pond, stopped suddenly with uplifted forefoot as a hot scent drifted to his nose. He turned and traced it upwind to the beaver house. The yellow wolf pawed away two feet of packed snow and applied his nose to a crevice in the top. He inhaled deeply. Here was live meat! For an hour he scouted the neighborhood for some means of entrance through which to reach his prey, frequently returning to sniff explosively at the hot meat scent rising from below. He gave it up eventually and departed.

Matakinoo lived bountifully on the fruits of past labors, slept long hours earned by previous periods spent in toil, and while he alternately slumbered and feasted the prowling folk of the white world outside felt the pinch of famine. Weasels, as white as the snow banks over which they traveled, left their tracks from one brush pile to the next as they sought for rabbits that might have burrowed there. The looping, twisting tracks of hunting coyotes marked the surface of the swamp, and lynx and marten scoured the timbered slopes. Every killer ceaselessly followed the meat trail and grew lean and desperate under the lash of hunger.

Matakinoo was roused from a long nap by the splintering of wood and the grind of

(Continued on Page 59)

Painted by Edward V. Brewer for American Range & Foundry Company, Minneapolis, Chicago, East St. Louis

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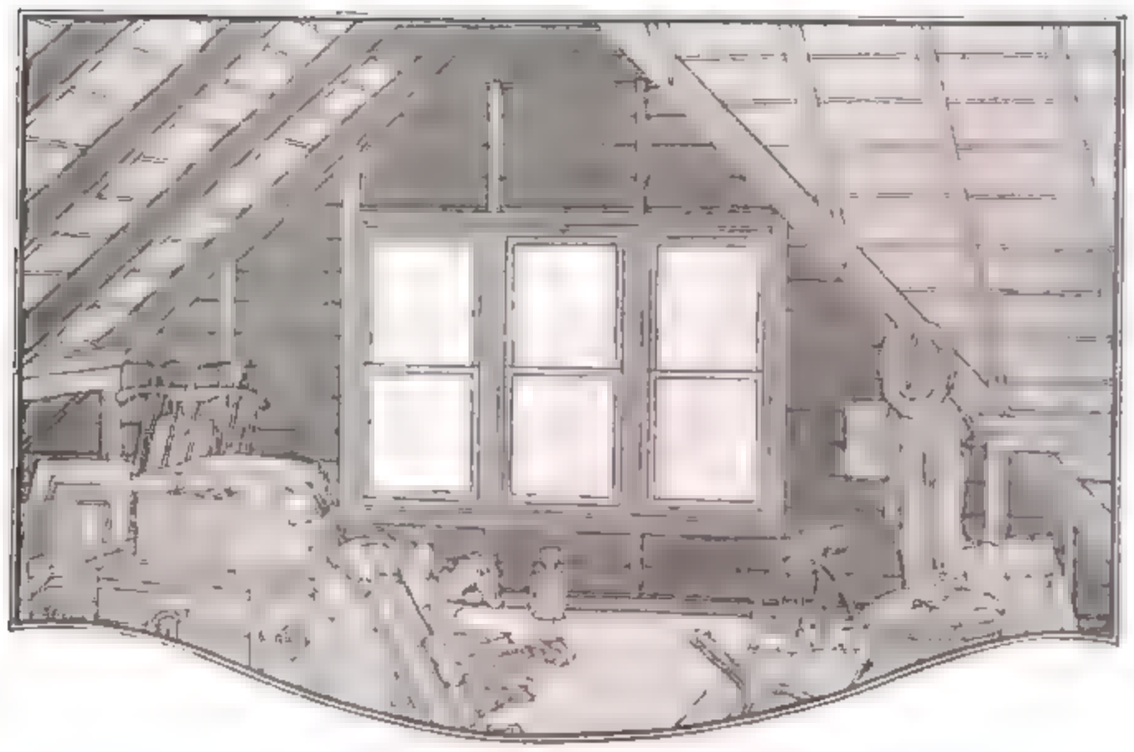

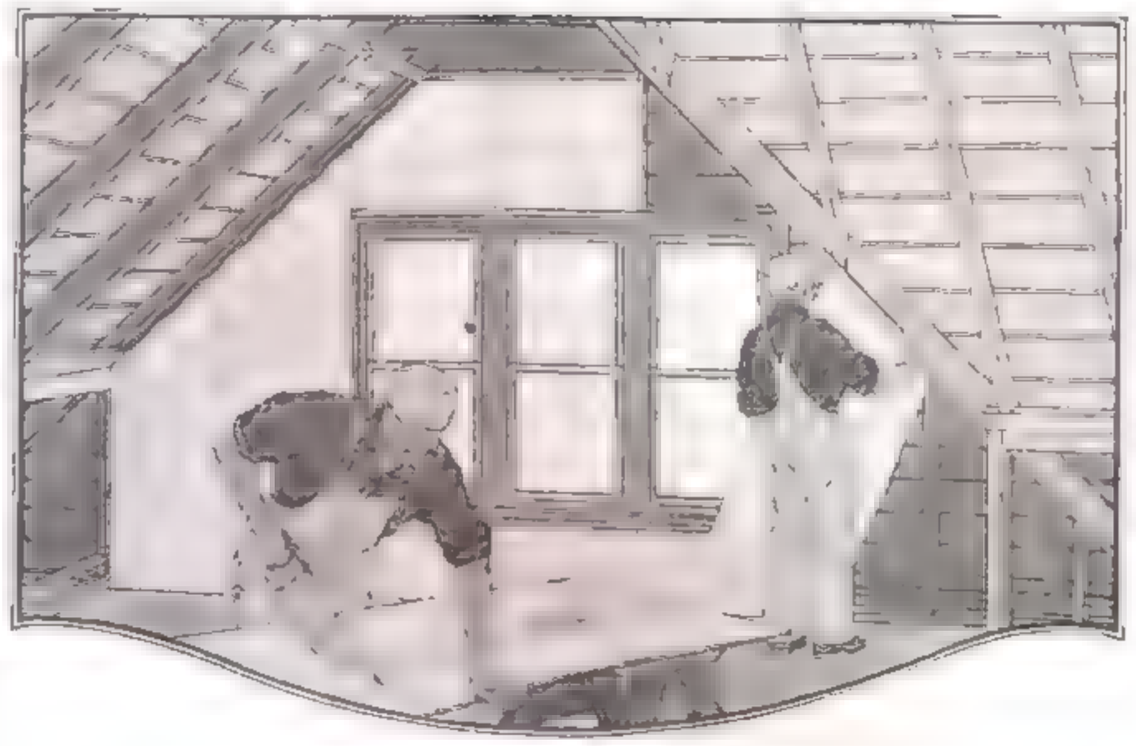

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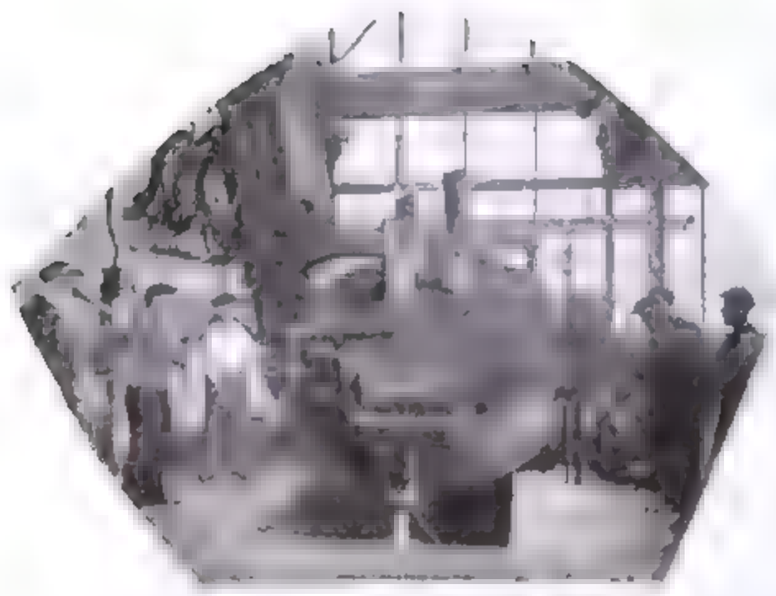

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(Continued from Page 54)

teeth from overhead. The coyote had returned and settled to the task of gnawing through the top of the house. The beaver felt but little concern, for the lattice was a foot in depth, closely interwoven, and the ends of the sticks were wedged solidly. The coyote easily sheared off the brushy ends of the limbs that formed the crest and protruded at all angles. Below these he struck two-inch saplings, tough and springy, which refused to give way as he tugged and wrenched at them with every ounce of his strength. He gnawed on through, but both ends were still wedged and he was forced to cut the same stick again. Matakinoo slid down the water-filled tunnel and rose to the under edge of ice. A dim greenish light pervaded the scene and he made a tour of the pond. A kit worked at the cache, busily engaged in cutting off a length of willow to be carried back to the platform.

The head of the colony moved down to the dam and skirted it. Little furrows had been channeled across its top beneath the ice and these served as outlets for the surplus overflow. Matakinoo felt the need of air and headed for a dark spot in the ice. A muskrat had fashioned a feeding place of his own by cutting up through the solid ice to the snow line. He had opened a shelf on which he rested, and the air filtered down to him through the porous snow. He brought to this spot the grass roots, willow twigs or water plants uprooted from the floor of the pond, eating the best parts and pushing the refuse above him into the snow. From this habit of disposing of his waste, rather than by dumping it back into the pond, these winter lairs of the muskrats are known as push-ups to those who follow the trap line.

Matakinoo thrust his nose to the hole and refilled his lungs with air. The little animal on the shelf crowded away to the far side of his retreat as the great head blocked his exit, his mouth opened wide in a warning that he was prepared to defend himself. Although he was well aware that the beaver intended no harm he could not repress a start each time a head suddenly blocked the doorway of his ice palace. There were scores of these breathing holes scattered round, for Matakinoo's pond and marsh swarmed with rats since the trap lines had been pulled, and each one fashioned a push-up for his private feeding ground.

Even without these aids to breathing Matakinoo was capable of traveling long distances under the ice or working for a considerable period far from an air hole. When in need of air he simply shoved his nose against the solid ice and expelled the air from his lungs. This exhalation formed an air bubble, which clung to the under edge of the ice, purified by the contact, and he refilled his lungs with it. Each time he lost a little and was soon forced to repair to a push-up to replenish the supply.

He toured the pond for an hour, then stopped at the cache and cut off a section of willow, which he carried back to the house. As he peeled the bark from it and feasted contentedly on the platform the grind of teeth reached his ears from above, for the yellow wolf still sought to work his way through to the live meat inside. After working for two hours without making any particular headway he desisted.

Throughout the winter there were other killers that sought to gain entrance. Twice some prowling lynx paused to give a few tentative scratches at the lattice. A dozen coyotes visited the spot, and occasionally one worked to tear out the woven work with his teeth. Even if these efforts had succeeded the killer would have found the house deserted, for every well-ordered beaver colony has its emergency quarters. At three different points in the bank there were tunnels that led to underground chambers above the water line. At times one or more of the kits moved out of the main house to take up temporary quarters in one of the safety tunnels.

The days lengthened and early chinooks packed and settled the drifts. Trickling seeps of water rotted the ice under the snow, and Matakinoo emerged one day from an air hole for a survey, his first appearance above the ice for several months. The white glare dazzled his eyes and he sat on the very edge of the hole, prepared to make his plunge at the first intimation of danger. As his pupils became readjusted to the light he saw queer little mounds rising above the surrounding flats. Some of these showed black on top, while in others the snowcaps were merely cracked both ways, as the earth bursts from upthrusting sprouts in the spring. These mounds were the push-ups of the muskrats, where for months they had thrust the refuse of their meals into the snow above the ice. Now the settling drifts fell away from them and left the push-ups standing out in relief; later, when the snowcaps burst, they would show as so many black points against the white.

There was little sign of life, the sounds only those of the elements. The ice in the lake was breaking up under the drive of the wind and the grinding crash of huge cakes sounded incessantly as the gale shoved succeeding layers up the sloping shores. The whole earth trembled to the roar of an avalanche as a mighty snow comb gave way on an overhanging rim of the Tetons, struck the abrupt slope below and roared on to the bottoms, thousands of tons of rocks and snow shearing all in the path of the slide, cutting a swath through the trees and piling débris to the depth of a hundred yards in the bottom of a gorge. For two weeks there was only the grind of the ice cakes out in the lake, the rumbling boom of slides in the Tetons.

Then a squadron of gray geese winged up the lake, their clamorous honking echoed by oncoming hordes behind. Waterfowl poured into the swamp in endless thousands, some pairing off to mate, while the skies were streaked with migrants that swept on to the north without a halt. The nights were filled with the hiss of unseen wings and the gabbling converse of feathered multitudes. There were four spring kits in Matakinoo's house; and his first grandchildren had been born into the world a month before, for the two beaver who had fashioned a pool on the overflow spillway down the swale had brought forth their first pair of kits.

Fesler knew well the ways of the beaver, and upon this little settlement, a tiny spot in the vastness of the Moran Swamp, he built high hopes for the future. Where other species have been thinned almost to the vanishing point the few surviving individuals seem to lose all hope, and even though protected they fail to increase, their scattered ranks diminish yearly, till at last the remnants are blotted out; but the beaver has put up a game fight against tremendous odds, seems never to give up the battle, and wherever a pair remain they stage a surprising comeback.

Five years from the spring that marked the start of the first offshoot colony in the swale Matakinoo could travel two miles up Second Creek through a solid series of beaver ponds. Off to the right and left each overflow spillway had been dammed and colonized in turn. Two small settlements had sprung up on Pilgrim Creek and the total increase for the season numbered better than a hundred kits.

Another ten years and Fesler stood one day on the timbered ridge that flanked Matakinoo's pool. The scene he had pictured a decade before now unrolled before his eyes in actuality. The ice was gone from the running streams and it was but a few days prior to the break-up of the ice on the ponds. Already they showed stripe of open water above the dams. The beaver workings extended pool upon pool up the country. The waters of Pilgrim and Second Creeks met and mingled in a dozen channels out in the country that had once separated their respective beds. Every swale and depression had been dammed and flooded. Overflow colonists had built their dams on every stream that tumbled down out of the Tetons across the lake, and bank beaver had tunneled the shores of timbered islands.

Step by step Fesler had watched the reversal of an ancient rule, had seen the wild folk beat back till they had once more come into their own in the Moran Swamp. Waterfowl nested there in thousands since the beaver pools had reappeared. Mink left their tracks on every stream and at least two families of otter denned in the swamp. From where Fesler stood the black dots against the dirty white of melting ice and snow marked the push-ups of a thousand muskrats; and he wondered how all these wild things would meet the calamity about to be thrust upon them by the hand of man.

Down on the Snake below the outlet engineers worked on a tremendous dam of concrete and steel, intent on backing up a body of water in imitation of the beaver, but of far grander proportions than ever were conceived by the original engineers of the lakes and streams. A high-water line had been surveyed and it crossed through the swamp some three miles above Matakinoo's home pool. The beaver had learned to gauge the elements and defy them, to offset the rush of spring freshets and the blight of summer drought, to set at naught the howling winters of the high country and to hedge himself about with all manner of precautions against attack by natural enemies. How would he meet the coming upheaval? Would he give up the fight in the face of this unprecedented thing or bring his resourcefulness into play in an effort to offset the damage?

Matakinoo came forth to inspect his dam in the early evening. There was an open lane of water along its face and he followed this easy route on his tour of inspection. He suddenly bared his teeth and turned straight to the dam. A beaver had clawed up a mud pile midway of the structure, and this sign heap was rank with the scent of a strange boar beaver, a renegade. Matakinoo scoured the neighborhood for the intruder, but without success. He knew, however, that the renegade, unless merely passing through the neighborhood, would come again.

The beaver of a colony do not fight among themselves, yet the trappers take many spring pelts that have been slit to tatters by razor teeth. This work they attribute to the renegades. Those who should know assert that when a mated pair is once broken the survivor will never remate, hence the number of lone beaver that live hermit lives along the watery highways. Yet it is probable that these wanderers would remate if they should chance across a stray of the opposite sex. It may even be the longing for a mate that urges the renegades to invade established settlements; that it is the knowledge of this fact and the urge to protect his own that leads the head of the colony to fall upon the stray boar who dares enter his domain and either slay him or drive him forth.

Matakinoo grunted savagely as he made his rounds. He returned to the house, but restlessness caused him to turn out. By some mishap a boar beaver had lost his mate, perhaps at the hand of a poacher or by the swift rush of a coyote or cougar, and now he was an unattached wanderer in the swamp—and he had left his sign on Matakinoo's dam.

Toward morning the old beaver heard the slap of a strange tail on the surface of the lane of open water and he headed for the spot. There was a fresh sign heap on the dam. The intruder crawled out upon the ice as the head of the colony approached. Matakinoo followed and lunged for him. The renegade met him with a hoarse grunt of anger and a side swing of his head that drew his teeth across Matakinoo's chest and opened a six-inch gash. By a downward strike the old boar sliced to the bone along the renegade's neck. All up and down the ice they battled, a frenzied fight without quarter, and the white sheet was splotched with red.

The big rodents did not fight with driving fangs that clamped and tore, after the fashion of the killers, but struck always with a side slash of head that brought into play the cutting edge of their teeth, and every blow that reached its mark left a slit through hide and flesh as if inflicted by a knife. Matakinoo was an old boar, heavier than his enemy, and this extra weight behind his teeth operated in his favor. He rushed the renegade to the water's edge and the invading beaver reared up on his tail. Only a lightning shift of his head prevented his throat from being slit by the colonist's teeth. The weight of the impact overthrew him and he slid from the ice, turned tail and fled, crawled over the dam and made off downstream.

Matakinoo's pelt was slashed to ribbons and he was weakened by loss of blood. The long dive back to the house through the icy water stopped the flow. He was quiet for several days, moving about but little, and nursing a score of rents in his hide. The gashes were rapidly healed and at the end of a week he was as fit as ever before.

In late summer the water of the lake began to rise steadily at the rate of two inches a day. The gravel bars that spread out from the outlet of the little creek were covered and the water backed up for fifty yards within the mouth of the stream itself. This alteration of old-established levels was incomprehensible to Matakinoo, for it was contrary to all that he knew of natural laws. This time of year was one of low water, yet the level of the lake rose

(Continued on Page 62

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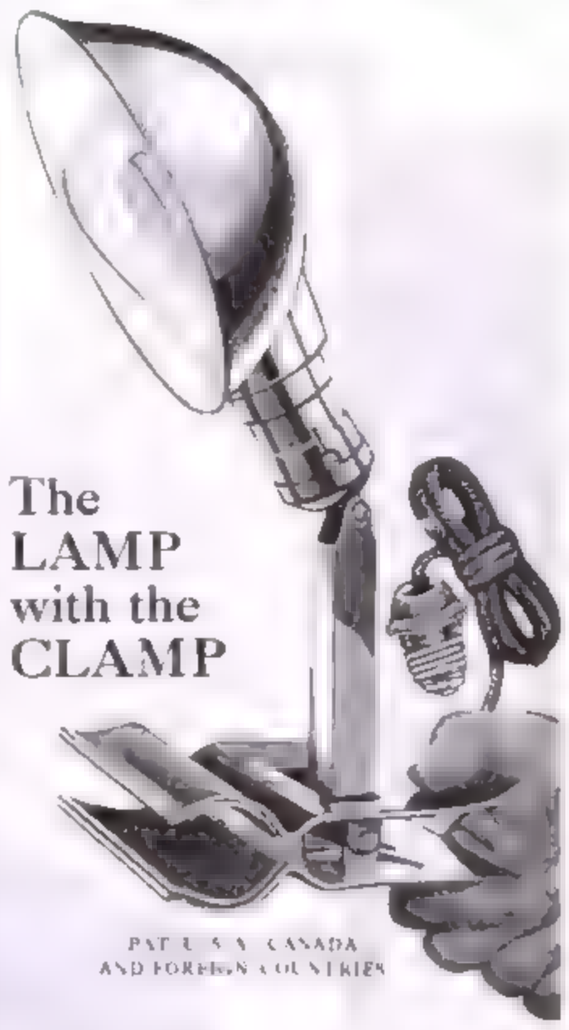

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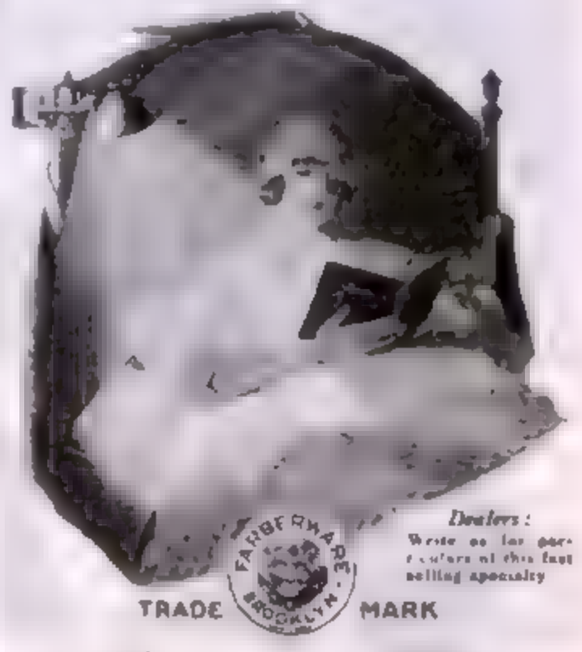

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Address

(Continued from Page 59)

steadily till it passed the high-water mark of the spring, when the incoming rush of freshets from melting drifts piled up more rapidly than the outlet carried it off. Always in the spring the surface of the lake was a few inches higher. But now, in drought season, the flood tide past, it reached a point three feet above any former shore line. Matakinoo had spent his life studying the action of water, and he knew that the trouble came from below. Its rise was the same as when beaver threw some obstruction across the course of a marshy swale and flooded it.

Frequently he dropped downstream to seek the cause of the flood, turned off and followed the shore line of the lake. He met other exploring colonists on his travels, and they, too, sensed that the trouble came from below, for not one investigator worked up toward the head of the lake. None went so far as to reach the great pile of concrete and steel that blocked the outlet. The rise was suddenly checked and for a week the water remained at one level as part of the spillways were left open in order to avoid throwing too great a strain upon the new dam until it was thoroughly tested out. Then the inexplicable rise set in again as more headgates were closed.

This testing process kept up till fall and instead of a trickling stream below Matakinoo's home pool the water had backed up to the foot of his dam and flooded through the willow far out to each side. Here the rise was arrested and for a month the level remained the same. Cold days came and the colonists laid in their food cache and made all snug for the winter. Ice coated the pond and Matakinoo's family retired for the long shut-in period. Within a month the level of the lake began to change once more. The vast sheet of water, fifteen miles in length, rose steadily at the rate of five inches a day.

Matakinoo could not know that the backwater crawled higher along the outside face of his dam. The first intimation of approaching disaster was the lifting of the water in his doorway, rising till it lapped the edge of the platform. He made a hurried dive outside. He had known other winters when intense cold had blocked the flow of water across the dam and caused a slight and temporary lifting of the pond level. This had been infrequent and of brief duration, for the ice would, of natural consequence, lift with the water and the flow be promptly resumed. The ice had already lifted from the dam when he neared it, but there was no outward rush of water. Instead, the top of the dam was completely submerged, water without and within, and an almost imperceptible current had set in from the direction that had formerly been downstream.

Matakinoo patrolled the pond for two days and his worried family kept ever on the move. The ice buckled and cracked from the heaving pressure from below and the living platform of the house was flooded.

Then the old beaver set about tearing out the roof. All hands worked feverishly at raising the shelter. They logged in the dead of winter, skidding their material across ice and snow and tearing up mud from the floor of the pond. The sides of the house were carried up, the platform raised above water level, and the top rethatched; not so securely as before, yet the place was livable.

That was the start of a desperate fight to survive. Again the room was flooded, and again the house was raised. Matakinoo tried the safety tunnels under the banks, but they were water-filled to the topmost galleries. Heavy snows fell in quick succession and packed layer upon layer across the hills. All round the lower fringe of the swamp beaver were turning out to wage a frenzied losing fight against a winter flood. A dozen colonies were raising houses, logging in bitter temperatures, fashioning skid trails over ice and snow for the transporting of materials. Then another score of settlements were reached by the backwater, and the colonists turned out to join the struggle.

Eventually there were five hundred beaver deprived of shelter.

A coyote on the meat trail passed through the swamp, pounced upon a yearling beaver and voiced his surprise at finding the country alive with easy meat. Another answered. For a week the killers rallied to this easy hunting ground, draining in from all directions till a score of them prowled the swamp, and the nights echoed to the howls of the little yellow wolves.

Matakinoo's house was raised a third time, and two kits were missing after the completion of the task. Silent shapes moved over the snow in the willow jungle, ever alert for a beaver that should crawl through a hole in the ice and attempt to cut off a stick in the swamp.

Again the water lapped the edge of the platform, covered it and rose slowly toward the roof of the house. A dozen times Matakinoo ventured forth, but the prowling killers in the willows forced him to retreat. Twice he managed to fell small willows during the absence of the coyotes from his immediate vicinity, but was unable to do a stroke of repair work. He waited only for a chance to leave, and while he waited the water rose till there was but a breathing space in the top of the house. At last he found opportunity for a break, and made off across the ridge. There were hundreds of snug settlements farther up the swamp, safe above high-water line, but he knew he could not refuge there. The members of each colony, intent upon self-preservation, would drive him forth.

The surface of the lake was a rough white plain, the thick ice buckled and overlapped in spots from the lifting pressure of the water. Matukin waddled close behind him, followed by two surviving kits, as he headed for a tree line that marked a timbered island. Coyotes howled from the swamp, but none picked up the hot trail of the fugitives out on the open ice, and the little procession reached the timber.

The greater part of the island was already flooded, and huge upthrust blocks of ice were gorged among the tree trunks. The snow lay five feet on the level through the timber and Matakinoo burrowed into the heavy drifts, then tunneled for fifty yards till he found himself in a tangled log jam, buried deep beneath the snow. Here he fashioned living quarters among the roots and trunks of the blowdown.

All round the edge of the swamp beaver were proving their ingenuity, their right to survive through ability for prompt adaptation to conditions. On the islands and on the timbered ridges, along overhanging banks, among the gorges of ice jams and the snow-covered windfalls they brought their engineering skill into play in fashioning some sort of shelter against natural enemies and the elements; working, fighting, determined to survive.

Matakinoo constructed a tunnel deep under the snow. It led to a point near a mighty cottonwood whose trunk stood in twenty feet of water. He set to work and cut this off at the ice line and the tree served as a food cache for the family. The cold was intense, the ice of the lake very thick, and now the gradual rise of the water carried the crust up with but few breaks. Matakinoo cut another tree when the ice line was some three feet higher; a third when it had been elevated again. The family constructed two hundred yards of galleries leading to various points that afforded either food or shelter.

The coyotes commenced hunting these outlying points. There were dark moving specks out on the white expanse of frozen lake of nights, and slinking shapes prowling through the timber of the islands.

There came a night when Matakinoo moved down a gallery and thrust his head out above the snow for a survey of the surroundings before venturing out to cut off a stick from a felled cottonwood. One of the kits was before him, working swiftly at a two-inch limb. A shadowy form leaped and struck. Matakinoo returned to his den under the windfall and the yellow wolves feasted on the hot meat of a carcass that a few moments past had been his son. Two nights later the last kit went forth to feed, and returned no more.

A pair of hunting coyotes lurked in the vicinity for a week in their efforts to catch one of the old beaver above the snow. When Matakinoo suspected they were near he remained in his icy chambers, feeding on the trunks of such deciduous trees as he could find by tunneling; when the coyotes moved off he made hasty trips outside to cut off the limbs of a cottonwood. Often he heard the sniffs of the killers as they applied their noses to the air holes that led up through the snow above the windfall. They dug down into the drifts and broke through into several of his galleries.

At last the dog coyote dipped down in search of him. The air currents that drifted through the frozen tunnels carried his scent to Matakinoo, and he backed into the passage leading to his den in the log jam. There the coyote came upon him and in this restricted passage, where the yellow wolf must crouch almost flat in order to move, he met in Matakinoo a different sort of antagonist from a beaver caught out in the open—and he was aware of it. It is this reasoning intelligence which has enabled the coyote tribe to survive where others of the wild have gone. The bulk of the old boar blocked the passage and his great yellow teeth were ready for his enemy. There was but one possible mode of attack, a clash of teeth on teeth, and the coyote had no intention of risking it. For half an hour he snarled and baited his intended victim, but Matakinoo held his ground till the yellow wolf retreated down the passage.

Fesler scoured the lake on webs and found ample evidence of the resourcefulness of the beaver. There were miles of galleries under the snow and hundreds of cuttings above it.

Later, as the water receded, every stage of the rise was accurately recorded by beaver loggings. The conical stumps of aspen and cottonwood stood as signposts, some a full thirty feet above lake level, as if in some fashion a beaver had climbed the tree and cut it in mid-air. These marked the different ice levels at the time of cutting, thousands of them showing along the shores of the islands.

The break-up of the ice caused wreckage and ruin. Great ricks of trees, their roots undermined by the water, were torn up with the going out of the ice. Thousands of tons of trees lay in tangled masses along the shores or floated in mighty rafts on the surface of the lake. Matakinoo constructed quarters in the bank, and here Matukin's four kits were born. The waters of the lake receded as the headgates at the dam were opened to permit the escape of additional flow, and Matakinoo now faced a reversal of his previous problems. The recession left his entrance above the water line and he constructed another below it. This in turn was left high and dry, a gaping hole in the bank, and he fashioned a third. In this manner he followed the water level down as it receded till he had a series of galleries one above the other.

Scarcely had he completed the last and lowest of these when the fall of the water was arrested, hung for two weeks at the same level, then began once more to climb. Step by step he retraced his course, making use of the succeeding dwellings he had fashioned on the recession of this insane lake that defied all natural laws. Eventually he occupied the den he had first completed in the early spring.

It was when the lake was once more frozen over and the snow lay deep in the hills that Matakinoo made his last pilgrimage.

Two dark specks traveled over the white surface of the lake, reached the southeast shore and ascended the timbered slope. From miles behind them a coyote howled as he struck the warm trail on the ice—the same coyote that, some few days past, had made a meal on the last of Matukin's kits.

It may be that in some dim recess of Matakinoo's mind there lingered a recollection of a spot where scarcity of water prevailed, a contrast to the recent floods. He had frequently demonstrated that his was a reasoning brain. The ancient pair came out on the shores of a land-locked pool. A white mound in its center denoted the site of a massive beaver house. The coyote howled again, this time but a mile down the timbered slope. Matakinoo burrowed in the snow, drifted deep in a willow clump, and uncovered the mouth of a tunnel, partially clogged with leaves and debris. He clawed to free the passage of this accumulated deposit, while Matukin crowded close behind him. At last he broke through and followed down the tunnel. Twenty feet along its course and some six feet underground he reached pond level. Back under the bank it was below frost line and the passage was water-filled. He made his dive and came out under the ice of the pond, with Matukin a close second.

As if following familiar trails they threaded the watery lanes through rank stands of lily stems and reached the entrance to the ancient house. In midsummer, nearly two decades before, they had been driven from this same spot by drought; now, in the dead of winter, they returned to it, driven back by flood. The grizzled pair crawled out upon the spacious platform and grunted contentedly as they settled down to rest. And outside the coyote loosed a long howl from the point where the trail led underground.

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WINNIE AND THE ULTRA-SUPERBA

(Continued from Page 15)

Winnie went to the telephone in the library before greeting her friend, Lady Fasterton, and put in a call to her business friend, gentle Mr. George H. Jay, agent, of Finch Court, Southampton Row.

"Is that Mr. Jay's office, please? Thank you so much. Please, yes—if he is not too busy—yes, Miss O'Wynn. Oh, thank you! Good afternoon, Mr. Jay. Yes, Miss O'Wynn. How do you do? Oh, yes, thank you, Mr. Jay—perfectly well, but I—I—am a little frightened—nervous. Oh, no, nothing painful of that nature, only I have been offered a large sum of money to act for a film, and I don't quite know whether I ought to take it. Oh, yes, you could come round at once, if you liked. You are always so kind to me, Mr. Jay. Oh, no, I have not signed anything at all. The firm is called the Ultra-Superba Film Company, and I really wondered if they were good, honorable people with a proper reputation. Yes, that would be better—if you could inquire a little—and, yes, I would call and see you to-morrow morning—whatever you advise me. Thank you again and again—so kind, so kind always. Good-by."

Winnie hung up and surveyed the instrument with a pensive, blue-eyed smile for a moment.

"Daddy used to say, 'Set a poacher to catch a poacher,'" she said softly, "and that is the same as setting a wolf to catch a wolf. I know that there is something wolfy about Mr. Boldre, no matter how much he may smile or how nicely he may sacrifice to good luck."

She took the big green emerald from her bag and looked at it.

"I always loved emeralds," she said, and slipped it on. "And it will go so well with my hand—when I have had it made smaller."

II

IT WAS ten o'clock precisely on the following morning when Winnie, exquisite in a new, very simple walking costume, arrived at the office of George H. Jay. The agent greeted her very cordially, and though there was caution in his eyes, there was also enough admiration to obscure the caution fairly well. He was as breezy as ever, but his breeziness was balmy with a certain deference. Winnie shook hands.

"I am ashamed to bother you so, Mr. Jay," she said. "But you do understand, don't you? I have so few friends. Sometimes I think I seem almost fated to be always lonely—all alone in this great city—fighting for myself. Do you remember those terrible Ripons? How good you were to me over that matter! I shall never forget it. Were you lucky enough to find out if the Ultra-Superba Film Company is a firm that a little novice could venture to accept work from, please, Mr. Jay?"

Mr. Jay looked serious.

"I've made a lot of inquiries since you rang up, Miss Winnie—a lot of inquiries. I don't mind admitting that I didn't get to bed till half past three this morning. I was out with friends in the cinema business."

Winnie's eyes widened.

"Oh, Mr. Jay, how tired you must be! All for me!"

Mr. Jay laughed his reverberant and jolly laugh.

"That comes in the way of business—all in the day's work, ha-ha! Besides, it was worth it. I found out all we need to know about the firm."

"So soon, Mr. Jay!" marveled Winnie.

"I'm a quick man, you know, Miss Winnie—quick and sure—ha-ha!" Then he became more serious. "I'm puzzled about them," he went on. "You see, they're no good. They haven't any money. And Archer, their manager, may not be a crook. That's how people put it to me when I asked them about him. They all began like that—'Archer? Well, Jay, of course he may not be a crook.' So I pushed my inquiries rather far. In fact, as luck would have it, I got in touch with the man who ran all the office side of their business until Archer discharged him recently. He told me everything."

Mr. Jay lowered his voice.

"My dear Miss Winnie, the Ultra-Superba Film Company is stone dead, and Archer is liable to bolt any day. Their studio at Willesden Green is next door to derelict, the bailiffs are practically in at Archer's flat and the only staff he keeps now is the lady, Miss Allen, who spends most of her time at Archer's flat as housekeeper and occasionally lends him a hand at his office as his secretary. The firm is no good, and I beg you to ignore them and any offers they may make. I am glad—grateful—that you rang me up. I want to see you make a great success in London, Miss Winnie, and if you can only remain as you are now, so fresh, so unspoiled, so natural and ingenuous, it will all come in time. Old George H. Jay is working for you, believe him! It won't be long before he has a position to offer you, if you are still open to one. And if you have a gift for acting—well, we'll see. I didn't know you could act."

"Well, some years ago the vicar wrote a splendid play, and I acted in that, you see, Mr. Jay," said Winnie shyly.

Mr. Jay's mouth went pursy, as if he had bitten upon a lemon-sweet orange in the dark, and he laughed rather hollowly.

"I see, dear Miss Winnie, I see. Well, I shall look out for some nice opening as ingénue. But do keep clear of that Ultra-Superba man. He has no money whatever. Quite dangerous, in fact."

Winnie rose.

"Thank you very much, dear Mr. Jay. I know it seems mercenary to act like that, but they drive one to be mercenary in self-defense, don't they?"

"Yes, indeed, they do—ha-ha—certainly!" agreed Mr. Jay.

But in spite of the agent's alarming advice, Winnie went straight on to the offices of the Ultra-Superba Company, for it was obvious that the breezy George had not heard of Mr. Boldre, and at present the girl did not feel particularly moved to allow him in on the same floor as that shortly to be occupied by the Boldre money. She was as innocent as that.

The Ultra-Superba offices were not very superb, but they were rather ultra-ultra-shabby. Winnie climbed a flight of stairs to get to them. She found the outer office empty, with the opaque-glass door to the inner office half open. She had entered without noise, and it was while she paused a moment, a little disappointed at the dusty shabbiness of the place, that she heard a woman crying in the inner office. She went quietly through the door, to discover a much better-looking office with a big desk by the window. There was a reasonable carpet and a number of flamboyant posters. At the big desk sat a woman. She had been crying, but she heard the movement at the door and lifted her head, hastily drying her eyes. She was a tall, slim brunette, not without a haggard, darkling beauty.

"Oh, I—I am so sorry," said Winnie. "You see, there was nobody in the outer office." She came up to the tall woman, offering both her hands impulsively. "Never mind that," she said. "You—are you in in trouble? Won't you let me try to help, please? I, too, have had troubles, and we women ought to help each other."

The dark one looked at her rather helplessly, made an effort, recovered herself and flashed a glance at a clock on the desk. It was a quarter to eleven. Winnie was early. Then the dark eyes suddenly concentrated on Winnie's face in as searching a stare as the girl had ever known, clung, wavered and melted.

"Ah, you are good—sincere. You meant that about helping me. There aren't many who say it that mean it, you know. But it's nothing"—the dark eyes went darker yet—"just a silly woman who has made every mistake in the book having a good cry. Nothing—a fool—take no notice. Only—thank you again, my dear. You are as sweet as you are lovely. Now let's forget it. I know who you are, I think. Miss O'Wynn, isn't it? Mr. Archer didn't expect you till eleven. He's just popped out. I am his secretary, Miss Allen. Won't you sit down, Miss O'Wynn?"

She had a charming voice, with a faint, unfamiliar accent that puzzled Winnie for a moment. She made a mental effort—and caught what she wanted. Mr. Boldre had a similar faint accent—odd. Filed for consideration. She smiled at Miss Allen—a slow, delicious, friendly smile that was irresistible.

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"But there is a quarter of an hour to wait," she said, "and that will give us time for a cup of chocolate. Do come with me. It's so cold and foggy this morning, and you could easily put up a piece of paper on the office door—'Coming back soon.' I will take all the blame. Do come!"

Whether it was curiosity, a desire for tea or chocolate or just sheer yielding to the sweet, warm friendliness that Winnie radiated Miss Allen never really quite knew. She may not have cared whether Mr. Archer would be annoyed or not, or she may have known that the girl had made such a hit with Mr. Boldre, of the finances, that what Winnie said was extremely likely to go with Archer. However that may have been, she yielded and went. Women who work for their living in a big city are prone to snatch at any proffer of what they recognize as real and genuine friendship. And Miss Allen, as her rather ravaged beauty and her tears had already told Winnie, was sorely in need of a friend.

It was at twenty minutes past eleven that Winnie and Miss Allen returned to the office of the Ultra-Superba Film Company. The secretary was extremely nervous about that twenty minutes, but Winnie gently reassured her.

"I will explain to Mr. Archer that I thought you needed a cup of chocolate, and it will be quite all right," she said naïvely.

But it was not quite so naïve as it sounded. When at the age of three, or thereabouts, she had been a wee, wonderful fairy thing, and had learned that a girl who is wanted can do with the people who want her precisely and exactly as she chooses. And ever since that innocent age she had been studying this interesting fact. Mr. Adalbert Archer, she knew, wanted her services badly. So she was not disposed to fret herself because she had caused Mr. Archer's office to be closed for half an hour. He wanted her much too badly to annoy her with absurd grumblings at such minor inconveniences. If he fancied he could grumble at her, he would have to be put in his place.

He was standing at the door of the office with a black scowl on his brow, and he shot a word of sharp anger at Miss Allen as she led the way up the stairs. He bit his lip as he saw Winnie following his secretary, dispersed his scowl and became excessively civil. Miss Allen introduced Winnie; and, making polite noises, he ushered her into his office.

"I expect you feel that an apology is due from me for putting you into the unfortunate position of having to shout at your secretary and me, Mr. Archer," said Winnie very sweetly. That expletive he had sent down the stairs had grazed her temper.

"My dear Miss O'Wynn, certainly, certainly, certainly not!" he cried. "It is I who must apologize for my temper. I have been very worried. I—er—of course it was not at you that I shouted—impossible."

He grinned ingratiatingly at her, and Winnie smiled more sweetly than ever. She wondered whether it was worth while making him apologize to Miss Allen, but decided that apologies were cheap that day. Probably the brunet lady would prefer what Winnie proposed to get for her; so she nodded. Already she had perceived that Mr. Adalbert Archer was a very ordinary sort of blackguard. A rough, harsh, limited, bullying type of person with no real talent or gifts or training or power of application behind him; and he smelled of cloves and eau de Cologne, and his underlip was very red and moist. She saw that probably he often popped out of the office, returning with a renewed flavor of cloves, and she understood why the Ultra-Superba Film Company was in need of a backer. Archer had once been a good-looking man, but he had long ago overdrawn his looks account. He was easy to classify.

"*Sus porcus*—meaning plain hog," reflected Winnie, secretly amazed that a man of Boldre's ability should be willing to risk money backing such a clear case as Archer.

He began to speak enthusiastically of the Anne Boleyn film. He ran his eyes calculatingly over Winnie and said that he could see that this was going to be the biggest thing in historical films he had yet touched. He had feared that it would be impossible to find a young lady with just that degree of ingenuous charm which in his view had rendered Anne irresistible to Henry VIII. But he no longer feared. He was satisfied. His mind was at rest. Mr. Benson Boldre had told him yesterday afternoon that in Miss O'Wynn he had discovered the ideal actress for the part, and he agreed. It was very fortunate for the Ultra-Superba Company and, he ventured to say, for Miss O'Wynn. The film would give her a world triumph—yes, indeed, and so on.

"And do I have to sign my name to a—a—contract, I think you call it, please, Mr. Archer?" inquired Winnie presently.

"Oh, yes, for your own protection, Miss O'Wynn. Merely formal—nothing more. It is ready. Just one or two things to fill in. Shall I read it?"

"That would be so kind of you, please, Mr. Archer," said Winnie.

He read it. There was a gap at the place where the contract called for mention of Winnie's salary. Winnie called for mention of the same also.

"Yes, of course. Mr. Boldre discussed that with me too. We decided that we would wish to make it for as large an amount as the film can stand—namely, two hundred pounds, Miss O'Wynn."

He looked at her a little anxiously.

"Oh, what a lot of money!" Winnie cried softly. "Surely it is much too much! Why, when I acted in the vicar's play they only gave us tea at the vicarage, with cress sandwiches."

Sus Porcus Archer looked at her with an expression that was a blend of pity and relief.

"I will fill in the amount at two hundred pounds, then, Miss O'Wynn."

"Oh, not for a moment. If it is not troubling you too much, please, I would be so grateful if I could use your telephone for a moment. I promised to consult a friend. I assure you, Mr. Archer, that we had no such figure as two hundred pounds in our minds."

He gladly got her through to the Hon. Gerald Peel at the New Turf Club. He was feeling sorry—not for her, but because he had not suggested a hundred. He had not dreamed she would be so easy. He handed her the telephone, and she thanked him with dancing eyes.

"Is that Gerald? This is Winnie O'Wynn. I guessed you would be there. Please, for your advice, Gerald. Mr. Archer, of the Ultra-Superba Film Company, has offered me two hundred pounds to act in the film about poor Queen Anne Boleyn. Isn't that a lot of money, Gerald? I think I ought to sign the contract quickly before they alter their minds, don't—oh, Gerald, are you serious?"

Mr. Archer's smile vanished suddenly like the flame of a blown-out candle.

"I don't understand—not enough? Yes, I hear, Gerald—oh, but I couldn't, really! I haven't courage. It seems so mercenary."

Mr. Archer's jaw began to sag. His ears seemed actually to stand out from his craning head at a wider angle as he listened.

"I am to say—tell me again, Gerald. Yes, yes, yes! Of course I will do as you tell me. I am to say, 'Two hundred be hanged for a tale!' How rude it sounds! A thousand or nothing, and they can take it or leave it alone—good gracious!"

Mr. Archer breathed through his nose heavily. Winnie turned, putting her hand on the mouthpiece.

"I—I—my friend says he will never speak to me again," she said, her eyes misty, "unless I say, 'Two hundred be hanged for a tale'—I don't mean that unkindly, of course. 'It must be a thousand pounds, you to take it or—well, leave it alone.' That is not meant impolitely. It's Gerald's way, Mr. Archer. He is so gay and so careless."

"Careless!" groaned Archer. "My dear young lady, it's impossible! I could get almost anybody for that sum. The film won't stand it."

Winnie nodded sympathetically.

"I know—it's dreadful," she murmured, and turned again to the telephone.

"Mr. Archer could get almost anybody for a thousand pounds, Gerald, he says, and the film won't stand it. What am I to say, Gerald? What do you advise? Oh, but I couldn't say that to Mr. Archer—he is so kind! I must? Very well, but it makes me unhappy to be so cruel and curt. Tell me again. I must say that if they can get almost anybody for that money then in heaven's name let them go and get them—how rude business men are!—and if the film won't stand it let the film do the other thing. Very well."

She turned, looking sadly at Mr. Archer, who emerged from a species of petrified calm to say sullenly, "Very well, I agree."

Winnie announced through the telephone that Mr. Archer kindly agreed, and rang

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LINCOLN

MOTOR CARS

It was not especially surprising in the earlier days of the Lincoln car that occasionally the question arose as to how it compared with other cars of the higher class.

The query was only natural, because motorists accustomed to desirable cars had established certain standards by which to appraise their appealing qualities.

But persons of investigative turn of mind soon came to regard the Lincoln as a car not to be gauged by previously accepted standards.

They recognized those worthy standards merely as the starting point, at which it was purposed to begin the Lincoln's betterments.

They saw comfort enhanced to the point of luxury.

They saw control and guidance reduced to rare simplicity and consummate ease.

They saw a stream of vigorous power, scarcely less than marvelous in its activity.

They saw stability, constancy, and roading-ableness expressing themselves in such mastery over adverse road conditions, in ways so undisturbing, as seemingly to make good highways of the bad.

The differences and developments were so conspicuous and encompassed such a liberal and varied range as to suggest *contrasts* rather than comparisons.

So strikingly do these intrinsic betterments manifest themselves that riding in the Lincoln affords an entirely new conception of travel-luxury—made possible by this higher evolution of the motor car.

LINCOLN

LELAND-BUILT

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 66)

off. She watched him thoughtfully as he filled in the amount. There was reason for thought, and Winnie was well aware of it. Quite apart from certain impressions she had gently gleaned from Miss Allen, her wits had long ago warned her that this was not an ordinary, normal engagement. She did not believe that either Benson Boldre or Sus Porcus Archer wanted her even at two hundred for her screen-acting talent, certainly not at a thousand; yet Archer agreed. She was aware that it was Boldre's money he agreed to pay her, but it was very evident that it could not have caused him keener anguish if it had been his own money.

Among the hints she had received from Miss Allen was a friendly suggestion that she might be wise not to take too seriously the hope of ever seeing herself in the Anne Boleyn film. Pressed gently and tactfully, the secretary had told her that she had no real reason to believe that the slightest move had yet been made for preparing the film. More than that Miss Allen would not say. So that, mused Winnie, if the secretary were right and the men had no intention at all of producing such a film, they were paying her a thousand for—what? Perhaps they did not intend paying her either. She smiled a little. How funny! How ingenuous men were. Sometimes they were like little children playing in a nursery, trying hard to be pirates or brigands or wolves.

Archer offered her a pen. She took it.

"You sign there, Miss O'Wynn," he said, still sulkily.

"I see," she smiled, put down the pen and opened her hand bag and waited. Mr. Archer waited too. Several seconds went tiptoeing past. Something had to give way. It was Mr. Archer.

"Won't you sign, Miss O'Wynn?" he asked with a painful smile.

"Of course I will! But it's awfully awkward. But, do you know, Mr. Archer, you have forgotten the advance?"

"Advance, Miss O'Wynn?" muttered Archer.

"The 50 per cent of the fee to be paid me when I sign, you know."

"Fifty per cent! My dear girl, who said anything about 50 per cent advance?" he cried, glaring.

"Why, Gerald!"

"What's Gerald got to do with it?"

"He is my friend, of course. Don't you see, Mr. Archer?"

He made a semistrangled sound.

"You mean that unless I pay you five hundred down you won't sign this contract?" he said at last.

Winnie gently gave a sigh of relief.

"That is splendidly put, Mr. Archer. I couldn't have put it so—so neatly and concisely for anything. I always feel so nervous and awkward about money."

Mr. Archer pulled himself together and took a little walk round the room. He became quiet and more dangerous. Twice he went to the telephone; twice he altered his mind and let it alone. Finally he took out his note case, extracted therefrom a check and handed it to her. It was a bearer check for five hundred pounds signed by Benson Boldre. Winnie folded it away. It was tolerably evident to her that it had been given to Archer for just this purpose. Probably it was either Archer's or Boldre's idea of a limit for the whole contract paid in advance for reasons best known to wolfy Mr. Boldre. But Archer had not intended letting her have it.

"That check was not really intended for this purpose, you know, Miss O'Wynn," he said, eying her closely. "But it will do. You can get cash over the counter for it."

Winnie thanked him, signed the contract and receipt and, leaving her address, went bankwards very thoughtfully indeed.

"The wolves are hunting in couples this time," she said to herself as presently she paid in at her own bank. "But I don't think they trust each other very well. I wonder why. This afternoon I will go out to Willesden and see their studios. It might help me to understand better anything that Miss Allen may tell me to-night."

For she had invited the secretary to dine with her that evening. Perhaps that was instinct, but Winnie trusted her instinct, for so far it had never proved untrustworthy.

III

THE visit to Willesden merely corroborated Miss Allen and George H. Jay. Winnie discovered that the studios of the Ultra-Superba Film Company had degenerated into a couple of glazed and leaky sheds containing a few shabby properties. A novice could have seen that they called for a very heavy outlay to get them in shape even for a trivial film, and they certainly bore no sign of any intention of the firm to prepare a big historical film. Wisely, Winnie decided not to waste valuable thought on the affair until she had more material to work upon. It saved her an afternoon of profitless concentration upon a puzzle unsolvable without the key.

But the key to much of it was forthcoming that evening. It took the form of a heavy bruise on the shapely arm of Miss Beryl Allen and several fresh bruises upon her already somewhat bruised heart. All had been caused by Mr. Archer, who, Winnie learned, appeared to have visited upon his secretary-housekeeper late that afternoon much of the anger which Winnie's not unskillful handling of him had aroused in his soul.

He had been in a deadly temper all day, and it seemed—though naturally Winnie did not comment on this—that the relations between his housekeeper-secretary and himself were of a nature sufficiently complicated to justify him, in his own opinion, in expending his anger on her. But Miss Allen, looking very much less haggard, thanks no doubt to some of those staunch and true little toilet-table aids to beauty to which pretty ladies are so deeply indebted, was clearly through with Mr. Archer. She said so, her fine black eyes glowing, with the arrival of the hors d'œuvres, and she had not changed her mind with the departure of the sweets.

"I have been a fool," she said tensely over their coffee. "For the last ten years I have allowed my heart—my emotions—to run me, and you see where it has landed me. In future I follow the promptings of my brains. Don't feel annoyed, Miss O'Wynn, if I advise you to do the same. Trust no man and fewer women. I know, you see. I have been through the mill."

Winnie smiled upon her and reminded her that it had not robbed her of all her beauty or charm. Miss Allen laughed less tensely.

"Charm!" she said. "Since I have known you I've begun to wonder if I ever had any. You are the one with the charm, Miss O'Wynn. You could charm a woman who was jealous of you—and that's a miracle. As for charming men, you couldn't help that."

That was true enough.

They went to Winnie's flat for the remainder of the evening, and there Winnie charmed her into telling her story, and her story contained practically everything that Winnie wanted to know. After that Winnie told her a few things—things that stripped the years, the bitterness and worry from her like magic, so that she changed wonderfully within a space of hours into another woman.

"If you can do for me half these things, my dear," she cried, "it will be as though you had lifted from a quicksand some poor soul who was all but submerged. Ah, you will see! I have been a fool! I shall become a wise woman and have some happiness again!"

She flushed and her eyes glowed. And Winnie, watching her—this tall, slender, distinguished woman still on the edge of the thirties—agreed with her.

Within ten minutes of Beryl Allen's departure Winnie, in a new pink silk thinking kimono, was curled up on the big couch before the fire, fathoms deep in thought.

The secretary-housekeeper's story had emptied practically all the pieces of the jig-saw puzzle on her mental table. All she had to do was to fit them together. She mused.

"I knew I was right about Mr. Archer—he really is *sus porcus*. And he is a criminal too. I can't imagine any woman running away with him, as Beryl Boldre did, even though, ten years ago, he may have been ever so much handsomer and nicer. But Beryl says that Mr. Boldre is as bad, in a different way, as Archer. I don't think I like either of them very well, but I am not going to allow myself to be victimized by either of them. Both are wolves by temperament and one is a *porcus*—or is it a *sus*?—by disposition. I am going to fight hard to defend myself from them both.

"Now let me see. Ten years ago Mr. Boldre, in South Africa, had tired of his wife, Beryl, and was cruel to her. He made a trip to England without her and while he was gone she met, fell in love and ran away with Archer. After all sorts of ventures—mostly failures—Archer drifted to London and made a failure of his last venture, the Ultra-Superba Film Company, which isn't really a company at all.

"He has been trying to find somebody to put money into the company, and has always failed until he found out that Mr. Boldre, who has become very wealthy in South Africa, has now a good social position in London. He took advantage of the fact that Mr. Boldre did not know who he was to try to get him interested in his film company, and—Beryl thinks—by hinting that he knows and can cause all that old scandal about Boldre's cruelty to his wife to come up again he managed to get Boldre inclined to consider favorably the idea of investing money in the film company. Beryl is kept out of the way when there is any possibility of her meeting Boldre.

"Archer is really subtly blackmailing Mr. Boldre, but not unendurably, for it suits Boldre to keep all that past quiet, and it may prove a profitable investment as well, particularly as Archer has a good film in view. After all, the Anne Boleyn idea is quite a good idea. But nothing happened, and things were getting worse and worse financially with Archer until Mr. Boldre met me that day with Gerald Peel. He seems to have taken a great liking to me, and sees an opportunity to kill three birds with one stone. How greedy!"

Winnie smiled, ticking her points off on her fingers.

"First, he keeps Archer quiet about the past by agreeing to invest six thousand pounds in his company.

"Second, if the Anne film is good he might make a good deal of money.

"Third, he can ingratiate himself with me—as he wants to, for I know he is a wolf—I saw it in his eyes—by insisting that part of the money he is investing is paid to me nominally as salary for acting in the film. It is just a way of softening me towards him with the same money as he is using to quiet Archer. How ingenious! It is just like a wolf! And he might even make a great profit at the end of it all!"

She laughed gayly as thus satisfactorily she laid bare the gentle Mr. Boldre's idea of a really good investment for a few-odd thousand. Then she grew serious again. She looked altogether delightful as she sat there, facing the fire, puzzling out this shady-side jig saw, like an exquisite child puzzling out her next-day school work.

"But," she said—"but Mr. Boldre does not know that—if Beryl guesses rightly—Mr. Archer intends to spend not one penny of the money on any films, but quietly to disappear with it as soon as he gets it, leaving the business and Mr. Boldre and Beryl and me, his star"—her eyes danced—"to do the best we can. I am sure that is so from his reluctance this morning to part with the five hundred pounds Mr. Boldre meant for me.

"That is the position. Both these men wish to take some wolfish advantage of me, and I must fight hard to defend myself. But how? What can a lonely little girl like me do against such merciless, cruel men? And I have to help poor Beryl Allen—do think Archer might have allowed her to call herself Beryl Archer. He is not a bit chivalrous. It makes me ashamed of men for their own sake. I will go to bed when I have had my chocolate and think and think and think until I think of some way of defending both of us," she concluded indignantly.

Then she rose, smiled affectionately at the charming little vision in the mirror over the mantel and touched the bell to indicate to her housekeeper that she was ready for her going-to-bed chocolate.

IV

BUT the morning brought a development in the form of an invitation to lunch from Mr. Benson Boldre. Winnie accepted it, though not in the spirit in which possibly it was offered; also the motor run which Boldre proposed for the afternoon and the dinner following the run.

It was, as she expected, the beginning of an extremely assiduous bid for her affections by the gentleman from Africa's sunny clime—so assiduous, indeed, that Winnie swiftly became aware that Boldre was quite amazingly in love with her. Nevertheless, she expected to receive no proposition from him except some perfectly unacceptable wolfy invitation to share as many of his world's goods as he could spare except his name. That she was prepared to deal with when it arose.

But she certainly did not expect what actually happened. Boldre was a tolerably competent judge of people, too, it seemed, for he wasted no time in making impossible proposals, though doubtless that had been his intention when he first arranged to endow Winnie with the Anne Boleyn money.

Four days later he quietly but firmly asked Winnie to marry him and settle down with him in South Africa, life there to be mitigated by occasional visits home. Winnie was startled, but as usual she kept her head. She looked at him shyly with those bright and childlike eyes of hers.

"Oh, but, please, I have not thought about marriage yet!" she fluttered. "You see, I am only nineteen."

He said it all over again. Winnie was too busy thinking to interrupt him. It was evident that either he believed his first wife was dead or could be easily divorced, or he was so carried away that he was willing to risk it. Beryl Allen had been right when she said he was as bad in his way as Archer, reflected Winnie. She temporized.

"You must let me think this over, please," she cooed. "It is a—a great honor. You are so kind. It moves me very much. I can't think what you can see in me—just a little girl like me. Please let me think about it all for a few days, Mr. Boldre. I don't feel that I could cope—you are so rich, aren't you? I should have to learn about money and how to manage people. It would be so responsible, and I am only nineteen after all!"

"Perhaps that's why, little girl," he said avidly.

But he was satisfied with the way she had received his proposal. His quick, hard mind ranged swiftly forward. After all, even if his wife of ten years before ever appeared again—which was unlikely—he had no doubt that she could be swiftly divorced or this sweet, simple child, Winnie, be persuaded into shrinking from the publicity of legal action. Besides, he wanted her, and that settled it. So he smiled one of his less wolfy smiles.

"Take your time, my dear," he said. "I don't want to stampede you to hurry you. As long as you feel you don't hate me ——"

"Oh, Mr. Boldre! Hate you!" Winnie was shocked.

He laughed and patted her hand, on one of the slender fingers of which glowed a great green emerald.

"That's all right, dear little girl. Think it over—only try not to keep me waiting too long."

Winnie had no intention of keeping him waiting.

It was Monday. She knew that he had arranged to pay Archer the balance of the money he was investing in the Ultra-Superba Company on the following Wednesday, and she decided that she could give him his answer on Thursday. She glanced at him, dropped her eyes, then with an access of courage looked him full in the face, with a wonderful expression of half surrender that shot a thrill through him, roué though he was.

"I—I don't think I want to keep you waiting long," she whispered. "I will decide on Thursday."

"Splendid!" he said a little wildly, quite sure of her.

But he could not leave it at that. He was in a very picturesque mood, indeed, and instantly proved it.

"And now," he said, "I am going to have my own way about something. You have always refused to accept anything from me, my dear. But I insist on marking this afternoon with a white stone"—she thought of diamonds—"yes, a milestone!" She had a better thought. "I am going to buy you something."

She rose.

"Oh, ought I to accept," she said, "until after Thursday?"

"You have got to, my dear," he told her with fond firmness.

"May I telephone to a friend first, please," she asked with a curious sweet air of submission that charmed him.

"Some girl friend," he thought, and agreed.

But it was not to any girl friend she telephoned. It was merely to reliable Mr. George H. Jay, that breezy man. Briefly, she begged Mr. Jay to wait at his office that evening until she had seen him. She was in difficulties and needed his never-failing succor. Mr. Jay informed her, with enthusiasm, that large herds of wild horses would fail to drag him from his office until she had called. Sweetly she thanked him, spoke of his kind and chivalrous heart and

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TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

B I - S W I N G

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The Eveready Bell Ringer
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NO trouble to "fix that bell" with this new Eveready dry battery. Anybody can connect up the Eveready Bell Ringer in a jiffy—no experience required. No separate cells. A single, Eveready package of power for doorbells, buzzers, annunciators, thermostats, burglar alarms, wireless, and toys. Moisture proof. Twice the life and service of ordinary batteries. A member of the famous Eveready family of "Special Use" Dry Batteries listed here. Your electrical, hardware, auto accessory, or garage dealer can supply the full line of famous Eveready electrical products. Accept no substitute for the genuine Eveready.

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The Standard Line of Electrical Products

—"in *your* home and every home there's a danger trap
—the lack of light in emergency!"

Eveready Protects

FIRE! All lights out! Groping in the dark for safety. Danger and possible death may thus arise instantly in any home. It is ten times more likely in an apartment house—and the blind scramble is as deadly over a false alarm as over an actual conflagration.

In all the world there's only one sure protection—the modern flashlight—the only safe portable light for every emergency of the dark.

Created by Eveready more than 25 years ago, the flashlight and its compact but powerful little battery may be easily and quickly obtained by anyone, anywhere throughout the civilized world.

Literally millions of people in country and city homes have the daily convenience of Eveready's searching beams, the protection of the light that says "There it is" against the unknown or unseen dangers of darkness.

Are you thus protected? Have you an Eveready, loaded for instant use? In a single moment its service may easily justify a thousand times its small cost. Have you an idle flashlight? Go and get a fresh battery today, the longer lived, brighter burning Eveready.

For the great outdoor season just opening up, these two searchlight types—No. 2616 (2 cell) and No. 2633 (3 cell)—are famous favorites. See these and many other Eveready styles at electrical, hardware, drug and auto accessory stores. Get a complete new Eveready or a fresh battery *before you sleep!*

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EVEREADY

The Light that says, "There it is!"

Eveready Flashlight Batteries Fit All Flashlights

Sewell Cushion Wheels

The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel.

What we mean by "double-action"

The Sewell Cushion Wheel is quite properly called a resilient wheel of "double-action," because it has two distinct functions—one to protect the motor truck when it is traveling under load, another when it is running light.

This is why the Sewell Wheel embodies a set of rubber side-flanges as well as a thick cushion of corrugated rubber.

The flanges act as an elastic suspension, supplying resiliency to absorb road shocks when the truck is traveling empty. The main rubber cushion provides the additional resiliency needed when the truck is under load.

"The Evolution of the Sewell Cushion Wheel" is an interesting booklet that we have just prepared. It should be read by every truck owner who is interested in reducing his truck operating costs. We shall be glad to send you a copy upon request.

The Sewell Cushion Wheel Company, Detroit, U. S. A.

Branches and Dealers in all Principal Cities

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returned to Mr. Boldre, who had been thinking. He said so.

"I have thought of a splendid scheme," he said. "This little milestone—I want to know if there is anything, any one thing, which you want particularly. I first thought of giving you a surprise, but I think it would be better to give you something you have wanted badly."

"There is nothing," said Winnie, looking sorry to disappoint him.

"Nothing, child?"

She was gazing out at the muddy streets.

"Unless you could invent some wonderful invention by which I could go about London without getting my shoes and skirts splashed by mud." She laughed gayly. "A new kind of galosh or mackintosh dress protector. Isn't that absurd? I am so happy to-day that I want to say absurd, impossible things."

But Mr. Boldre did not appear to think it at all absurd.

"That is soon done!" he said. "And I'll do it!"

She looked surprised.

"Please, I was only joking!" she cried.

"I am going to buy you a pair of galoshes and a dress protector," he said mysteriously.

She smiled affectionately.

"How funny you are, dear Mr. Boldre!"

Five minutes later they were sliding across Regent Street in Boldre's big car. They pulled up outside an establishment which had no resemblance whatever to a galoshery or mackintoshery. But it certainly was a very fine motor depot.

"There," said Boldre speciously—"there is the shoe and dress protector I am going to buy you!"

He pointed to a perfect little miracle of a twelve horse power light coupé in royal blue. Winnie knew it. That little bus was an old friend of hers. It had wanted her from the day they put it in the window. Its graceful little domed mud guards had always seemed like two chubby arms held appealingly out for her; its electric head lamps always seemed like two eyes shining with pleasure at her approach, dulling with disappointment when she left. She had come to see it several times. Once when she had some shopping to do in that street she and Boldre had paused to look at it. But she had not thought he would be quite so quick in the uptake. She had expected a wee trifle more trouble.

"Oh, no, no, please not! Why, it is eight hundred pounds, Mr. Boldre! I couldn't! It would be so wrong," she protested, horrified. "I thought you meant just an ordinary present—a stationery case—something like that—a little jewel case ——"

"Well, my dear, isn't this a jewel case?"

"Oh, how witty and quick you are!" sighed Winnie, and protested again.

As usual it was all over when Winnie began to protest—all over except the paying.

Boldre was accustomed to having his own way. He had it on this occasion. In any case he knew that his wife would want such a bus sooner or later. It might just as well be now as a few days later. Winnie could drive, he knew. She had told him days before how her daddy had taught her.

The car was purchased and ordered to be sent forthwith to Lady Fasterton's garage with a note from Winnie to that lady. She knew that dear May would extend her hospitality to her little friend's car for a while. But Winnie was going to dine with Boldre that evening, and it was already late afternoon. She decided to allow the mechanic who was taking the car to Lady Fasterton's to drop her at her flat. She thanked Boldre while they were running the coupé out. He would have preferred to be thanked in the privacy of his own limousine, but that would have meant denying the jewel her first ride then in the new case. So, as well-trained men do, he put up with it.

But Winnie merely stopped at her flat to pick up her check book and to telephone Miss Beryl Allen at Archer's flat, asking a question. Whatever it was, the answer was satisfactory. Then she sweetly directed the driver of her nice new coupé to run along to Finch Court. Mr. George H. Jay, as promised, was awaiting her. It was with something remotely resembling paternal or avuncular pride that he welcomed her, and though present, her natural caution was not markedly apparent. He was beginning to realize that the simple innocence of this little ingénue was not so dangerous to him when she came to his office to make use of him as it was when he invited her there with the intention of making use of her.

"Oh, thank you, dear Mr. Jay, for bothering about waiting for me," she cried. "You know I am ashamed to bother you so, only an idea came into my head, and I thought you would help me, please."

"Yes, indeed, my dear little lady, that I will," he offered resonantly.

"It is not very important to you, I know, but it is to me. I want to invest—isn't that what they say, please—invest? I want to invest five hundred pounds."

A faint anxiety flashed into the eyes of gentle Mr. Jay. But he need not have worried. In less than ten minutes she had made it quite clear as to the precise manner in which the five hundred for which she gave him an open check was to be invested. He warned her seriously that she was going to lose her money.

"You are getting a worthless thing for the money, dear Miss Winnie, I assure you. I have made inquiries and I really know."

But Winnie was gently determined and not to be shaken. She felt sure that she was making a good investment, she said timidly, and even offered to sell Mr. Jay a fifth share of it for one hundred pounds, an offer he declined with some haste and but poorly concealed horror. But he promised at last faithfully to carry out her request, without reservation at all, and she hurried away. He shook his heavy head as he returned from seeing her out.

"Just a baby," he mused. "A sweet but lucky baby. She's going to burn her fingers. Well, it may be a good thing for her. Make her careful—a lesson. Lord, what a wildcat buy! Here's London full of rotten things to invest in, and she's managed to pick the rottenest of all to put five hundred in! And she offered me a fifth share for a hundred. Me! Old George Careful Jay. Well, well, it only shows you that all the people can't have all the luck all the time. Pity, though. She's the prettiest, nicest little thing I've ever seen. Like a little bird, bless her! Still, it'll do her good—and she can afford it."

Then he looked at the check, pondered a little and made a note or two.

"I'm to be very careful, please," he chuckled. "Right! I'll pull it off first thing to-morrow. As she's got to lose her money, I may as well lose it for her as per instructions."

That was Monday evening. On Wednesday Mr. Benson Boldre was gay, very gay, for Winnie and her friend Lady Fasterton lunched at his flat. He would have preferred Winnie alone, but Winnie thought otherwise. It had been a very jolly lunch, and he was having a little cigarette at the end of it when a note was brought to him. He nodded slightly when he read it and glanced at Winnie.

"Archer is ready now to start serious work on the film," he said, smiling. "The scenario is fixed up. He wants to arrange about your costumes and some other things at once"—Boldre laughed—"and incidentally he wants the rest of the money I'm investing in it. You must try to get him to pay you another installment of your salary to-morrow."

Winnie shook her head.

"Oh, I couldn't press him unkindly," she said. "Are you sending him the money?"

Boldre nodded.

"If you ladies will forgive the interruption to our little festivity, I will send it now."

He went across to his desk—they were having coffee in his big, comfortable library—and scribbled the check.

"There, mademoiselle, that's what your first—and last—appearance in film land is costing me," he said playfully, passing the pink slip.

It was an open check to the Ultra-Superba Company, as Winnie had judged it would be, for when Archer wanted the money he wanted it quickly—five thousand five hundred pounds. She gazed at it almost, it seemed, in terror. "What a huge sum!" she cried. "I did not dream—look, May dear, it is costing all that money to make the film in which I am acting as Anne Boleyn!"

Lady Fasterton smiled.

"My dear child, that's quite moderate—extremely moderate for a film nowadays," she informed the girl, and Boldre nodded.

"It seems vast to me," sighed Winnie.

She offered the check to Boldre, then drew it back, her eyes sparkling with the excitement of a sudden idea.

"Oh, Mr. Boldre, let me take Mr. Archer this money! I'm sure it will be an omen of good luck. I am going there this afternoon if he is ready to arrange about

my costumes. May will come, won't you? And perhaps you will come, too, Mr. Boldre."

She was as excited as a child. Boldre smiled.

"All right, you baby," he said, "you can be the good fairy who hands Archer the money if you like. It's very kind of Lady Fasterton to help choose your costumes. And if you are likely to be more than an hour at Archer's, perhaps I may be permitted to come on there presently. I have to wait here till half past two. My lawyer is calling—about some settlements," he added significantly.

Lady Fasterton had been acting *in loco parentis* to Winnie, and "marriage" and "settlements" were practically interchangeable terms with dear May. Winnie looked shyly away.

"But you will come on, please, won't you? We shall wait," she coaxed.

"Just as quickly as I can," he promised.

"Ah, you are so kind!" she breathed, her blue eyes radiant.

So she folded and tucked away the check, and with Lady Fasterton went happily off.

"That man is mad for you, child," said May Fasterton as her car rolled away. "You can tie him round his own little finger. Did you tell Evans where to take us?"

Winnie smiled.

"Yes, dear."

But Evans, on the quarter-deck of the Fasterton car, went not direct to Archer's office. Winnie had told him where to go. He stopped first at Boldre's bank, then at Winnie's.

Finally he arrived at the office of the Ultra-Superba Company. There was no sign of Beryl Allen—there never was when Boldre was likely to appear. Even as Mr. Adalbert Archer welcomed them another car slipped up, and Boldre entered in high spirits.

"Here we are, then!" he said. "I was quicker than I expected. How about those costumes, Archer?"

Archer said something softly.

"The check—yes, certainly. Miss O'Wynn brought it," replied Boldre.

He laughed, turning to Winnie. But Winnie did not laugh. She was looking a little shocked.

"Oh, but please, the check was not for Mr. Archer," she said timidly. "I—surely, Mr. Archer, you don't expect it. It was to be a little surprise for you"—she smiled to Boldre "but surely, surely you aren't surprised, too, Mr. Archer!"

"Not surprised?" choked Archer. He certainly did not look so much surprised as he looked struck by lightning.

"Why, dear Mr. Archer, it was not intended for you, was it? The check was meant for the Ultra-Superba Film Company."

Boldre's face grew serious and suspicious. Was this child an adventuress after all? Lady Fasterton was frankly amazed. Winnie went to the door, looked out, smiled and beckoned, and there entered unto the assembled company gentle Mr. George H. Jay, looking as much like a very old-established, excessively respectable family lawyer as he could.

"This gentleman is Mr. Jay, who is so kind that he looks after my business affairs for me. You see"—she smiled witchingly upon them all—"he understands so well about things, and I don't."

"One hardly expects to find old heads on young shoulders," stated Mr. Jay, bowing to everybody. Archer was glaring at him like a man who sees phantoms. Winnie continued:

"Would you please tell Mr. Boldre who is the owner of the Ultra-Superba Film Company, Mr. Jay?"

George H. seemed surprised.

"Why, naturally! You are the owner. I bought it, lock, stock and barrel, on your behalf yesterday from Mr. Archer for the sum of five hundred pounds cash. I—ah—have the documents here, dated yesterday, and all in order, I believe."

Archer stood forward, his face white with anger.

"It was clearly understood that you take possession as from next Monday—any incoming between then and now was due to me as ——"

He stopped abruptly as Boldre cut in.

"Sold the business yesterday! What on earth for, man? Were you mad?"

Archer said nothing, so Winnie said something for him.

"Why, Mr. Archer is leaving England on Friday. Didn't you know? He has booked a passage on the Aquatic under the name of Milton." She had got that from Beryl, who had got it from Archer's desk.

"Leaving England!" began Boldre, mystified. Then suddenly his face cleared. "Oh, I see, I see! You were bolting with that money, were you, Archer? I see now why you wanted a bearer check! Why, you crook!"

His eyes hardened and he stepped towards the telephone. Archer drew a swift breath, frowned heavily in a violent effort to think, decided not to wait and sprang for the door. He was through it in a flash. Somebody—a woman—cried out in surprise in the outer office, a door banged, and Archer was gone. He had thrown away a certain five thousand five hundred for an extra five hundred precisely and exactly as Winnie had expected he would when she had sent Mr. Jay to offer five hundred for the worthless business.

Archer had thought that he would have cashed the big check and vanished before Mr. Jay put in an appearance to take possession, and he simply could not resist the opportunity of taking the money Mr. Jay, acting on behalf of a client who wished to go into the film business, had offered him.

He had landed the small fish, but the big one had bitten on Winnie's little hook.

Gratefully, Boldre turned to the girl.

"Thank you, my dear girl," he said. "You are as wise and sensible as you are good. You shall have a necklace for that. What a good thing you didn't give that villain the check!"

"Yes, isn't it! The money is safely in the bank," said Winnie.

Boldre laughed joyously.

"Yes, in the bank. Splendid!" he said.

"In my bank," cooed Winnie.

"Eh?" Boldre jumped. Mr. Jay turned his head to hide a smile. He knew exactly how Boldre was feeling. He had been there himself.

"In your bank, my dear girl!" said Boldre. "But why?"

"Because, of course, it is my money, you see," explained the girl kindly.

There was a strained silence.

"I don't quite understand ——" began Boldre, reasonably enough.

"It was paid to the Ultra-Superba, and I am the Ultra-Superba, don't you see?" said Winnie patiently. "And do forgive me, but apart from that ——"

She paused, putting her hand on the door knob.

"Yes, apart from that?" repeated Boldre unpleasantly.

"Apart from that, how dare you insult me by trying—by deliberately arranging to marry me when you are already a married man? You have planned a wicked thing, Mr. Boldre!" cried Winnie with a rather effective sob.

"You will have to prove that!" snapped Boldre.

Winnie opened the door.

"Come in, please, Beryl," she said, and turned to Boldre as the distinguished-looking Beryl entered.

"Do you know this lady, Mr. Boldre?" asked Winnie almost brokenly, and flew to Lady Fasterton's ready arms.

"Oh May, May, take me away! I have never been so badly treated in my life!" she seemed to sob. "Are all men wolves?"

Mr. Jay understood then, and he put up his hands in a perfect fury of irrepressible admiration.

"She wins again—by forty thousand lengths! Horse, foot and guns—and the devil take the hindmost!" he babbled.

A horrible thought flashed into his mind.

"Five into fifty-five hundred! Eleven hundred! Good Lord have mercy on us! Me too! Eleven hundred for nothing in twenty-four hours—a fifth share—and I turned it down!"

He looked as if he did not know whether to cry or laugh.

Boldre and Beryl were talking in low tones of repressed anger and recrimination, and oddly Mr. Jay, even in his agony, caught himself thinking that she was one of the most graceful women he had ever seen—as Winnie was the prettiest.

Lady Fasterton spoke in the icy tones of an annoyed aristocrat.

"This is all very tedious—and impossibly sordid," she said, her arm round Winnie, who seemed on the whole to be bearing up tolerably well, "and I do not see quite why we need suffer it."

Boldre pushed past his wife.

"I am very upset," he said naïvely. "There is an explanation, I assure you, Lady Fasterton—Miss O'Wynn. You will

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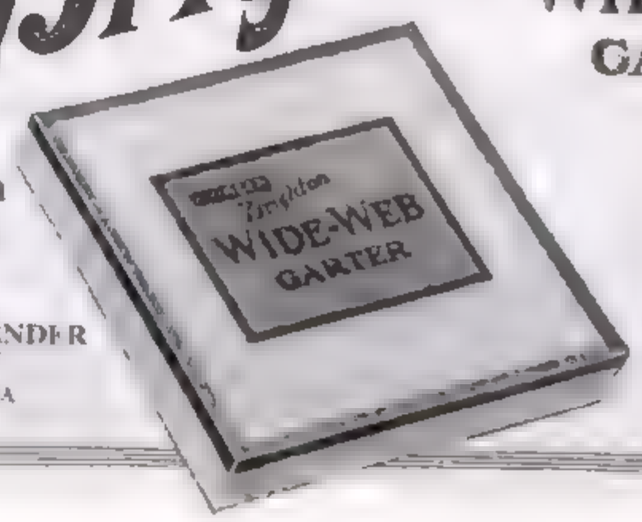

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hear from me. I can explain everything—only not now. I am very much upset—I am not feeling quite well. I have had a great shock."

He bowed and departed, no doubt to begin the construction of an explanation—a task which, judging by his subsequent early departure to South Africa, he failed to accomplish.

Winnie observed Mr. Jay's gaze of open admiration for Beryl, who had made good use of certain financial aid from Winnie and was looking wonderful. The girl smiled, whispering to Lady Fasterton:

"May, dear, don't bother to wait. Let me dine with you to-night and I'll tell you the whole story."

"That's a promise, Winnie, remember. What adventures you have!"—half enviously.

She suffered Mr. Jay to see her into her car. Left alone, Winnie and Beryl shook hands with shining eyes.

"You are wonderful, my dear!" They said it simultaneously.

Winnie passed a check. It was for a thousand.

"Is that agreeable, Beryl? It will last you until"—she smiled—"Mr. Boldre has got his divorce and I marry you again."

Beryl, thrilled by the check, laughed.

"Again, you darling! To whom?"

"To whom?" repeated Winnie.

Even as she spoke the door opened and, as though in answer to her inquiry, Mr. George H. Jay stepped into the room. It was, or seemed, so apt and obvious a reply to Beryl's question that Winnie smiled involuntarily. She knew that Mr. Jay was at least a genuine bachelor. He saw the smile.

"Aha!" said he innocently. "No wonder you smile, dear Miss Winnie! You have something to smile about, you know. But"—he shook his head ruefully, thinking of mere money—"I am afraid that I haven't."

Winnie wondered.

It was true that Beryl had a past. But unquestionably, so had Mr. Jay.

Winnie wondered.

AMERICA'S NEED OF YOUTH

(Continued from Page 8)

but at the bidding of his genius the rude walls dissolved, and to his prodigal imagination there arched above him the blue heavens of Verona, its "majestical roof fretted with golden fire," while across the balmy air there floated the youthful vows of ardent lovers. Thus at 27 years of age Shakspere composed the most perfect love tragedy of literature, Romeo and Juliet.

It is remarkable that it was reserved for our country to impose in its organic law a disqualification on youth. The provisions are familiar which require a representative to be at least 25 years of age, a senator 30 and a President 35. No similar provision then existed in any constitution, written or unwritten, of which I have any knowledge. The English law provided at the time that a minor could not be a member of the House of Commons, but this did not apply to the House of Lords.

It would be interesting to trace the genesis of the disqualification that raised the minimum age of the House of Commons—namely, 21 years—to 25, 30 and 35 years in the three positions already named. The debates in the Federal Convention throw little light on the subject. Colonel Mason, of Virginia, supported the disqualification in a speech in which he argued that it would guarantee maturity of judgment. Quoting someone who had said that Congress would prove a good school for young men, the speaker added that he would prefer them to be educated at their own expense. Mr. Wilson, of Pennsylvania, opposed the disqualification, condemned it as undemocratic and called to the attention of the convention the fact that Pitt was then, at 28 years of age, the practical ruler of England. Seven states voted for the disqualification—namely: Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina; three, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Georgia, opposed it; and New York refused to vote, as well it might, for was not the youthful Hamilton a member of the New York delegation, and as such outvoted by his two seniors, to whom he was an *enfant terrible?*

Fathers of the Republic

This disqualification is the more remarkable, not only because the convention which framed it was composed largely of young men, but the then infant republic owed its very existence to the youth of America, especially to its young lawyers.

At a banquet at Hamburg, General Grant was hailed as the savior of his country. With equal modesty and wisdom he disclaimed this honor, observing that if any one man could have either saved or ruined this country it would not have been worth saving.

He added, "What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men." What he said thus wisely of our great Civil War is equally true of that travail whereof our republic was born.

Circumstances have conspired to give us an opposite impression: One is that these men are now the colossal figures of a heroic age, and in the perspective of time and result have assumed like proportions to succeeding generations. Their very appellation, Fathers of the Republic, seems incompatible with the idea of youth. The trick of costume also contributes to this illusion. The powdered hair and stately costume alike contribute to their portraits an appearance of age which is often at variance with their real years. No fact can be more clear than that the men who called into being this republic were the young men, and that but for their radical and revolutionary spirit there had been no United States of America. In the present intensity of the national idea, and the too prevalent Anglophobia, it is difficult for us to realize how strongly our forefathers were attached to the mother country, and how slowly the idea of separation grew.

Patrick Henry's Oration

The law being a conservative and eminently law-abiding profession, it is not unnatural that the most loyal subjects of His Majesty George III and the most determined opponents to independence were the older lawyers of the eighteenth century. The people therefore gained the inspiration of liberty from the young lawyers, who, in the radical spirit of youth, set the continent aflame with their passionate appeals for liberty and an independent national existence.

Go back in imagination to the Virginia House of Burgesses which met in the year 1765. The members were largely lawyers, and none more quick to resent the slightest expression of disloyalty to England's king. The session was drawing to its close, and no member had had sufficient courage to condemn by word or resolution the recently enacted Stamp Act. The youngest member of the House was a young lawyer, gaunt, ill-attired, with the cloak of a parson and a wig that knew no powder, who had just reached his 29th year. He had not imbibed what Jefferson finely called "the honeyed Mansfieldism of Blackstone," which, as Jefferson added, "had turned the old lawyers from Whigs into Tories," but had drunk deep draughts of liberty from old Coke's comments on Magna Charta. "Alone, unadvised and unassisted," the young lawyer arose and submitted five resolutions, so radical, revolutionary and comprehensive as to cause a thrill of indignation to pervade that Tory body, as though blasphemy against the Lord's anointed had been uttered. Standing erect, with large sweeping gesticulations and a voice of marvelous melody, he supported his resolutions by "torrents of sublime eloquence," as one of his auditors said sixty years later.

Reaching to a climax, he uttered the memorable and daring words, the first challenge of defiance to the British crown, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell, and George III ——"

"Treason! Treason!" echoed from every part of the House.

The orator faltered not for an instant, but rising with the lofty courage and prescience of youth to a loftier attitude he exclaimed: "And George III may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it!"

It was the forest-born Demosthenes, young Patrick Henry of immortal memory. By a majority of one vote the resolutions

(Continued on Page 77)

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(Continued from Page 74)

were carried. It was a triumph of eloquence, great almost beyond precedent. Peyton Randolph, the king's attorney-general, angrily swept out of the chamber, crying, "I would have given five hundred guineas for a single vote!" Wythe—destined to be the law preceptor of those shining lights of the law, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and John Marshall—and other older lawyers opposed the resolutions. They were carried, as Bancroft says, because "Henry carried all the young members with him," and thus "Virginia gave the signal for the continent."

Standing on tiptoe and listening with bated breath to his friend's sublime eloquence, another law student, aged 22 years, who had drawn his inspiration of freedom from the everlasting hills of Northern Virginia, stood on that great day in the lobby of the House. At 25 he procured by his Summary View of the Rights of America the honor of an attainder by the British Parliament, and at 33 was selected, because his was the masterful pen of his time, to give to mankind in the Declaration of Independence its title deed to liberty.

Adams' Pigeon Simile

When a few years later a royal governor dissolved the House of Burgesses because of its recent revolutionary spirit a group of five young lawyers met in a private room of the Raleigh Tavern, at Williamsburg, and gave the first impulse to the sentiment of union by forming a committee of correspondence to communicate with the other colonies. In these days, when we read at our breakfast tables the news of the preceding twenty-four hours of the entire world, we can scarcely appreciate the importance in the revolutionary struggle of the committees of correspondence which were thus initiated. They were the appropriate organ for mutual counsel and the highest patriotic endeavor. So strong an impression had they made upon Jefferson that when, sixty years later, he lay upon his dying bed, and across his fevered brain there swept again the storm of civil battle, he raised himself upon his arm, and with his dying words cried, "Warn the committees! Warn the committees!"

These young lawyers who initiated the committees of correspondence were Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Thomas Jefferson and Dabney Carr. The oldest had not reached 40, the youngest 30.

Nor was this peculiar to Virginia. In Massachusetts it was the young lawyers who championed the rights of the colonies, while of the attitude of the elder statesmen it is perhaps enough to quote the words of John Adams, written on December 13, 1765:

"The Bar seems to me to behave like a flock of shot pigeons; they seem to be stopped. The net seems to be thrown over them, and they have scarcely courage to flounce and flutter."

Young Adams was at that time 30 years of age. Together with young Josiah Quincy, who was only 29 when on the eve of the famous Tea Party he harangued the crowd in front of Old South Church; John Hancock, who was then 37; Joseph Warren, aged 32; and Sam Adams, the only elderly man, he formed the Massachusetts committee of correspondence, and these men remained the master spirits for revolt in the old Bay State. So, in Pennsylvania it was young John Dickinson, writing the Letters of a Pennsylvania Farmer at 35; Thomas Mifflin, who was but 32 in 1776; Robert Morris, who were among the active spirits in the early stage of the Revolution.

Of the fifty-six members of the Continental Congress who signed the Declaration of Independence, two were under 30 years of age, nineteen between 30 and 40, twenty-two between 40 and 50, and only thirteen more than 50. The youngest was Edward Rutledge, aged 27, and the oldest Benjamin Franklin, aged 70.

It was of this Congress of comparatively young men that William Pitt said: "I must declare and avow in all my reading and study—and I have read Thucydides and have studied and admired the master states of the world -that for solidity of reason, force of sagacity and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the general Congress at Philadelphia."

The men who supported the Declaration in the field with their swords were in great part young men, and conspicuous among them young lawyers. Alexander Hamilton and John Marshall were hardly out of their teens when they dragged the artillery over the frozen hills of Valley Forge. Nathaniel Greene at 34 was made a major general. Ethan Allen was but 38 when he roused from his slumbers the commander of the British forces at Ticonderoga and bade him surrender "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." John Sullivan was a brigadier general at 35, and Mad Anthony Wayne at 34 made his brilliant attack on Stony Point. Struck by a bullet while leading the charge, and believing that he was fatally wounded, he cried, "Carry me into the fort and let me die at the head of my column." Henry Knox was but 24 when he joined the infant army before Boston, and but 35 when he became Washington's Secretary of War. Our invincible naval hero, who sought his adversaries in English waters and won his great victory off Flamborough Point and within sight of the English coast, John Paul Jones, was but 31 when, in command of his little fleet, he engaged a larger one of the English ships.

"Has your ship struck?" called out the British captain, and Jones instantly replied, "I have not yet begun to fight." Few struggles on the seas were ever so desperate and no victory more brilliant.

The Constitutional Convention

Youth is indeed a tradition with our Navy, for Lawrence was but 31 when he poured out the blood of his gallant heart on the decks of the Chesapeake with his last utterance of indomitable courage—"Don't give up the ship!" Decatur was but 25 when he entered the harbor of Tripoli and destroyed the captive vessel Philadelphia, and but 28 when he was made a commodore. Perry was but 28 when he won his memorable victory on Lake Erie and sent that historic dispatch—which can only be fitly compared to Cæsar's "*Veni, vidi, vici*"—"We have met the enemy and they are ours."

Again, if we take the Constitutional Convention, which framed, as Mr. Gladstone has said in substance, the wisest instrument ever struck off by the brain and purpose of man at a given time, we are reminded that the three master spirits of that convention were James Madison, who at 25 was a member of the General Assembly of Virginia, and at 29 became a member of the Continental Congress, and at 36 entered the Constitutional Convention; Alexander Hamilton, who was but 30 when he sat in the Constitutional Convention; and Gouverneur Morris, who was a year younger than Madison. These young lawyers were most instrumental in shaping the Constitution, and they, with young John Jay, of New York, most ably supported it by the Federalist. The latter was only 29 when elected to the Continental Congress, and at 32 he became chief justice of New York.

What a galaxy of genius! Alexander Hamilton, Patrick Henry, John Jay, Thomas Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, Charles C. Pinckney, Robert R. Livingston, John Marshall, Oliver Ellsworth, Elbridge Gerry, all young men, who did their best work in the vigor of their youth. To this list may be added Joseph Story, who at 32 was an associate justice of the Supreme Court; William Wirt, who at 35 was employed to prosecute Aaron Burr; John C. Calhoun, who at 30 was chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the House; Henry Clay, who entered the Senate while under the constitutional age, being only 29, and at 34 was Speaker of the House; Daniel Webster, who entered Congress at 30, and at 36 argued the famous Dartmouth College case; Stephen A. Douglas, who at 30 was made attorney-general of Illinois, and William H. Seward, who at 37 became governor of New York.

A Young Unknown in 1896

These are only a few of the many remarkable instances in the history of America where the vigor of youth, even in the field of statesmanship, has been shown to compensate for the want of long experience. Undoubtedly a state is best served where there is a happy mingling of the seasoned experience of age with the swift intuitions of youth, but if both are not possible the history of the past would seem to teach us that the world could more profitably spare the calm and stable deliberation of age than the vital spirit of youthful initiative.

While my illustrations are taken from other and simpler times than this highly complex civilization in which we now live, yet even in our own times the spirit of youth has been found the salvation of America. The men in our own day and generation who have most profoundly affected the thought of the nation, whether for good or evil, have been men who acquired their influence when they were still young in years.

The writer will never forget the Democratic National Convention of 1896, when a young man almost unknown to the vast audience ascended the platform and delivered his cross-of-gold-and-crown-of-thorns speech. Though his argument ran diametrically opposite to the writer's economic views, yet to this day there lingers in my mind as a beautiful strain of music the classic peroration with which Mr. William Jennings Bryan graced his powerful argument and literally leaped to fame. Like young Byron, he awoke the next morning to find himself famous, and before another sun had set he was the Democratic candidate for the highest office in the gift of the nation and had become the leader of one of the great historic parties of the nation. The writer and many others may disagree profoundly and radically with most of Mr. Bryan's political views and doctrines, but who can question the enormous influence that they have had upon the political life of the nation? It may certainly be questioned whether Mr. Bryan, without any office except a short term in the Department of State, has not affected the public thought of America and the character of its institutions more than any other political leader of our day and generation, with the single exception of Theodore Roosevelt.

Roosevelt, who seemed to me the reincarnation of Alexander Hamilton, won his greatest triumphs as a young man. He was little more than a boy when he became a member of the New York Assembly, and was still in early manhood when he was

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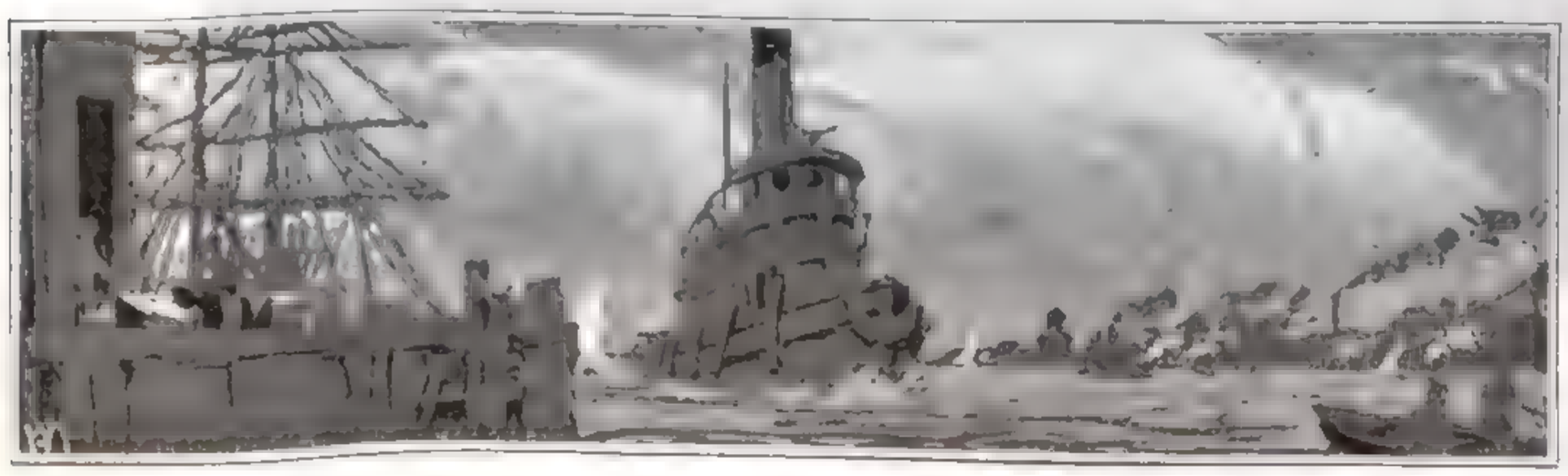

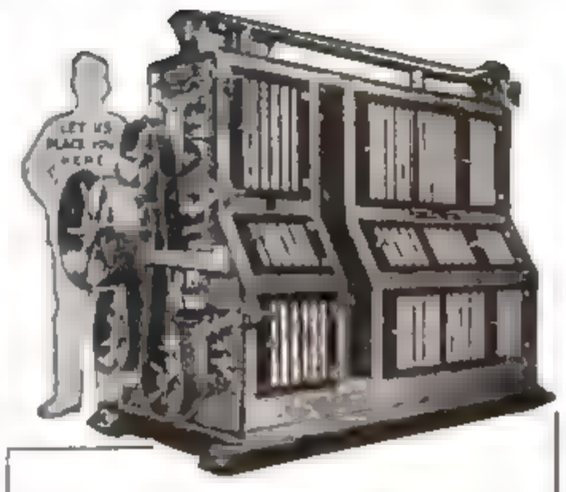

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PATENTS. WRITE for free illustrated guide book and "EVIDENCE OF CONCEPTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature.

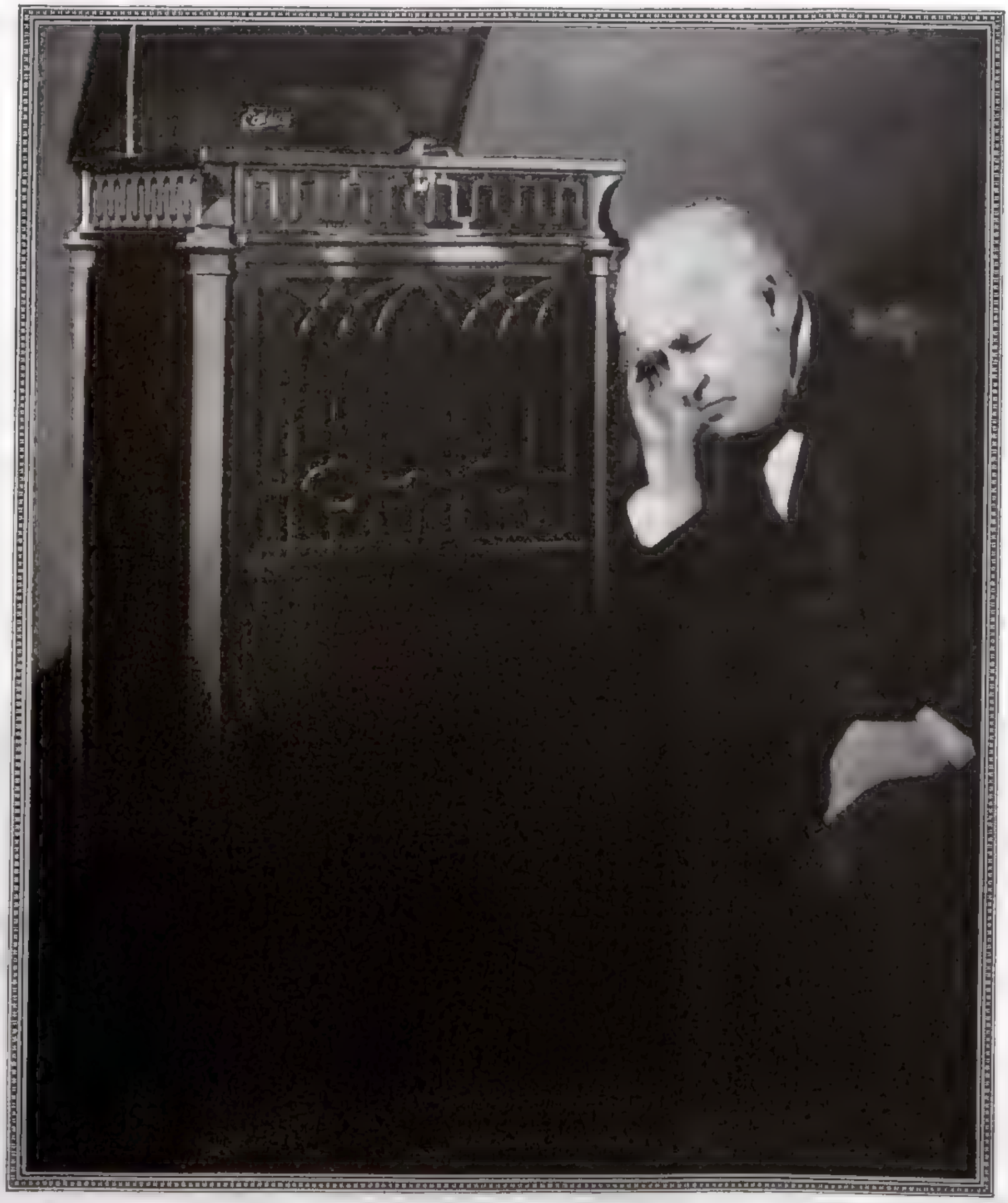
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

ATTENTION, GIRLS!

16 inch Oriental unbreakable Pearl necklaces with clasps, $4.00 each. Above price includes postage. Send money order to M. Williams & Co., 409 Flatiron Bldg. San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"



The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

What Edison Likes in Music

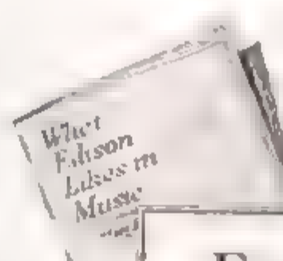
THIS photograph was taken recently in Mr. Edison's Laboratory. Mr. Edison still devotes from 16 to 20 hours, daily, to his never-ending research work. Occasionally, he steals away to the Music-Room in his Laboratory to listen to music.

The phonograph is Edison's favorite invention. He spent three million dollars in research work to develop a phonograph that would give perfect music to the entire world. This new phonograph is so perfect that it successfully sustains the test of direct comparison with living artists—and is the only phonograph that can sustain such test.

Mr. Edison has probably listened to more music than any other man in the world's history. His views on music will be of great interest to everyone. They were recently expressed in an intimate personal interview. This interview and a list of Edison's twenty-five favorite compositions are contained in the pamphlet "What Edison Likes in Music."

Ask the Edison dealer for a copy of this new and interesting discussion of music. An exact duplicate of the phonograph, which Mr. Edison personally uses, can be heard at your Edison dealer's store.

THE price of the New Edison has increased less than 15 per cent since 1914. Mr. Edison is a firm believer in the benefits of good music, and, in order to keep his favorite invention within the reach of everyone, he sacrificed millions in profits he might have made. Why and how he did this are told in the bulletin "What Did Edison Do During the War?" This bulletin also contains the Navy Department's official announcement of Mr. Edison's war work.



Ask your Edison dealer for any or all of the items listed below. You probably know him from reading his advertisements in your home papers. He is glad to distribute Edison literature. No obligation on your part

Free for the Asking

1—"What Edison Likes in Music."
2—A proof of Booth's famous etching of Edison. Suitable for framing.
3—"Edison and Music." The story of the New Edison. Handsomely illustrated.
4—Mood Change Charts. Show you how to test the effects of music on yourself.
5—"What Did Edison Do During the War?"

"Turn on the light!"

IN halls of science; in little homes; in great industrial buildings; along city streets; in colleges; on battleships; in parks; in offices; in hospitals; in palaces; up and down the roadways of the country; in the rooms of rich man or poor man—turn on the light!

It all seems so simple! A button pressed—a switch turned—and then: dark corners gone, hours utilized, beauty enjoyed, fortunes made, lives saved!

"Turn on the light!"

Did your thoughts ever go behind those words? Did they ever go back to the huge dams and water turbines, where water power is used, or the stupendous steam boilers? Or back to the turbines, engines and generators, wires of high-tension transmission lines and the innumerable smaller wires, all of which, in a sort of endless chain, link up with your reading lamp?

Electricity could not be the efficient public servant it is were it not for the foresight of some 1,450,000 thrifty American citizens who put their savings into the securities of the electric light and power industry.

There are still millions of homes in the United States without electric service, and which eventually will have it. It is authentically stated that the United States needs 1,500,000 additional homes, 500,000 additional factories, 5,000 public schools, 5,000 churches, 60,000 apartment buildings and 15,000 theaters. These, too, mean electric service. There are 150,000 pending applications for power by existing or new industrial plants desirous of utilizing electricity.

The wages of capital in this industry are regulated. These wages must be fixed fairly upon the basis of what it costs to buy money, for money must be invested in the industry to meet the public demands as they are made.

You and your community need this industry and it should receive your support.

NATIONAL ELECTRIC LIGHT ASSOCIATION

(Continued from Page 77)

Assistant Secretary of the Navy and colonel of the Rough Riders. When he became President he was—if my recollection serves me correctly—the youngest man who ever assumed the responsibilities of that great position.

How well the writer remembers the day when he first saw Theodore Roosevelt! It was on the occasion of McKinley's last departure from Washington. His body lay in state in the rotunda of the Capitol before it was taken to his Ohio home. The writer, as Assistant Attorney-General, went to the White House to join the official procession which was to follow the transfer of the President's remains from the Executive Mansion to the Capitol, and there for the first time he saw the young man upon whom with a terrible suddenness the responsible duties of the most arduous position in the world had fallen.

How splendidly the youthful Roosevelt acquitted himself in the position it is not necessary to state. No President of our time was ever swifter in deliberation or quicker in decision. If there were any complaint upon this score it would be that at times his decisions were too swift for deliberate judgment. But if occasionally the nation suffered from a mistake of a youthful and impetuous mind it was more than compensated by the extraordinary efficiency of the most vigorous administrator that America has known for many decades. The young President, who united the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; who helped to adjust the quarrel between Russia and Japan; who carried the prestige of the American flag to the far ends of the earth; who lifted the commercial life of the nation to a higher plane; who checked the abuses of capital and who sent a thrill of new life along the keel of the ship of state, need never have apologized either to his own generation or to posterity for his youth.

Young Men for High Places

America, at that time grown somewhat flabby and lazy from a too sudden growth of wealth, needed a vigorous and youthful personality, and such a one was given to the nation in the personality of Theodore Roosevelt. Though, measured by the calendar, he did not die a young man, yet it is true that in a sense he never ceased to be in spirit a young man. As the writer has already narrated, one of the last dreams of his life was to associate with himself the youth of the nation in order to re-create both his own party and the republic for the great responsibilities which he assuredly knew would soon confront both party and nation.

In my judgment Theodore Roosevelt, in this plan which he never lived to realize, was right. The habit of mind which too greatly influences both American parties, and especially the Republican Party, to turn to the elder statesmen, as though wisdom had died with them, is wrong. There is need, and imperative need, in the councils of the nation for seasoned statesmen like Lodge and Knox and Root; but there is also need to turn, in the new day that is dawning for America, to its young manhood. Little is gained by reserving all the greater places in the Administration for the seasoned veterans of the party, for sooner or later their places must be taken by young men, and if there were no other justification for their consideration it would lie in the necessity of training a new group of public men to take the places of the elder statesmen when they can no longer participate in the councils of the nation.

Whether the public service be recruited from the young men of the nation or not, one thing is clear: That there was never a time when the need was greater or the opportunity more tempting for young men to take an active part in public affairs, even though they serve in the ranks. The republic is entering upon a new and very interesting phase of its development. Possibly never before was the invitation to take part in its political life so tempting. Yet it may be questioned whether in any previous period of this country was there so little militant activity in politics by young men. In this respect a very remarkable change has come over the habits of the American people. Time was when the young men of the nation were organized in almost every precinct of the country to further the fortunes of the political party with which they were affiliated. Thousands of political clubs existed; their activity was continuous from year to year.

The Old Political Clubs

In the presidential years, when the nominations were made, they were hailed by the booming of cannon and the immediate organization of thousands of marching clubs. Thus in the campaign of 1880, when the issue largely turned upon the question of a high or low tariff, there were thousands of marching clubs, and the enthusiasm was remarkable. In all the great cities of the country weekly meetings were held and constant parades were organized which in numbers were the equivalent of armies. From June until November thousands of young men, in hastily improvised uniforms and with torchlights, would march once or twice a week in various localities to emphasize their loyalty to the party of their choice.

Nearly all of this militant activity seems to have ended. Most of the young men of the country are apparently more interested in baseball and the moving-picture theater than in the political destinies of their country. It may be that the form of activity is only a changed one, and that although they do not march in processions and do not attend great mass meetings their interest is as keen, but is manifested more through the printed page than in outward demonstration.

Let us hope that this is so; but the writer fears that this is not altogether an explanation of a marked change in habit whose principal cause is probably a lessened interest in the political life of the nation.

If the young men of the country, whatever their party affiliations may be, will organize to study the current issues and to take an active part in promoting those which they favor, a new school of politicians will be developed from which the public servants can be recruited; and though the old so-called spoils system had many defects it had this merit—that it did actively interest thousands of men in political life who now take little interest except to vote on election day.

In the last analysis the success of the republic and the perpetuity of its institutions must depend upon an intelligent public interest, and this interest must be developed among the younger men.

The nation has need of its Nestors, but it may have even greater need of the youthful Achilles.

FIFTY CANDLES

(Continued from Page 19)

United States District Court we met a man named Harry Childs coming out. Childs was a lawyer out there, somewhat shady I imagine, but useful to my father, who traveled much in the shade himself—I make no secret of it. Childs carried a few law books under his arm as I recall, and he looked warm and depressed and rather sullen.

"'Well, Harry,' my father said, 'how did your case come out?'

"'Lost it, of course,' said Childs. 'That man Smith has it in for me. Oh, well—it's all in the day's work. But I'm sorry for poor Chang See. Shipped back to China - they'll put him on the Nile to-night. It's his death sentence, Mr. Drew, his death sentence!'

"'Too bad,' my father said. 'As I told you, I could have used him. Hung Chin-chung died on the way over—there's all his clothes waiting for someone to wear them—and his name too. I could have landed your man in San Francisco with no trouble at all. Too bad.'

"Childs looked at my father in a queer way.

"'When are you sailing?' he asked.

"'About six,' my father said.

"'The Nile sails for China about dusk,' Childs said. 'If I were you I'd wait until it goes out. I'd wait—about an hour—or as long as may be necessary.'

"'I'll do that, Harry,' said my father. He smiled.

"'You might have a visitor,' Childs said, and went on his way down the hot street. My father and I went to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel and had lunch.

"Of course, at the time I had no idea what this conversation between Childs and my father meant. I remember standing that evening at the rail of the Edna May, just before we sailed. The quick tropic dusk had fallen, Tantalus and Punch Bowl Hill were blotted out. From the row of shacks along the water front came yellow light and laughter and the voices of men singing. My father happened along and ordered me to bed. He was robbing me of those last precious moments in port, and I resented it, but I dared not disobey. I went to his cabin and climbed to the upper berth, which was mine. In about half an hour the Edna May got under way. My wonderful journey was entering its final stage ——"

"Please," broke in Detective Barnes, glancing at his watch.

"I know," said Mark Drew, smiling. "I'll hurry on. Pretty soon my father came to the cabin, sat down at his table and began to look over some papers. I dozed off—and woke up with a start. A lean, solemn Chinaman was standing just inside the cabin door. It was my first sight of the man whose birthday my father was celebrating here to-night.

"'You are Chang See,' said my father, 'and the Nile has sailed without you.'

"The Chinaman bowed, and something resembling a smile flitted across his impassive face.

"'I see you've got dry things,' my father went on. 'Hung's clothes suit you all right—eh?' Again the Chinaman bowed. 'Well—listen to me,' said my father. 'I have called you Chang See for the last time. From now on you are Hung Chin-chung, the same servant I took with me when I left the Gate.'

"'I understand,' said Hung—I may as well call him that, for I have never known him by any other name. He spoke good English, even then. 'You have saved my worthless life,' he went on, and drifted off into a flowery sentence intended as an expression of gratitude. My father cut him short.

"'Yes,' he said, 'I've saved your life. And I expect something in return.' Of course he did. I was only twelve, but I knew he would, even then.

"'Anything you ask ——' began the Chinaman.

"'I want a confidential servant—one I can trust—absolutely,' my father told him. 'A man who will stick by me day and night, make my interests his, guard my safety. There are certain matters—my life has been threatened —— Lie down, Mark, and go to sleep!' he added sharply, for I was leaning over the side of my bunk, wide-eyed. 'I've given you your life,' he finished to the Chinaman. 'Now I ask that you devote it to me.'

"Hung—or whatever his name was—thought for a moment. To his Oriental mind a promise was a promise, and not to be lightly given, even under such extraordinary circumstances. I am trying to be brief, Sergeant Barnes. I'll sum up the discussion that followed in a few words. Hung was willing to serve my father—but for how long? He said something about returning to China to spend his last days there. There should be a limit, he thought. After a time they set it at twenty years This was the fifth of December, the anniversary of Hung's birth at Waikiki thirty years before. From that moment on to his fiftieth birthday, he agreed to do as my father wished.

"I was pretending to be asleep. My father came over and shook me. 'Wake up, Mark,' he said. 'This is Hung Chin-chung. He has agreed to act as my servant for the next twenty years, if we both live that long. My friends will be his friends, my enemies his enemies; he will guard my life as his own, and every request I make of him, no matter how trivial, he will comply with. Is that right, Hung?'

"Hung promised on his honor and the sacred honor of his ancestors.

"'When he reaches his fiftieth birthday I will release him from his promise,' my father said. 'You are a witness, Mark. Don't forget.' He turned to the Chinaman. 'Now, go to your bunk. I'll have a talk with you in the morning.'

"How well Hung kept his word I know probably best of all. He became my father's shadow. Into what unsavory paths his devotion led him I don't know. My father's activities were many—there was talk of the opium trade in those days. No doubt Hung was a useful go-between. Twice he saved my father's life when it was attempted by revengeful members of Hung's own race.

"To-day, on his fiftieth birthday, as you can see, his long period of slavery—there is no other word—was ended. I know my father had grown very fond of Hung, and there was in his nature an odd sentimental streak that no doubt led him to hit on the birthday party as a fitting climax to all those years of devotion. Probably it was not so much to honor Hung that he lit the fifty candles on the cake; he wanted to call the attention of the world to the remarkable loyalty that he had inspired and, in honoring Hung, honor himself." Mark Drew paused. "That's all, sergeant," he said. "I'm afraid I haven't helped you much, at that."

"Very interesting, Mr. Drew," said the detective. "But it gets us nowhere—nowhere at all. It establishes beyond question that Hung was under an obligation to your father, that he was always very devoted to him ——"

"Yes," said Mark Drew sharply. "But you forget that the obligation has been paid. To-day Hung was released from his promise—he was a free man again. What has been going on in his mind these twenty years? You and I don't know—we can't know. What white man could?"

"You mean to say," Doctor Parker put in, with what seemed to me a quite hopeful look in his eyes, "that you think Hung's first act as a free man was to murder his benefactor?"

"There's a bare chance of it," Drew replied. He turned again to the detective. "After all, there is a very thin line dividing gratitude and hate. If you saved my life to-night I should be grateful. To-morrow, next week, possibly next year, I should still be grateful. But after twenty years—if you had reminded me of it every day—isn't it quite likely ——"

A door at the rear of the room opened suddenly and Hung Chin-chung came in. Noiselessly, on his padded slippers, he crossed the polished floor to the long table on which Mrs. MacShane had put the coffee. His yellow face might have been hidden behind the curtain of tule fog for all the expression one could read there. He gathered up the stray coffee cups and piled them on the tray.

No one moved, or spoke. Deliberately Hung lifted the tray to his shoulder, swung on his heel, and strode to the door through which he had entered.

"Hung!" said Barnes sharply.

Hung paused, turned so we could see his face, and waited.

(Continued on Page 84)

Just pump the plunger a few times—and the wearing surfaces of the springs are thoroughly covered with fresh, pure oil

The new method of oiling springs

The largest manufacturers of motor lubricators in the world announce a new device which lubricates springs quickly, effectively, economically—kills squeaks and rattles—prevents rust and reduces wear—and contributes to an easier riding car.

When your engine misses, you clean the spark plug. When it backfires, you change the mixture. When your tires get soft, you fill them with air. But when your springs squeak, you do—

In most cases, *nothing*

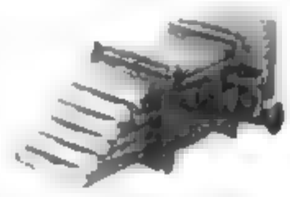
And yet spring squeaks are warnings of the utmost importance. Each tortured squeak proclaims to the world that lubrication is needed, that it is becoming harder for one leaf to move against another, that rust is forming to impede their action, and that the springs may soon cease to cushion the car against the severe jolts and jars of the uneven road.

Properly lubricating the springs has long puzzled engineers. Various methods have been tried—none have proved entirely satisfactory.

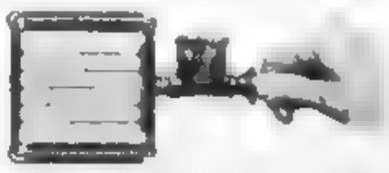
The force feed method

Experts agree that the ideal way is to pump oil between the springs, and force it over the entire wearing surface of each leaf. How to do this—handily, effectively, economically—was the problem.

With the invention and perfecting of Oil-Kipp Spring Oilers the problem has been solved. The same principles that have made Oil-Kipps so effective in lubricating steering knuckles, spring bolts and other bearing surfaces of the chassis have been successfully applied in Oil-Kipp Spring Oilers to lubricating the springs.



Oil-Kipp Spring Oilers are clamped securely to the springs, near the center, as shown in diagram. It takes but a few seconds to install or remove them.



Note, in the smaller diagram, how oil is forced to the wearing surfaces of the springs.

Oil-Kipp Spring Oilers are small repeating oil pumps attached to specially designed pads of resilient material, which are clamped to the springs. A powerful plunger, accumulating a pressure of more than 1,200 pounds per square inch, pumps oil to the most remote surfaces of the leaves.

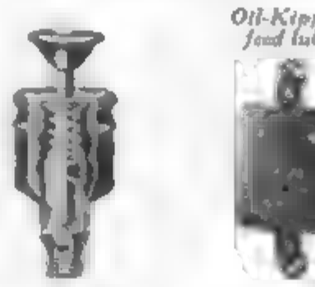
Kill squeaks and rattles

Oil-Kipp Spring Oilers are easy to operate—simply pump the plunger a few times and the springs are thoroughly lubricated. They make spring lubrication clean, convenient and economical. They kill squeaks and rattles—they prevent rust and reduce wear—they insure a quiet, easy riding car.

Our new booklet, "Silencing the Chassis," will interest you. Send coupon today and we will mail you this booklet and a special Oil-Kipp installation diagram for your car—free.

MADISON-KIPP CORPORATION, Madison, Wisconsin

Oil-Kipp Spring Oiler for force feed lubrication of the springs.



Vertical Oil-Kipp for steering knuckles and other vertical positions

Horizontal Oil-Kipp for spring bolts and other horizontal bearings.

Oil-Kipps

SILENCE THE CHASSIS

MADISON-KIPP CORPORATION, Madison, Wis.

Send me booklet, "Silencing the Chassis," and special Oil-Kipp installation diagram for my car.

Make of Car _____ Model _____

Name _____

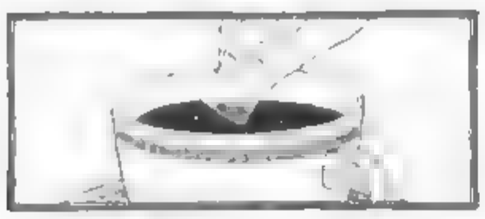
Address _____

Dealer's Name _____

It's Rubber!

In your storage battery are certain metallic plates used in producing the electricity. They have to be kept apart or "insulated" from each other. Why, then, has not the *universal* insulating material—rubber—been generally used between the plates of automobile starting and lighting batteries? Because rubber insulators as used in these batteries (unlike the insulation in other electrical products) must be *porous*.

Try this with a Lump of Sugar



Just let a corner of the lump touch the surface of the coffee in your cup. Instantly you'll see the coffee drawn up by the grains of sugar until the lump is soaked with the liquid. It's a simple but striking example of *capillary attraction*, the principle on which the action of Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation depends. Every piece of Threaded Rubber is pierced by 196,000 tiny threads, and every thread is a wick soaking up battery solution in just the same way as the sugar soaks up the coffee. Thus the threads not only permit but actually help the free circulation of the battery solution. The threads make the rubber porous.

Willard

It's Porous!

The only known form of porous rubber suitable for this purpose is Willard Threaded Rubber. It lasts the life of the plates, and reinsulation is therefore unnecessary, saving you time and money. Knowing this, the manufacturers below use only Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries as original equipment. Can you do better, when you need a battery, than to follow their judgment and *insist* on Threaded Rubber Insulation?

These Cars and Trucks are Equipped by their Makers with Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries:

Acason
Acme
Ahrens-Fox
All-American
Allis-Chalmers
American
American LaFrance
American-LaFrance *of Canada*
Apex
Armleder
Atco
Atterbury
Auburn
Austin
Avery

Bacon
Bell
Bessemer
Bethlehem
Betz
Bollstrom
Buffalo

Canadian Briscoe
Cannonball
Capitol
Carroll
Case
Champion
Chevrolet
Citroen
Clydesdale
Cole
Collier
Colonial
Comet
Commerce
Commodore
Consolidated
Corliss
Crawford
Cunningham

Daniels
Dart
Davis
Day Elder
Denby
Dependable
Diamond T
Dixie Flyer
Dodge
Dorris

Elcar
Elgin

F W D
Fergus
Ferris
Franklin
Friend
Fulton

G M C
Garford
Giant
Glide
Great Western

H C S
Hahn
Hatfield
Hawkeye
Haynes
Henney
Highway
Holmes
Holt
Hupmobile
Hurlburt

Independent
Indiana

Jordan

Kissel
Koehler

Lancia
Landa
Lewis-Hall
Lexington
Luverne

M H C
Madison
Marmon
Master
Maxim
McFarlan
McLaughlin
Menges
Menominee
Mercedes
Merit
Meteor (Piqua)
Metz
Miller
Mitchell
Moore

Napoleon
Nash
Nelson
Nelson & LeMoon
Noma
Northway
Norwalk

Ogren
Old Hickory
Oldsmobile
Oneida
Oshkosh

Packard
Paige
Pan American
Parker
Parrett
Paterson
Peerless
Peugeot
Phianna
Pierce-Arrow
Premier

R & V Knight
Rainier
Renault
Reo
ReVere
Riddle
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Rowe

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United
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Velie
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Vogue
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Werner
Westcott
White
Wills Sainte Claire
Wilson
Winther
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Made in Canada by the Willard Storage Battery Company, Limited, *Toronto, Ontario*

THREADED RUBBER BATTERY ad

Greater
HOTEL SHERMAN

Randolph Street at Clark CHICAGO

NOW—1000 ROOMS

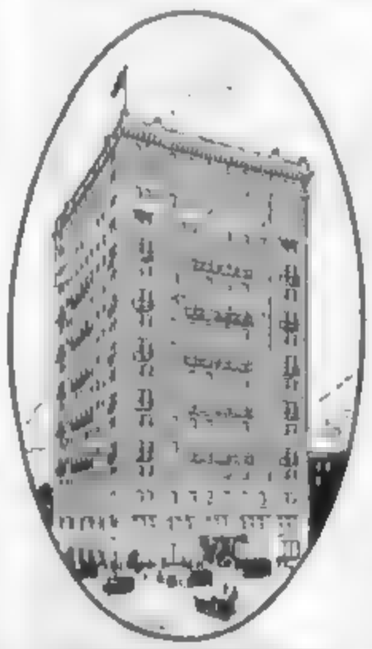
All With Bath and Individual Floor Service

The addition of three floors of guest rooms now enables us to accommodate you with a minimum of delay in securing reservation, while our separate floor service—with your mail and key on your own floor—makes trips to the lobby unnecessary, a convenience which will be particularly appreciated by the woman guest.

Centrally located in the down town district of Chicago, Hotel Sherman is conveniently close to the leading department stores, theatres, banks, large office buildings and the City and County Building.

The College Inn

Hotel Sherman is widely known as the home of the famous College Inn, one of the world's most noted restaurants, a favorite gathering place for notables of the stage and screen for after theatre parties.



For. Dearborn Hotel Chicago

Reasonable Rates

Rooms—with bath $3.50 to $5.00 a day for one, $5.00 to $8.00 a day for two.

Fort Dearborn Hotel

Van Buren Street at La Salle

Five hundred and fifty rooms, all with private bath or toilet. Rates $2.50 and $3.00 a day.

Across the street from Chicago's famous Board of Trade and the La Salle Street Station.

HOTEL SHERMAN COMPANY

(Continued from Page 81)

"This was your birthday, eh, Hung?" said Barnes.

"Yes."

"The fifty candles—the cake—all for you?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Drew was very fond of you. Why?"

"Why not?"

"Answer my question!" The detective reddened with anger.

"I have served Mr. Drew with honor for many years," said Hung.

"And you were about to leave his service. Where are you going? What are your plans?"

"I return to China."

"On what boat?"

"I have not yet decided. That is all? Thank you ——"

"Wait a minute! Tell me—you were very fond of Mr. Drew?"

"Why not?" Hung's hand was pushing open the door.

"I want an answer!" shouted Barnes.

"For one word," said Hung, "a man may be adjudged wise. And for one word he may be adjudged foolish. I have spoken enough."

"Hold on there!" Barnes cried, for Hung was going out.

"Let him go," said Mark Drew quickly, and the Chinaman disappeared.

Barnes threw up his hands.

"All right—if you're handling the case," he said angrily.

"I should like to, for a few moments," said Drew, smiling. "Where the mind of an Oriental is concerned one man's efforts are as good as another's."

"I was on the Chinatown squad ten years," Barnes retorted. "But if you know more than I do ——"

"I know more about Hung perhaps. Mrs. MacShane—go to the kitchen. If Hung starts to come upstairs by the back way let Sergeant Barnes know at once. He will pass the word on to me. And now, sergeant, if you will lend me that flashlight you had in the garden ——"

With surprising meekness Barnes handed it over.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Explore," smiled Drew. "We all have our pet theories. Yours inclines to this young man." He nodded toward me. "Mine, up to the time I understood the matter of the candles, favored our friend, Doctor Parker. I'm sorry to say I believe I was mistaken. I'm going up to find out."

"Hold on," said Barnes. "During those twenty years Hung served your father, do you know of anything that occurred—anything that might account for what happened here to-night?"

"A fair question," Drew said. "I'll answer it when I've had a look about Hung's room."

He went quickly up the stairs, and again silence fell in that cold and musty room. Mary Will moved closer to me on the sofa. Doctor Parker rose and lighted a cigarette, then with an air of assumed carelessness drifted to the side of Carlotta Drew, who sat near the stairs. They talked eagerly in low tones; evidently they had much that was important to say to each other. Ignoring us all, Barnes sat staring gloomily into space. He seemed for the moment a discouraged man.

The bell of the telephone, which was in a closet under the stairs, rang sharply. Barnes jumped up and entered the closet, shutting the door behind him. We could hear his voice, faint, far away.

"Hello, Riley! . . . Yes. What is it? . . . Yes. . . . That's good. . . . Fine work, Riley. . . . Better take her to the station. Wait a minute—bring her up here first. Yes. Good-by."

When Barnes emerged from the closet his face was beaming. He said nothing, but ran up the stairs two at a time.

VIII

MARY WILL put her hand on my arm. "What now?" she asked wide-eyed.

"I wonder ——"

"I'm so worried. That horrid detective still suspects you."

"Nonsense! He can't entangle an innocent man."

"Yes, he can," said Mary Will seriously. "And he will, too, unless he finds the guilty one at once."

"Then let's hope he does. But—who is the guilty man? My choice is Doctor Parker."

Mary Will's forehead wrinkled in deep thought.

"No," she said. "I don't believe it was Parker."

"Then why did he try so hard to put the thing on me?"

"For the same reason Carlotta Drew tried to put it on you. They both honestly believe you did it."

"Mary Will—you talk like an oracle. How do you know all this?"

"Oh—I just know it. When Mrs. Drew and I were upstairs and we heard the scream, I'm sure she suspected Doctor Parker. But the minute he reached the house, with you and the policeman, he took her aside and assured her he was innocent. I was watching them and I saw the look of relief on her face."

"Well," I said helplessly, "I'm all at sea. If Parker didn't do it ——"

"Then Hung did," said Mary Will firmly. "Can't you see that?"

"Hung? Nonsense! Why, there's not a shred of evidence against him. He was in his room all the time. Much more reason to suspect me. Oh, I certainly got tangled in a pretty mess when I came up here to-night."

"I meant to speak about that. You disobeyed me. I told you on the boat ——"

"Tut, tut! Maidenly reserve, and all that sort of thing. I'm mighty glad I didn't pay any attention to it. Because, however it ends, this evening has taught me one wonderful thing. You love me."

"I haven't said so."

"You don't need to. Your actions have proved it."

"Don't be too sure. Maybe I pitied you. Have you thought of that? And pity—pity isn't love."

I have said that Mary Will could be annoying at times. Loving her, I perceived, would never grow monotonous.

"If I hear any more about pity," I said fiercely, "I'll kiss you."

"Then you won't hear any more about it," she answered quickly; and added, very softly, "Not just now."

At that instant we heard Mark Drew and the detective coming down the stairs. Doctor Parker rose and walked to the table; when they came into view he was lighting another cigarette. Sergeant Barnes carried a little bundle of something or other, which he placed beneath the cushion of a chair. Then he walked solemnly up to where I sat.

"Well, my boy," he said, "I'm going to arrest you for the murder of Henry Drew!"

Mary Will gave a little cry, and her hot hand grasped mine. I was stunned—the thing was so sudden.

"This—this is ridiculous," I stammered.

Mark Drew came up and stood by the side of Barnes.

"The sergeant is a bit crude in his methods," he remarked. "What he should have said was that, with your permission, he is about to place you under arrest, as an experiment. You'll understand later. Do you mind?"

"Well, I—I can't say I fancy it."

"It was my suggestion," said Mark Drew.

"Oh, well—in that case ——" I agreed, somewhat less alarmed.

"Call Mrs. MacShane and Hung from the kitchen," said Barnes. "Get Murphy in from the back and Myers from the front." Mark Drew began to carry out these orders. "Now, my boy, if you'll put these on ——"

He held out a pair of handcuffs which glittered wickedly in the dim light. I saw that Mary Will was very pale and frightened, and I wasn't feeling any too cheery myself. But I held out my hands. The lock clicked shut on my wrists just as Hung came in from the kitchen, and I thought that he stared at me with unusual interest.

"My investigation is at an end," said Barnes loudly. "You are free to go, you people. You'll all be wanted as witnesses, of course."

Mrs. MacShane went slowly up the stairs. Doctor Parker had found his overcoat and was putting it on. Hung stepped forward to assist him, when Mark Drew spoke.

"All right, Hung," he said. "Go to your room. I'll wait here to look after things. You've passed your fiftieth birthday—I've not forgotten—you are your own master now. Good night, and good luck!"

For a long moment Hung looked at him. Then he bowed.

"Thank you," he said. "Good night."

He went silently up the broad stairs. Mark Drew waited about two minutes,

(Continued on Page 87)

A RARE opportunity is today afforded tire buyers and dealers to accurately judge the quality of tires, and the strength of the companies making them.

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(Continued from Page 84)

then followed just as silently. I could see him stop in the shadows at the top, and stand there, as though on guard. Barnes turned to the two patrolmen.

"Come on," he whispered hoarsely. "Quick! Don't make a sound. Come with me." He led them into the dining room, while we waited, completely at sea. In a moment he returned to the hall, where he stamped noisily about for a few moments. He opened and shut the outer door several times.

"Now follow me," he directed, still in a whisper. "We'll all go back to the drawing-room and wait."

He led the way; Mrs. Drew, Mary Will, Parker and I followed. As we entered, Barnes turned down the lights.

Thus I came back to the room I had not seen since I left it to answer Henry Drew's pitiful cry. The fire had burned low, but the dying logs still sent forth a warm red glow. Again they were staring down on me, those stern Drews on the wall. I was acutely conscious of the handcuffs on my wrists.

We waited. From where I sat I could see that the yellow fog from the tule fields no longer pressed against the window panes. By straining my eyes I fancied I could make out the dim outlines of an apartment house across the street. Was the tule fog lifting?

The glint of firelight on my pretty bracelets must have caught the eye of Barnes, for he came over and, grinning, set me free.

"Thanks," I said gratefully

"Temporarily, at any rate," he spoiled it all by adding.

He returned to his seat. Mark Drew came down the stairs and entered the room on tiptoe. He, too, found a chair. Our wait seemed endless.

"I don't think much of your scheme, Drew," growled the detective at last. "Silly play-acting, if you ask me."

He was interrupted by the sound of heavy footsteps in the dining room. In another moment in the big door of the drawing-room Myers and Murphy appeared. Between them stood Hung Chin-chung.

"You win, Drew!" Barnes cried. He leaped to his feet, brisk, alive, delighted, and turned up the lights. "Hello, Hung—glad to see you," he chortled.

"He was makin' his getaway by a rope from his window," Myers explained. "We grabbed him the minute he landed."

"Sure—sure," said Barnes. "Well, Hung—that's the second time to-night the old fire escape proved a handy invention, eh?"

Hung did not speak. He faced the detective with a dignity that was somehow pathetic and hopeless.

"Don't try that stony-stare stuff on me," Barnes warned. "I know you came down that way before. I—that is, we—I mean Mr. Drew here and I—found a few strands of the rope caught in the rough ledge of the window sill." He passed round Hung into the hall, and returned with the bundle he had hidden beneath the cushion of a chair. As he now unrolled it I perceived that it was a pair of Hung's trousers, wrapped about a pair of cheap American-made shoes. "You're getting awful careless where you put your clothes, ain't you, Hung?" Barnes asked.

The Chinaman shrugged his shoulders.

"You are searching the lake for the moon," he said scornfully.

"Maybe we are," answered Barnes. "And maybe we'll find it too. Maybe the moon's dropped down from heaven—by way of a rope fire escape." He went close to the impassive face of the Chinaman. "I've got you tagged, son, from the minute you left here to go to your room, just before dinner. Wanted to change your clothes, eh? To bring honor to your master, and your master's house. Was that the reason? I don't think so. Now listen to me—and correct me if I'm wrong: You went to your room. You put on these white man's shoes in place of those velvet slippers. You took the knife you'd snitched from Mr. Coolidge's luggage when you was in the stateroom packing Henry Drew's bags. You let out the rope of the fire escape and dropped down into the fog. It wasn't two minutes to Doctor Su's place, by the back way. He was alone there. Did you fix that? You put the knife in him. When you came back you saw Henry Drew in the dining room. You slipped through the window and did for him. Before you could get back up by the rope route Mr. Coolidge was with you in the fog ——"

"I remember," I cried. "Something struck me in the face when I was close to the wall of the house. It must have been the rope."

"Sure," said Barnes. "It was. Well, Hung, you and Mr. Coolidge played hide and seek in the fog. When he went out into the alley you locked the gate after him. Then you climbed to your room. You drew up the rope and put it back on the hook. You took off these shoes, all wet and muddy, and the trousers, wet and stained round the bottom from walking in the tall grass. From your window you could step out on the roof; you hid these things in a dark corner out there. But you overlooked the mud on your window sill, the mud on the floor. You put on fresh clothes and waited for the time when you were due to meet somebody—a friend. Where were you going—you and your friend? I'll gamble there's a boat waiting for you down at the dock; faked passports, maybe none at all; a bribe here and there—money will do a lot, eh? Well, Hung—I'm sorry. I can't let you go to meet your friend. But don't worry—it's all right. Your friend will be here in a minute to meet you!"

Even at that startling bit of information Hung allowed himself no look of surprise or of distress. Again he shrugged his shoulders.

"It's all up, Hung," the detective was saying. "You haven't got a chance in the world. It's as clear as day. Your first free evening in twenty years, and you spend it killing your master and your master's best friend. Is that your idea of a pleasant night off? Now that's all from me. What have you got to say?"

"Nothing," answered Hung Chin-chung.

Mark Drew came over and stood before the Chinaman. For a long moment the beady little eyes looked straight into those of the dead man's son. Then, amazingly, they faltered, and Hung's chin fell upon his breast.

"Hung," said Drew, "I'm sorry—you must know that. But, after all, Henry Drew was my father, and I was bound to find out who killed him if I could. Then, too, you had tried to involve an innocent man. I'm all at sea. I thought you were loyal to my father—I spoke of your loyalty here to-night. There can be no question of your guilt, but that does not solve the mystery for me. It only increases it. What, in heaven's name, was the motive behind all this?"

We heard the front door open and the sound of footsteps in the hall. Riley, huge, red-faced, triumphant, came into the drawing-room. By one arm he led an amazing little captive, a Chinese girl who seemed not more than twenty. She was beautiful in her way; at least there was something intriguing about the sleek luster of her black hair, about her crimson mouth, and her figure, alluringly slender and lissom. Her face was very frightened; the dark eyes held a hunted look as they glanced hurriedly about the room—and then one of relief as they fell on Hung Chin-chung.

"Well, Riley," said Barnes, "where'd you pick this up?"

"It's as I told you over the phone," said Riley. "When I left this house to go back on my beat the fog was lifting. I went down California. Ahead of me, standing near the corner of Grant, I see a big touring car. I hurried up to it. When he seen me coming the driver, a snappy little Chink, tried to start his motor. It stalled. I come up with him. I thought the tonneau was empty, but undher a couple of robes I finds this bit of a girl. Just as I drags her out the car started an' the driver beat it. I thought you'd like to meet the lady."

"Delighted," said Barnes. He went close to the girl. "Who are you? What's your name?"

She shrank from him and said nothing.

"I know her," Mark Drew put in. "I was at her wedding ten years ago. She was only a child then—but there's no mistaking her. Her name is Mah-li, and she is the wife of Dr. Su Yen Hun."

"Doctor Su's wife!" cried Barnes. "Now we are getting on! A Chinese triangle—by all the yellow gods! I didn't know they had 'em. It's all up, kid," he said to the scared little figure. "Hung here has told us everything."

"That is a lie," said Hung in a voice like ice.

"Your husband's been murdered. You know that?" roared Barnes.

"I know nothing," the girl answered faintly.

"Where have you been to-night?"

"At the house of my father, Yuan-shui, on Grant Street. Since early afternoon I was there. My brother was taking me home in his car."

"Taking you home? That's a lie. Taking you to the corner to wait for somebody—somebody who was going to smuggle you on board a boat bound for the treaty ports. Come on"—the detective seized one white slender wrist—"who were you waiting for on that corner? Who were you waiting for—tell me—and tell me the truth, or, by heaven ——" He gave her arm a brutal twist.

"Let the woman alone!" said Hung Chin-chung, and his voice sent shivers down my spine. "She was waiting for me."

"Sure, she was," said Barnes, dropping the girl's arm. "Now tell me all about it."

"To you," said Hung scornfully, "I will tell nothing." He walked up to Mark Drew. "To you—everything," he said. "Only to-night in this house you spoke of my loyalty, my devotion to your father, and my heart was heavy within me. And why? Because, but a little while before, I had slain both your father and his friend." He turned to the girl, Mah-li. "All this was to be," he explained, as though to a child. "Long ago the gods arranged it. And who is man that he should struggle against the gods?" Again he faced Mark Drew. "But because you have believed in me, have trusted me, you must know that I had good and sufficient cause."

For a moment he was silent while we waited, tense with interest. In the hallway the great clock struck the hour of three.

"Ten years ago," the Chinaman continued to Drew, "I first saw this woman, Mah-li. In the doorway of her father's shop in Grant Street—the shop of Yuan-shui, merchant of curios. A girl of fourteen, slender as the bamboo is slender, dainty as the blossom of the plum, beautiful as a jewel of pure jade. I saw her there, and it came to me that the best in life was evading me—a wife, sons to worship at the graves of my ancestors."

He stepped nearer to Mark Drew.

"What you call love—that came to me. In my thoughts the slim figure of Mah-li was always swaying gently, like a bamboo touched by the breeze. I saw myself her husband. I heard the cry of my first-born son. Yuan-shui, whom I approached, thought it could be honorably arranged. But, as you know, I was not my own master. There was my honorable promise to your father. In this room, with the firelight like two torches in his evil eyes, he listened to me while I told him how Mah-li had caught up my heart, and held it in her slender perfumed hands. I asked his permission to marry. And why not? Could I not serve him just as faithfully, even though Mah-li were also mine to care for? He did not speak. He was not pleased.

"Vanity! Vanity was the secret flame at which he warmed his hands, grown cold with many wicked deeds. He was vain of my loyalty to him; that cake with the candles is a symbol, a boast. Selfish, cruel, he would not share me with the woman—he must have all my time, all my care, all my devotion. He thought I did not know. He was often a fool. He called into consultation his partner in evil, Dr. Su Yen Hun, an old man from whom the years had sucked all blood, leaving him a dry, unlovely husk. Between them they arranged it. Doctor Su had no wife living in San Francisco at the time. Your father took me on a journey to the south. When we came back it was Mah-li's wedding day. She had been given to Su Yen Hun.

"Henry Drew made merry at the wedding. That night in this room I saw his triumph blazing deep in his eyes. I hated him. I hated Su, his partner. Evil men, both of them, as like in their wickedness as the twin blossoms of the pear are like in beauty. Between them they had robbed me, and I swore that the instant I was free I would kill them both. To-day brought my freedom, and to-night I kept my oath."

"You waited ten years!" said Mark Drew softly.

"Why not?" said Hung. "Was I not bound by the chains of my honorable promise?"

Detective Barnes was reaching for those chill cuffs of steel that had lately been on my wrists. Hung stepped to the side of Mah-li and laid a hand on her arm.

"Do not grieve, little disappointed one," he said. "We are not to dwell together in the great house by the broad river in the

(Continued on Page 90

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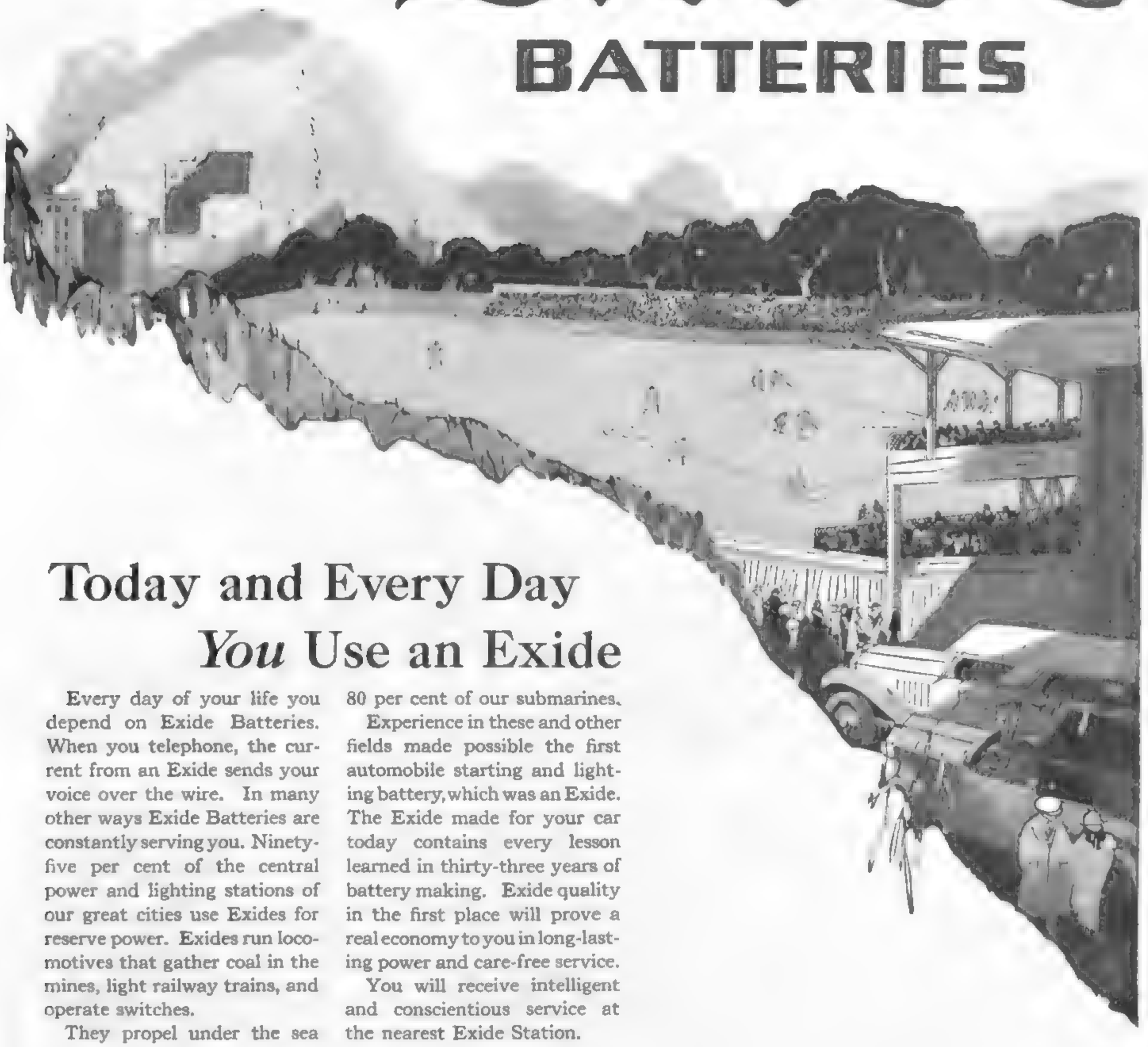

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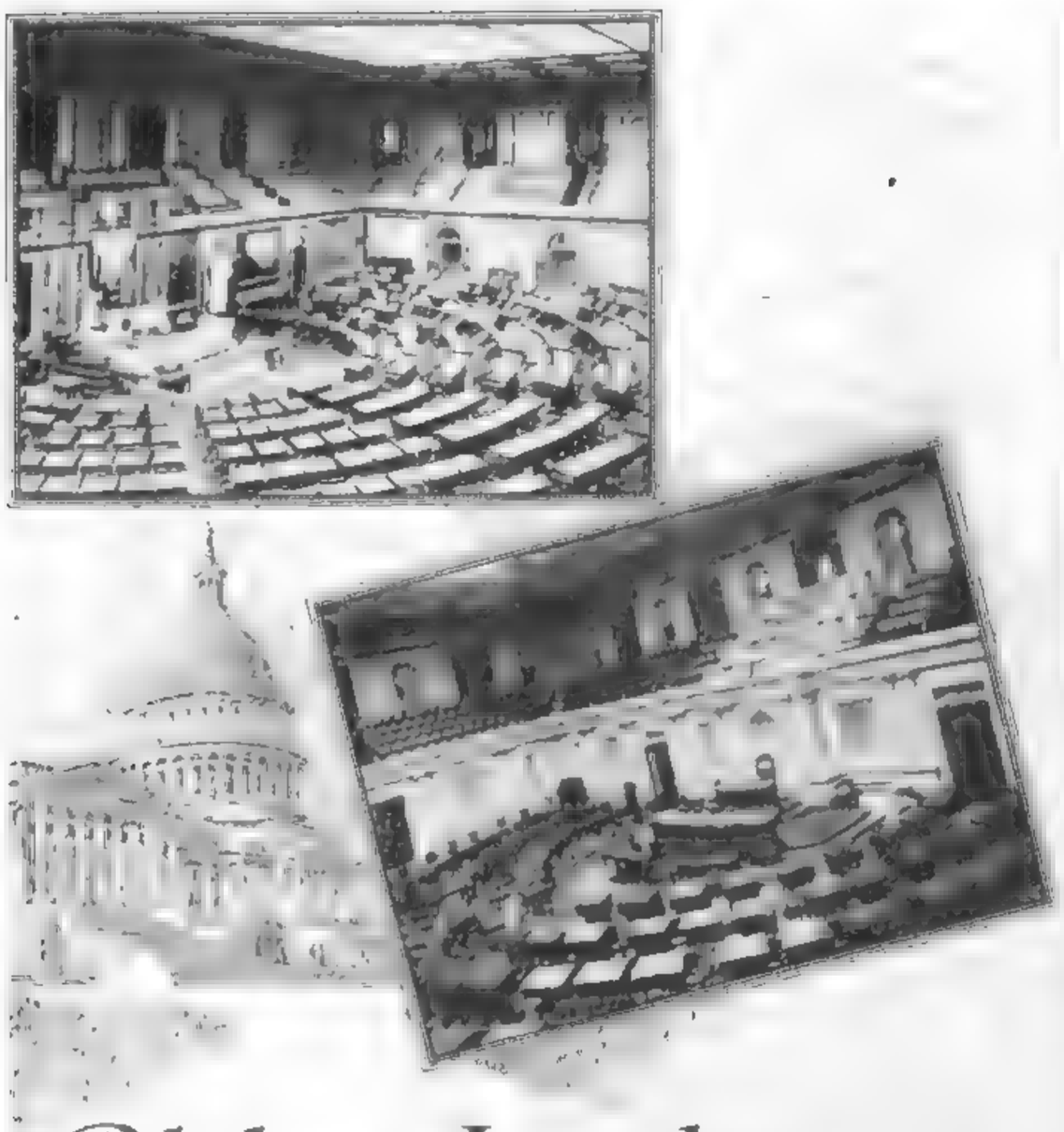

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(Continued from Page 87)

village of Sun Chin. It is the decree of the gods. For you—after you have put off the white garb of your mourning—there may be another, and a younger, husband. For me ——"

"Put out your hands," growled Barnes, coming nearer.

"Once," said Hung, "in Honolulu, the city of my birth, I stood in the foreigners' court. It is a humiliation not to be endured a second time."

With a swift movement he turned his back on the detective. I alone stood between him and the fireplace and could see what followed.

I had last noted my knife on the table; how he got it I do not know, but now it flashed from his sleeve. The firelight glinted on the blade as, holding the handle in his two lean hands, he turned the point toward his heart. He took one dazed uncertain step, then fell, his black hair close to the dying fire, while from her tarnished frame above Henry Drew's first wife stared down at him. For an instant, held by this latest decree of the gods, no one moved.

Then without a sound Mah-li dropped to the dead man's side. It was Mark Drew who snatched the knife from her hand and left her there on her knees, gazing at the motionless figure on the hearth.

He was at the end of the path at last, that Chinese boy born near Queen Emma's yard, on the beach at Waikiki. Looking down at him I was conscious of a feeling of pity—until I recalled the knife he had taken from my luggage. Then for the first time I realized all I had escaped. And quicker than the tule fog lifting from San Francisco all gloomy apprehension vanished from my heart.

Henry Drew's party broke up in a sort of silent, awed confusion. Under the flickering gaslight in the dim old hall Mary Will held out her hand.

"Good night," she said.

"Good morning," I answered, pointing to the clock. "Where do you imagine you're going?"

"To bed, of course."

"You could never sleep in this house. Go up and get your hat."

"Get my what!"

"Your hat. We'll come back for your luggage later in the day.

"Just now I propose to take you somewhere to breakfast."

"Nonsense! I can't eat breakfast with you."

"Why not?"

"It simply isn't done—that's all," argued Mary Will.

"But it will be done this time. After breakfast I'm going shopping, and you may as well come along."

"Going shopping! For what?"

"For a wife. I understand the town is filled with beautiful possibilities. And I don't want to get your hopes up too far, but I may say that I'm considering you—very seriously."

"Don't be silly. It's three o'clock in the morning."

"And I love you just as I did at three yesterday afternoon. Peculiar, isn't it? Yes I rather think I'll marry you."

"Not without looking around?"

"I'll glance the other girls over on our way to the license bureau. If I change my mind I promise to let you know at once. Now how about the hat?"

Mary Will hesitated. The hour was not much of a help to her in her delightful stubbornness.

"I'll – I'll have to change my dress too," she said, and ran upstairs.

In the brief space of half an hour she returned. Though the fog was gone San Francisco was still a hidden city as we walked gingerly down the steep side of Nob Hill. The sidewalk was wet and slippery. It was absolutely necessary to hold hands.

When we came out of an all-night lunch room near Union Square dawn was breaking over the silent town. A policeman stood on a corner.

"How soon can we get a marriage license?" I asked him.

"Office won't be open till nine," said he. "Three hours and more."

"That's a long time to wait," I told him.

"I was that way once myself," he smiled.

I bought a couple of morning papers and we strolled into Union Square. There were great headlines concerning the double murder on Nob Hill. Mary Will caught a glimpse of them.

"It all seems a thousand years ago," she said. "Let's not read about it."

"Certainly not. I bought the newspapers to sit on," said I.

I spread them over a wet bench. They served their purpose excellently. We sat close; Mary Will's lovely eyes were heavy with sleep. Gradually her head slipped down on my shoulder. The hat she had put on was small and did not interfere. It seemed the hand of Providence.

The policeman ambled by, still smiling. "She's a pretty little thing," he said softly. "Good luck to the both of you!" And he went on his way, whistling Annie Laurie.

Day came. The square filled with sunshine. Busy workers hurried by—not one of them too busy for a curious glance toward our bench. Across the way, before my hotel, the carriage starter took up his position. He was fresh and gorgeous as the morning. The voices of newsboys became more insistent. I leaned over and kissed Mary Will's warm lips.

"Wake up," I told her. "It's your wedding day."

(THE END)

WEST BROADWAY

(Continued from Page 26)

the kind of thing you see advertised as being worked by a sweet young bride in a Marcel wave, a spotless gift apron and a permanent smile. I bought it, because by that time I was in a sort of daze and would of bought anything he told me, and feeling kind of depressed because of the constant trouble we were expected to have. So finally I says, "Look here, brother," I says, "can't you sell me something cheerful?" I says. "All you done so far is load me up with stuff for trouble. It looks like you expected us to have a pretty poor time of it. How about the pleasure aspects of this trip?"

"You'll find them along the route," he says. "I haven't seen them myself. But good heavens, think where you are going—the prairies, the Rockies, the Cañon! And besides," he says, and it was the best mouthful so far —"besides," he says, "a lot of people go the whole way without any trouble at all. Why, I had a feller in here the other day went all the way without changing a tire! These things you are getting are like carrying an umbrella to keep it from starting to rain. By the way, what are you going to wear?"

"Why, clothes—motor clothes," I says, "with lots of linens and a bathing suit for when I get to the coast."

"Well, if I might suggest it," says he, "take riding clothes. You will wear them continually west of the Rockies."

Well, that sounded like good sense to me, so I thanked him and went off to do what little shopping I had left, which was merely a dust coat, a rain coat, goggles, a camera so's I'd be able to get even with some of my friends when I got home—only, of course, I decided we would not take pictures of each other and of the car, which is all the kind of subjects anybody ever seems to bring back from a trip with them and says "Here is ma in Colorado Springs," but ma is hiding the Springs entirely, and you wouldn't even know it was her, only they told you so, but say "Oh, yes, how interesting!" so as not to hurt their feelings.

So having suffered a lot, I intended we would snap only the most interesting things and afterward paste the pictures in a book for a kind of record of the trip to show to the people who really liked us and to the ones who would not otherwise go home early.

So I bought the camera and a sweater and a couple of new bags, because of course we had none of the right size in the house, and a person never does have the right size bag for the place they are going to this time. And when I had this all done, and refrained from again mentioning California to any of the salespeople for fear of hearing about their own trip out, I took the precaution to go to the drug store and buy a few emergency things to carry in the bus.

I didn't want to load it up more than I had to, because the advice printed on the map said to load the car light. And so I only bought iodine and cholera remedy

(Continued on Page 93)

SCIENTIFIC HEATING FOR YOUR HOME

CALORIC

PIPELESS FURNACE

When you buy a CaloriC you get more than the best heating plant that modern Science has produced.

You get *scientific installation*—the free service of experienced engineers who personally plan the CaloriC installation in your own building and thereby assure the correct application of the principles of pipeless heating.

CaloriC engineering is one of the vital factors in CaloriC success—and on the certainty of this service to insure highest heating efficiency is based the CaloriC Guarantee—the buyer's satisfaction or his money back.

CaloriC engineering service is nation-wide—supplied from branches in principal cities—through thousands of local dealers—to assist people in every section in planning the most efficient heating for their homes. Specify the CaloriC in new buildings and old. It materially reduces construction cost and will actually pay for itself in fuel saved.

IN OVER 125,000 HAPPY HOMES

The CaloriC costs less than the stoves necessary to heat the same building. Lasts a lifetime—gives clean, healthful heat—no dust—no smoke.

Installation in old or new homes in a day. No alterations—no plumbing.

Send rough sketch of your floor plans today and we will tell you the cost of CaloriC heating for your home.

Beware of the advice of those who depreciate the importance of proper engineering in installing any heating plant.

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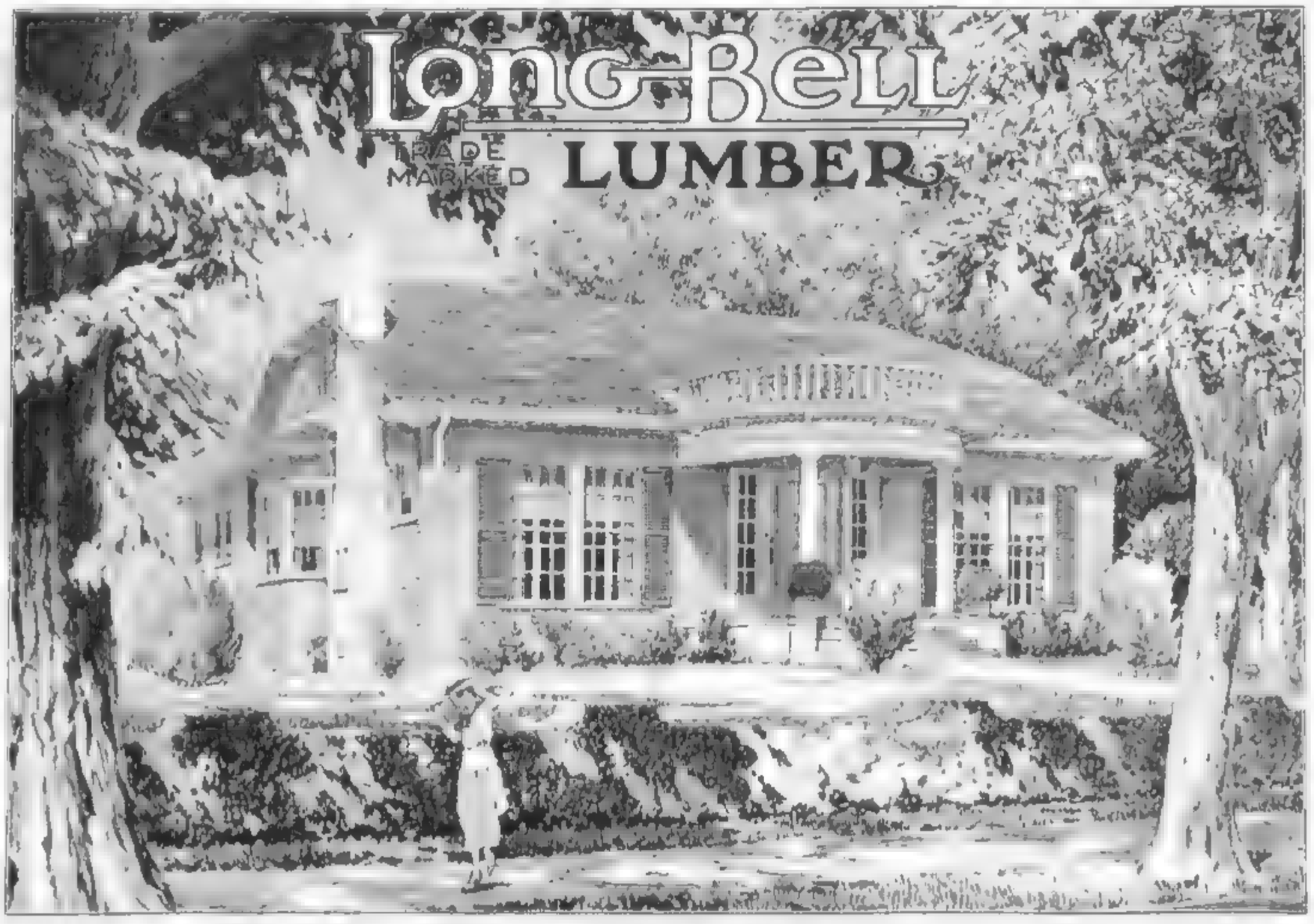

Now, If You Would Like a Home Like This—

The best way to save money is to have an *object* in saving—and the greatest object in the world to save for is *a home of your own*.

IT is easier today to have a home of your own than it ever was before because there are few communities where there are not available adequate plans for financing the thrifty man who would build a shelter for his family. Ask your lumberman or your banker. A start in saving has been the beginning of thrift and success for millions who have found for the first time a real object to save for—a home!

Incidentally, thrifty men are careful in the selection of materials that go into their homes. Most of them choose lumber because it is the natural home building material —*and lumber is the least expensive building material one can buy today.*

HOUSE PLANS

PLANS for the attractive little home on this page (Long-Bell Plan No. 1073) can be supplied you by your own lumberman. He can show you pictures and floor plans of many types of small homes.

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Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers; Creosoted Lumber, Timbers, Posts, Poles, Piling, Ties and Wood Blocks; California White Pine Lumber, Sash and Doors; Standardized Woodwork; Oak and Gum Lumber; Oak Flooring

The Long-Bell Lumber Company

R. A. LONG BUILDING Lumbermen since 1875 KANSAS CITY, MO.

(Continued from Page 90)

in case we drank bad water, and first-aid stuff, and a lot of soap and two tubes of Jim's shaving cream and four of tooth paste, which was a good idea, only in the end I forgot the tooth pastes and took the cream and forgot his razor, and it seems half a tube of shaving cream lasts him a year. But that, as the poet says, is getting ahead of myself. And then I bought a book which I found on the drug-store table which was called Transcontinental Tours—full of photos of cars stuck in mud, but it was highly recommended by the drug clerk, who had used it on his own trip. And then I was through and went home.

On the front steps of our elegant limestone front, lemon-backed apartment I at last got one satisfaction for which I had been looking for two whole days. Coming down the steps was Mrs. Ellen O'Rourke, the lady who has our limousine take our wash around to her place every week. I had only been her acquaintance a little while, but I liked her real well. She was, aside from the limousine stuff, a quite old-fashioned lady. I think she was Irish too. So when I met her this night coming out from a visit with our janitor I stopped to speak.

"Mrs. O'Rourke," I says, "have you ever motored to California?"

"Indade and I have not!" says she. "Glory be to God, don't be after tellin' me yer going all that wey in an auttermobile!"

"I am!" I says in triumph.

"Saints presarve us!" says she, flinging up her hands in excitement. "What a marvelous thing to be doing! I never heard the like!"

"Bless you for them words!" I says, and I kissed her on both cheeks and rushed into the house, happy at last that someone was as surprised as I was over my going.

Well, when I got upstairs the things from the stores had beaten me home and was heaped in the middle of our period drawing-room making it look like the period intended was the Middle Ages, and a fair to middling reproduction of a torture chamber at that. And there looking down at the pile of chains, pulleys, axes and buckets, sweaters, medicines and so forth and etc. was Jim smoking a cigarette in his shirt sleeves, his hair as smooth as patent leather, but his temper all mussed up and wore out and his nerves frazzled by the hard day's shopping I had done. He at once started picking on me, which is the normal husband's way of showing appreciation of a good wife.

"Say, for the love of Alaska, where do you think we are going?" he says the very minute I got in the door. "What is all this junk for? When do you intend for us to use it?"

"I haven't bought a thing except absolutely necessary ones!" I says indignantly. "We will need every one of them—just you wait and see!"

"Wait my eye!" says Jim. "If we are going to need all them things on this trip I'm not going on it! Where are we going to sit with all this stuff in the car—tell me that?"

"The Colby-Droit is a four-passenger sports model, ain't she?" I demanded. "And there will only be the three of us, counting Rollo," I says. "We got all the room in the world. Besides, I'm only taking a suitcase and a bag, a dressing case, a hatbox and three pillows, besides my golf clubs and camera. There'll be lots of room to spare."

"Hell!" says Jim to show he was a man. "I've a good mind not to take Rollo!"

"What do you know about car anatomy?" I says. "A swell time we'd have in the middle of the desert if she busted! It's all right to bluff to your friends, but not to your wife on a trip like this. We can't go without a mechanic, and you know it."

"Well, I suppose that's the truth," he says. "Of course, I can do any ordinary thing to the boat, but there had better be two of us men in case of anything serious going wrong."

This was the fourth time we had settled this question since the trip was thought of, and so we went on to fights we had had only two or three times, like what to carry or about getting everything arranged for ma and the baby. And I made no further remarks about taking the chauffeur, but was determined we would do so. Somehow or other I never feel I really trust Jim about the car, either in driving it or in fixing it, and I would no more of made the trip without a mechanic than I would of made it barefoot, and I knew perfectly well that Jim wouldn't of either.

And so, believe me, when after one week of struggle, of packing the suitcases and unpacking them again and repacking them so's we could take out what we would want in the different climates we expected to find without disturbing the rest, and then forgetting something and having to do it all over again; and after paying our bills and getting travelers' checks and saying good-by to everybody—well, and so, believe me, when the day before we was to start Rollo the chauffeur give notice that he wasn't going with us, well, that was some blow!

At first we thought it was a hold-up for a raise, but money was no object, and he also claimed love had nothing to do with it—at least not love of any woman. It was the city—he couldn't leave it.

"I just can't do it," he says. "I can't leave little old New York for those jay burgs. I tried to make up my mind to it, but nix! I'm real sorry, folks, but I'm not going!"

And after all we'd done for that man! There's the servant problem for you! It certainly got my goat and had me worried, because of what I have said about the car and Jim. And Jim was worried sick too.

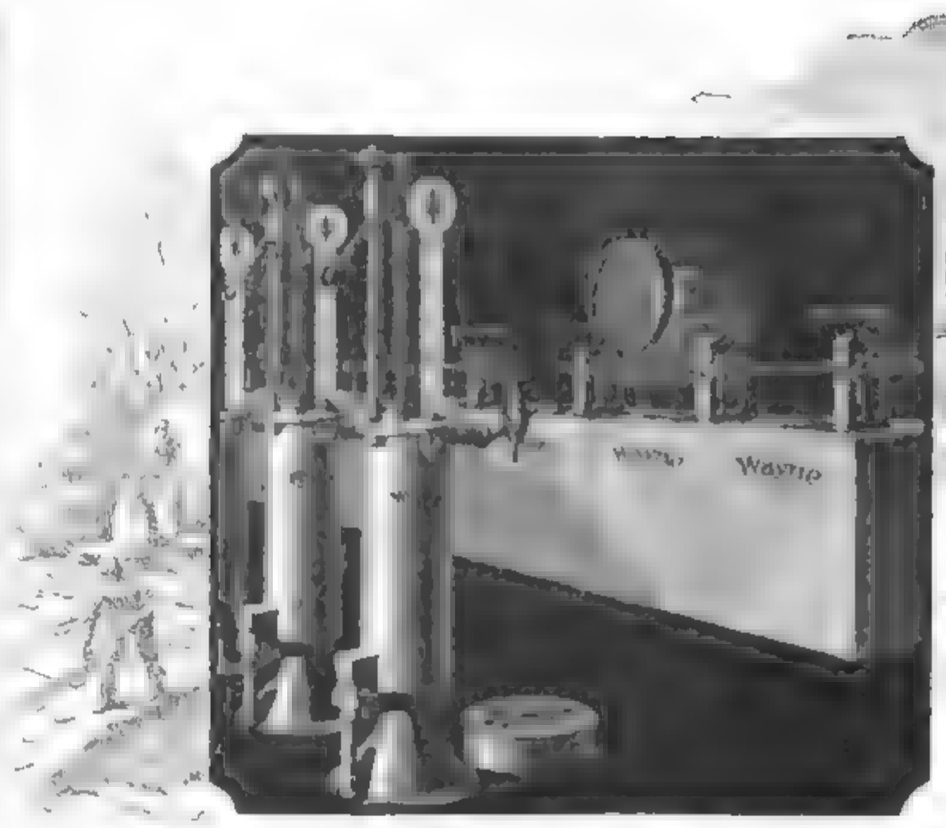
Well, we telephoned every place, but to no avail. It seemed like nobody with a reference wanted to leave the city. And we was due to start next morning at nine A.M. I couldn't—wouldn't wait a day or two, because by now, of course, our contracts was signed and we had to be in Los Angeles by October tenth. It meant go without a mechanic or give up the trip, and I was not the one to do it with my things all packed. And then at two P.M. Rollo come around with the limousine to take me on one or two last errands while Jim was over to the employment agency on a last hope and said the speedometer on the Colby was broken. I stood looking at him too deeply peeved for tears. He had it with him, having taken it out of the other car. Of course, the speedometer was busted! What was a person to expect? Huh? That's what I thought, or as much of what I thought as is fit to repeat. What I said aloud was, "Well, Rollo," I says calmly, "there is only one thing to do. Drive me right up to the speedometer place and I'll wait there until they fix it."

Well, Rollo says all right, he knew where the place was, and I got in to be absolutely sure it was done, and we went on uptown, I boiling with rage but determined now to start to-morrow as per schedule if I died for it. And when I come to sufficiently to look around the limousine had stopped in front of a tall garagy-looking building up in West Sixty-seventh Street. It was a part of the city that is all like that—big ten-story garages, supply places and what not, with any number of tough-looking motor pirates hanging around, and no end of cars of every kind. Rollo left the engine running, jumped down and stuck his head in the door.

"I'll just go in and get the man to take a look at it if he's here, Mrs. Smith," he says, the brute, and then he shut the door and faded into the building. And I waited, huddled up in a corner of the back seat and as sulky and mad as they make 'em. But I didn't have to wait long, and what happened was done so quick I could scarcely take it all in.

Down the block a police whistle blew, and one second later a well-dressed perfectly strange young man sprang onto the front seat of my limousine, threw it into gear, the car lurched forward and in another instant we were moving off down the street at top speed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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Railroads profit from their rigid practice of saving and reusing spikes worth but a few cents a pound. Yet these same railroads tolerate an appalling waste of oil costing twenty-two to thirty-two cents a gallon.

This oil waste is avoidable. And the extent of the saving effected by Wayne Oil Conservation Systems is vitally important to railroads and other industries now when we must get back to economical operation.

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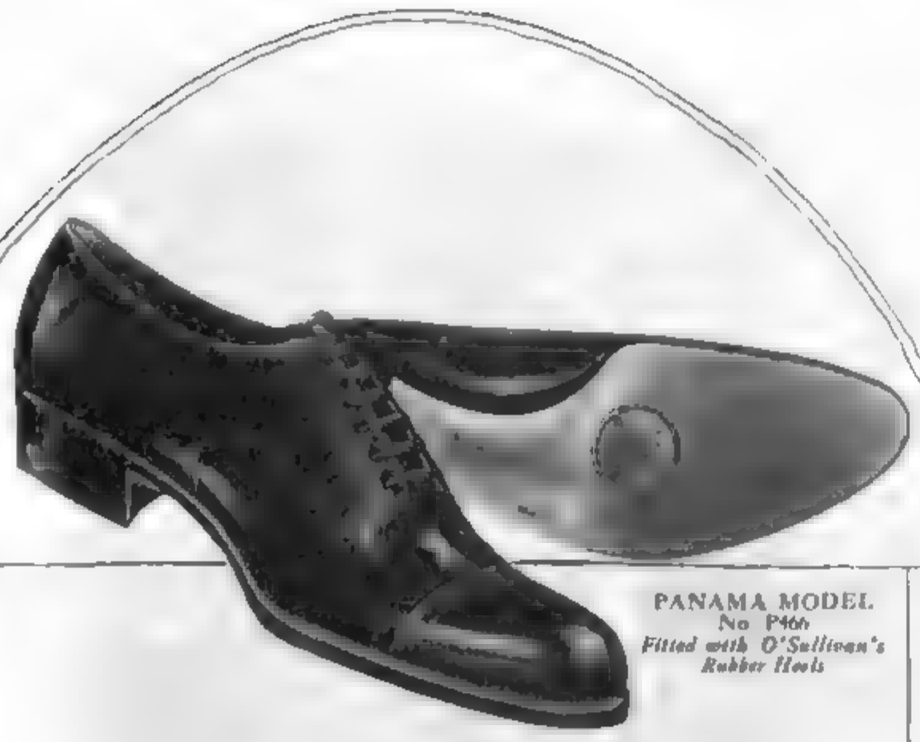

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Arnold Glove Grip Shoes bring grateful ease from the moment you put them on. No other shoes can be like them in comfort—with such style that they make people remark them on your feet.

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LADIES' OXFORD
No. P3307

THE COMIC

(Continued from Page 13)

"No," he says. "I leave it to the other actors to give imitations of me."

"I never seen none of them do it," says Kate.

"They all do it, but they don't advertise it," he says. "Every comic in New York is using my stuff."

"Oh!" said Ella. "You mean they steal your idears."

"Can't you go after them for it?" ast Katie.

"You could charge them with petit larceny," I said.

"I wouldn't be mean," said Ralston. "But they ain't a comic on the stage to-day that I didn't give him every laugh he's got."

"You ain't only been on the stage three or four years," I says. "How did Hitchcock and Ed Wynn and them fellas get by before they seen you?"

"They wasn't getting by," he says. "I'm the baby that put them on their feet. Take Hitchy. Hitchy come to me last spring and says, 'Jim, I've ran out of stuff. Have you got any notions I could use?' So I says, 'Hitchy, you're welcome to anything I got.' So I give him a couple of idears and they're the only laughs in his troupe. And you take Wynn. He opened up with a troupe that looked like a flop and one day I seen him on Broadway, wearing a long pan, and I says, 'What's the matter, Eddie?' And he brightened up and says, 'Hello, there, Jim! You're just the boy I want to see.' So I says, 'Well, Eddie, I'm only too glad to do anything I can.' So he says, 'I got a flop on my hands unlest I can get a couple of idears, and you're the baby that can give them to me.' So I said, 'All right, Eddie.' And I give him a couple of notions to work on and they made his show. And look at Stone! And Errol! And Jolson and Tinney! Every one of them come to me at one time another, hollering for help. 'Jim, give me a couple of notions!' 'Jim, give me a couple of gags!' And not a one of them went away empty-handed."

"Did they pay you?" ast Ella.

Ralston smiled.

"I wouldn't take no actor's money," he says. "They're all brothers to me. They can have anything I got, and I can have anything they got, only they haven't got nothing."

Well, I can't tell you all he said, as I was asleep part of the time. But I do remember that he was the one that had give Bert Williams the notion of playing coon parts, and learnt Sarah Bernhardt to talk French.

Along about four o'clock, when they was less than a pint left in the second McAllister bottle, he defied all the theater managers in New York.

"I ain't going to monkey with them much longer!" he says. "I'll let you folks in on something that'll cause a sensation on Broadway. I'm going to quit the Follies!"

We was all speechless.

"That's the big secret!" he says. "I'm coming out as a star under my own management and in a troupe wrote and produced by myself!"

"When?" ast Kate.

"Just as soon as I decide who I'm going to let in as part owner," said Ralston. "I've worked for other guys long enough! Why should I be satisfied with $800 a week when Ziegfeld's getting rich off me!"

"When did he cut you $200?" I says. "You was getting $1000 last time I seen you." He didn't pay no attention.

"And why should I let some manager produce my play," he says, "and pay me maybe $1200 a week when I ought to be making six or seven thousand!"

"Are you working on your play now?" Kate ast him.

"It's done," he says. "I'm just trying to make up my mind who's the right party to let in on it. Whoever it is, I'll make him rich."

"I've got some money to invest," says Katie. "Suppose you tell us about the play."

"I'll give you the notion, if you'll keep it to yourself," says Ralston. "It's a serious play with a novelty idear that'll be a sensation. Suppose I go down to my suite and get the script and read it to you."

"Oh, if you would!" says Kate.

"It'll knock you dead!" he says.

And just the thought of it was fatal to the author. He got up from his chair, done a nose dive acrost the table and laid there with his head in the chili sauce.

I called up the clerk and had him send up the night bellhop with our guest's key. I and the boy acted as pall bearers and got him to his "suite," where we performed the last sad rites. Before I come away I noticed that the "suite" was a ringer for Ella's and mine—a dinky little room with a bath. The "study" was prettily furnished with coat hangers.

When I got back to my room Katie'd ducked and the Mrs. was asleep, so I didn't get a chance to talk to them till we was in the restaurant at noon. Then I ast Kate if she'd figured out just what number drink it was that had started him being comical.

"Now listen," she says: "I don't think that Abbott girl ever met him in her life. Anyway, she had him all wrong. We expected he'd do stunts, like she said, but he ain't the kind that shows off or acts smart. He's too much of a man for that. He's a bigger man than I thought."

"I and the bellhop remarked that same thing," I says.

"And you needn't make fun of him for getting faint," says Katie. "I called him up aw'ile ago to find out how he was and he apologized and said they must of been something in that second bottle of Scotch."

So I says:

"You tell him they was, but they ain't."

IV

WELL, it couldn't of been the Scotch or no other brew that ruined me. Or if it was, it worked mighty slow. I didn't even look at a drink for three days after the party in our room. But the third day I felt rotten, and that night I come down with a fever. Ella got scared and called a doctor and he said it was flu, and if I didn't watch my step it'd be something worse. He advised taking me to a hospital and I didn't have pep enough to say no.

So they took me and I was pretty sick for a couple of weeks—too sick for the Mrs. to give me the news. And it's a wonder I didn't have a relapse when she finally did.

"You'll probably yelp when you hear this," she says. "I ain't crazy about it myself, but it didn't do me no good to argue at first and it's too late for argument now. Well, to begin with, Sis is in love with Ralston."

"What of it!" I said. "She's going through the city directory and she's just got to the R's."

"No, it's the real thing this time," said the Mrs. "Wait till you hear the rest of it. She's going on the stage!"

"I've got nothing against that," I says. "She's pretty enough to get by in the Follies chorus, and if she can earn money that way, I'm for it."

"She ain't going into no chorus," said Ella. "Ralston's quit the Follies and she's going in his show."

"The one he wrote?" I ast.

"Yes," said the Mrs.

"And who's going to put it on?" I ast her.

"That's it," she says. "They're going to put it on themselfs, Ralston and Sis. With Sis's money. She sold her bonds, fifty thousand dollars' worth."

"But listen," I says. "Fifty thousand dollars! What's the name of the play, Ringling's Circus?"

"It won't cost all that," said Ella. "They figure it'll take less than ten thousand to get started. But she insisted on having the whole thing in a checking account, where she can get at it. If the show's a big success in New York they're going to have a company in Chicago and another on the road. And Ralston says her half of the profits in New York ought to run round $5000 a week. But anyway, she's sure of $200 a week salary for acting in it."

"Where did she get the idear she can act?" I says.

"She's always had it," said the Mrs., "and I think she made him promise to put her in the show before she agreed to back it. Though she says it's a wonderful investment! She won't be the leading woman, of course. But they's only two woman's parts and she's got one of them."

"Well," I said, "if she's going to play a sap and just acts normal, she'll be a sensation."

"I don't know what she'll be," says Ella. "All I know is that she's mad over Ralston and believes everything he says. And even if you hadn't of been sick we couldn't of stopped her."

(Continued on Page 97)

HABIT

Not chance nor luck, not fate nor freak of fortune lays the course we follow. The habit of doubt and indecision may lead us a winding route; or the habit of constructive thinking carry us directly toward our goal.

Habit is a mighty factor in life's activities. It is a hard master, but a willing servant.

Habits of courage and determination, of facing the truth and defeating adversity have woven the sturdy fabric of our Union.

The habit of daring to do what the vision of the future requires has given us means of communication and distribution which have carried the products of industry wherever man's demand is felt.

An essential factor in this solid advancement has been the habit-forming character of advertising.

The last generation began to feel the influence of advertising. The present generation has been brought up on it. Today people quote advertisements; they are surrounded by advertised wares; they use advertised commodities as bases for judgment of other products.

The result has been a safe-guarding of health, an increase in comfort, and an insuring of quality, variety and uniformity in production such as no other country has ever before provided.

We have developed a national habit of confidence in advertised services and goods. This is our greatest tribute to the integrity and ability of advertising.

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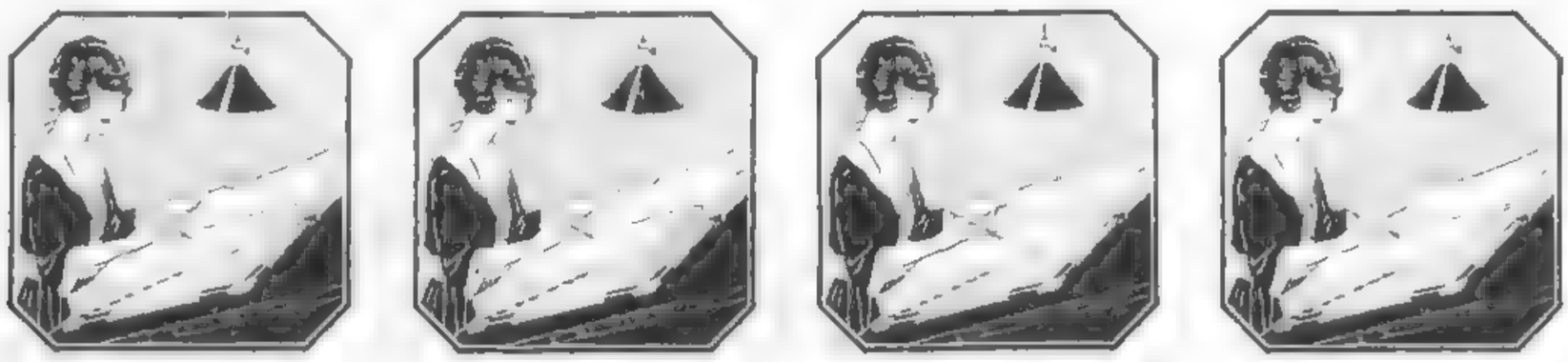
Which Way Appeals to You?



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By machine (including Elliott-Fisher). The ordinary "two-operation" plan (posting ledger and statement separately). Faster and better than the pen method. Takes three bookkeepers—$225.00.

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This means $15,600 added net profit for the Philadelphia store each year, *simply because of a better method of handling the bookkeeping.*

The New York concern uses the "two-operation" plan; that is, posting ledger and making the monthly statement separately. Forty machines of a certain type are required to do the job. The Philadelphia store posts the ledger and writes the statement simultaneously—the "one-operation" plan—but needs only 25 Elliott-Fisher machines to do it.

The amount saved on operators' salaries alone is $300 a week. Which way appeals to *your* pocketbook?

Many business houses still using the "two-operation" plan do so with Elliott-Fisher machines, and save money over any other method of handling that plan. But the *exclusive flat-writing-surface* feature makes Elliott-Fisher the only machine able to save time and money with the accurate, quicker and more economical "one-operation" method.

Is there any choice—for an executive interested in net profits? We will welcome the chance to prove the economy of Elliott-Fisher in your bookkeeping department, no matter whether you use the "one-operation" or "two-operation" plan. Elliott-Fisher appeals to your pocketbook in either case.

Elliott-Fisher

Flat-Writing-Surface Machines: Accounting–Bookkeeping–Billing–Recording

(Continued from Page 94)

So I ast what the play was like, but Ella couldn't tell me.

Ralston had read it out loud to she and Kate, but she couldn't judge from just hearing it that way. But Kate was tickled to death with it. And they'd already been rehearsing a week, but Sis hadn't let Ella see the rehearsals. She said it made her nervous.

"Ralston thinks the main trouble will be finding a theater," said the Mrs. "He says they's a shortage of them and the men that owns them won't want to let him have one on account of jealousy."

"Has the Follies flopped?" I ast her.

"No," she says, "but they've left town."

"They always do, this time of year," I said.

"That's what I thought," says the Mrs., "but Ralston says they'd intended to stay here all the year round, but when the news come out that he'd left, they didn't dast. He's certainly got faith in himself. He must have, to give up a $600 a week salary. That's what he says he was really getting."

"You say Katie's in love," I says. "How about him?"

"I don't know and she don't know," says Ella. "He calls her dearie and everything and holds her hands, but when they're alone together, he won't talk nothing but business. Still, as I say, he calls her dearie."

"Actors calls every gal that," I says. "It's because they can't remember names."

Well, to make a short story out of it, they had another couple weeks' rehearsals that we wasn't allowed to see, and they finally got a theater—the Olney. They had to guarantee a $10,000 business to get it. They didn't go to Atlantic City or nowheres for a tryout. They opened cold. And Ralston didn't tell nobody what kind of a show it was.

▼

OF COURSE he done what they generally always do on a first night. He sent out free passes to everybody that's got a dress suit, and they's enough of them in New York to pretty near fill up a theater. These invited guests is supposed to be for the performance w'ile it's going on. After it's through, they can go out and ride it all over the island.

Well, the rules wasn't exactly lived up to at "Bridget Sees a Ghost." On account of Ralston writing the play and starring in it, the gang thought it would be comical and they come prepared to laugh. It was comical all right, and they laughed. They didn't only laugh; they yelled. But they yelled in the wrong place.

The programme said it was "a Daring Drama in Three Acts." The three acts was what made it daring. It took nerve to even have one. In the first place, this was two years after the armistice and the play was about the war, and I don't know which the public was most interested in by this time—the war or Judge Parker.

Act 1 was in July, 1917. Ralston played the part of Francis Shaw, a captain in the American army. He's been married a year, and when the curtain goes up, his wife's in their New York home, waiting for him to come in from camp on his weekly leave. She sets reading the war news in the evening paper, and she reads it out loud, like people always do when they're alone, waiting for somebody. Pretty soon in comes Bridget, the Irish maid—our own dear Katie. And I wished you could of heard her brogue. And seen her gestures. What she reminded me most like was a gal in a home talent minstrels giving an imitation of Lew Fields playing the part of the block system on the New York Central. Her first line was, "Ain't der captain home yed?" But I won't try and give you her dialect.

"No," says Mrs. Shaw. "He's late." So Katie says better late than never, and the wife says, yes, but she's got a feeling that some day it'll be never; something tells her that if he ever goes to France, he won't come back. So Bridget says, "You been reading the war news again and it always makes you sad." "I hate wars!" says Mrs. Shaw, and that line got one of the biggest laughs.

After this they was a couple of minutes when neither of them could think of nothing to add, and then the phone rung and Bridget answered it. It was Capt. Shaw, saying he'd be there pretty soon; so Bridget goes right back to the kitchen to finish getting dinner, but she ain't no sooner than left the stage when Capt. Shaw struts in. He must of called up from the public booth on his front porch.

The audience had a tough time recognizing him without his comic make-up, but when they did, they give him a good hand. Mrs. Shaw got up to greet him, but he brushed by her and come down to the footlights to bow. Then he turned and went back to his Mrs., saying "Maizie!" like this was the last place he expected to run acrost her. They kissed and then he ast her "Where is Bobbie, our dear little one?"—for fear she wouldn't know whose little one he meant. So she rung a bell and back come Bridget, and he says "Well, Bridget!" and Bridget says, "Well, it's the master!" This line was another riot. "Bring the little one, Bridget," says Mrs. Shaw, and the audience hollered again.

W'ile Bridget was after the little one, the captain celebrated the reunion by walking round the room, looking at the pictures. Bridget brings the baby in and the captain uncovers its face and says, "Well, Bobbie!" Then he turns to his wife and says, "Let's see, Maizie. How old is he?" "Two weeks," says Maizie. "Two weeks!" says Captain Shaw, surprised. "Well," he says, "I hope by the time he's old enough to fight for the Stars and Stripes, they won't be no such a thing as war." So Mrs. Shaw says, "And I hope his father won't be called on to make the supreme sacrifice for him and we others that must stay home and wait. I sometimes think that in wartime, it's the women and children that suffers most. Take him back to his cozy cradle, Bridget. We mothers must be careful of our little ones. Who knows when the kiddies will be our only comfort!" So Bridget beat it out with the little one and I bet he hated to leave all the gayety.

"Well," says Shaw to his wife, "and what's the little woman been doing?"

"Just reading," she says, "reading the news of this horrible war. I don't never pick up the paper but what I think that some day I'll see your name amongst the dead."

"Well," says the captain bravely, "they's no danger w'ile I stay on U. S. soil. But only for you and the little one, I would welcome the call to go Over There and take my place in the battle line. The call will come soon, I believe, for they say France needs men." This rumor pretty near caused a riot in the audience and Ralston turned and give us all a dirty look.

Then Bridget come in again and said dinner was ready, and Shaw says, "It'll seem funny to set down w'ile I eat." Which was the first I knew that army captains took their meals off the mantelpiece.

W'ile the Shaws was out eating, their maid stayed in the living room, where she'd be out of their way. It seems that Ralston had wrote a swell speech for her to make in this spot, about what a tough thing war is, to come along and separate a happy young couple like the Shaws that hasn't only been married a year. But the speech started "This is terrible!" and when poor Bridget got that much of it out, some egg in the gallery hollered "You said a mouthful, kid!" and stopped the show.

The house finally quieted down, but Katie was dumb for the first time in her life. She couldn't say the line that was the cue for the phone to ring, and she had to go over and answer a silent call. It was for the captain, and him and his wife both come back on the stage.

"Maizie," he says, after he'd hung up, "it's came! That was my general! We sail for France in half an hour!"

"O husband!" says Maizie. "This is the end!"

"Nonsense!" says Shaw with a brave smile. "This war means death for only a small per cent of our men."

"And almost no captains," yells the guy in the gallery.

Shaw gets ready to go, but she tells him to wait till she puts on her wraps; she'll go down to the dock and see him off.

"No, darling," he says. "Our orders is secret. I can't give you the name of our ship or where we're sailing from."

So he goes and she flops on the couch w'ining because he wouldn't tell her whether his ship left from Times Square or Grand Central.

They rung the curtain down here to make you think six days has passed. When it goes up again, Maizie's setting on the couch, holding the little one. Pretty soon Bridget comes in with the evening paper.

"They's a big headline, mum," she says. "A troopship has been torpedoed"

Well, when she handed her the paper, I could see the big headline. It said, "Phillies Hit Grimes Hard." But Maizie may of had a bet on Brooklyn. Anyway, she begin

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trembling and finally fell over stiff. So Bridget picked up the paper and read it out loud:

"Amongst the men lost was Capt. F. Shaw of New York."

Down went the curtain again and the first act was over, and some jokesmith in the audience yelled "Author! Author!"

"He's sunk!" said the egg in the gallery.

Well, Maizie was the only one in the whole theater that thought Shaw was dead. The rest of us just wished it. Still you couldn't blame her much for getting a wrong idear, as it was Nov. 11, 1918—over a year later— when the second act begins, and she hadn't heard from him in all that time. It wasn't never brought out why. Maybe he'd forgot her name or maybe it was Burleson's fault, like everything else.

The scene was the same old living room and Maizie was setting on the same old couch, but she was all dressed up like Elsie Ferguson. It comes out that she's expecting a gentleman friend, a Mr. Thornton, to dinner. She asks Bridget if she thinks it would be wrong of her to accept the guy the next time he proposed. He's ast her every evening for the last six months and she can't stall him much longer. So Bridget says it's all right if she loves him, but Maizie don't know if she loves him or not, but he looks so much like her late relic that she can't hardly tell the difference and besides, she has got to either marry or go to work, or her and the little one will starve. They's a knock at the door and Thornton comes in. Him and the absent captain looks as much alike as two brothers, yours and mine. Bridget ducks and Thornton proposes. Maizie says, "Before I answer, I must tell you a secret. Captain Shaw didn't leave me all alone. I have a little one, a boy." "Oh, I love kiddies," says Thornton. "Can I see him?" So she says it's seven o'clock and the little one's supposed to of been put to bed, but she has Bridget go get him.

The little one's entrance was the sensation of this act. In Act 1 he was just three or four towels, but now Bridget can't even carry him acrost the stage, and when she put him on his feet, he comes up pretty near to her shoulder. And when Thornton ast him would he like to have a new papa, he says, "Yes, because my other papa's never coming back."

Well, they say a woman can't keep a secret, but if Thornton had been nosing round for six months and didn't know till now that they was a spanker like Bobbie in the family circle, I wouldn't hardly call Maizie the town gossip.

After the baby'd went back to read himself to sleep and Mrs. Shaw had yeased her new admirer, Bridget dashed in yelling that the armistice was signed and held up the evening paper for Maizie and Thornton to see. The great news was announced in code. It said: "Phillies Hit Grimes Hard." And it seemed kind of silly to not come right out and say "Armistice Signed!" Because as I recall, even we saps out here in South Bend had knew it since three o'clock that morning.

The last act was in the same place, on Christmas Eve, 1918.

Maizie and her second husband had just finished doing up presents for the little one. We couldn't see the presents, but I suppose they was giving him a cocktail shaker and a shaving set. Though when he come on the stage you could see he hadn't aged much since Act 2. He hadn't even begin to get bald.

Thornton and the Mrs. went off somewheres and left the kid alone, but all of a sudden the front door opened and in come old Cap Shaw, on crutches. He seen the kid and called to him. "Who are you?" says the little one. "I'm Santa Claus," says the Cap, "and I've broughten you a papa for Christmas." "I don't want no papa," says Bobbie. "I've just got a new one." Then Bridget popped in and seen "the master" and hollered, "A ghost!" So he got her calmed down and she tells him what's came off. "It was in the paper that Capt. F. Shaw of New York was lost," she says. "It must of been another Capt. F. Shaw!" he says.

"It's an odd name," hollered the guy in the gallery.

The Captain thinks it all over and decides it's his move. He makes Bridget promise to never tell that she seen him and he says good-by to she and the kid and goes out into the night.

Maizie comes in, saying she heard a noise and what was it? Was somebody here? "Just the boy with the evening paper," says Bridget. And the cat's got Bobbie's tongue. And Maizie don't even ask for the paper. She probably figured to herself it was the old story; that Grimes was still getting his bumps.

■

WELL, I wished you could of read what the papers wrote up about the show. One of them said that Bridget seen a ghost at the Olney theater last night and if anybody else wanted to see it, they better go quick because it wouldn't be walking after this week. Not even on crutches. The mildest thing they said about Ralston was that he was even funnier than when he was in the Follies and tried to be. And they said the part of Bridget was played by a young actress that they hoped would make a name for herself, because Ralston had probably called her all he could think of.

We waited at the stage door that night and when Kate come out, she was crying. Ralston had canned her from the show.

"That's nothing to cry about," I says. "You're lucky! It's just like as if a conductor had put you off a train a couple of minutes before a big smash-up."

The programme had been to all go somewheres for supper and celebrate the play's success. But all Katie wanted now was to get in a taxi and go home and hide.

On the way, I ast her how much she was in so far.

"Just ten thousand," she says.

"Ten thousand!" I said. "Why, they was only one piece of scenery and that looked like they'd bought it secondhand from the choir boys' minstrels. They couldn't of spent one thousand, let alone ten."

"We had to pay the theater a week's rent in advance," she says. "And Jimmy give five thousand to a man for the idear."

"The idear for what?" I ast.

"The idear for the play," she said.

"That stops me!" I says. "This baby furnishes idears for all the good actors in the world, but when he wants one for himself, he goes out and pays $5000 for it. And if he got a bargain, you're Mrs. Fiske."

"Who sold him the idear?" ast Ella.

"He wouldn't tell me," says Kate.

"Ponzi," I said.

Ralston called Kate up the next noon and made a date with her at the theater. He said that he was sorry he'd been rough. Before she went I ast her to give me a check for the forty thousand she had left so's I could buy back some of her bonds.

"I haven't got only $25,000," she says. "I advanced Jimmy fifteen thousand for his own account, so's he wouldn't have to bother me every time they was bills to meet."

So I said:

"Listen: I'll go down and see him with you and if he don't come clean with that money, I'll knock him deader than his play."

"Thank you!" she says. "I'll tend to my own affairs alone."

She come back late in the afternoon, all smiles.

"Everything's all right," she said. "I give him his choice of letting me be in the play or giving me my money."

"And which did he choose?" I ast her.

"Neither one," she says. "We're going to get married."

VII

"BRIDGET" went into the ashcan Saturday night and the wedding come off Monday. Monday night they left for Boston, where the Follies was playing. Kate told us they'd took Ralston back at the same salary he was getting before.

"How much is that?" I ast her.

"Four hundred a week," she says.

Well, two or three days after they'd left, I got up my nerve and says to the Mrs.:

"Do you remember what we moved to the Big Town for? We done it to see Life and get Katie a husband. Well, we got her a kind of a husband and I'll tell the world we seen Life. How about moseying back to South Bend?"

"But we haven't no home there now," she says.

"Nor we ain't had none since we left there," I says. "I'm going down and see what's the first day we can get a couple of lowers."

"Get uppers if it's quicker," says the Mrs.

So here we are, really enjoying ourselfs for the first time in pretty near two years. And Katie's in New York, enjoying herself, too, I suppose. She ought to be, married to a comedian. It must be such fun to just set and listen to him talk.

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ROUND OAK STOVES RANGES

THE SALVAGING OF CIVILIZATION

(Continued from Page 17)

ports, industrial centers, and the like, where the realities he studies are to be found, or to the studios or workshops or theaters, where they practice the art to which he aspires. Here it seems we have natural centers of aggregation in relation to which the college stage of a civilized community, the general adolescent education, the vision of the world as a whole, and the realization of the individual place in it can be organized most conveniently.

You see that what I am suggesting here is in effect that we should take our colleges, so far as they are segregations of young people for general adolescent education, and break them as a cook breaks eggs—and stir them up again into the general intellectual life of the community.

Coupled with that, there should, of course, be a proposal to restrict the hours of industrial work or specialized technical study up to the age of twenty, at least, in order to leave time for this college stage in the general education of every citizen of the world.

The idea has already been broached that men and women in the modern community are no longer inclined to consider themselves as ever completely adult and finished; there is a growing disposition and a growing necessity to keep on learning throughout life. In the worlds of research, of literature and art and economic enterprise, that adult learning takes highly specialized forms, which I will not discuss now; but in the general modern community the process of continuing education after the college stage is still evidently only at a primitive level of development. There is a certain number of literary societies and societies for the study of particular subjects; the pulpit still performs an educational function; there are public lectures; and in America there are the hopeful germs of what may become later on a very considerable organization of adult study in the lyceum Chautauqua system; but for the generality of people the daily newspaper, the Sunday newspaper, the magazine and the book constitute the only methods of mental revision and enlargement after the school or college stage is past.

The Extension of Reading

Now we have to remember that the bulk of this great organization of newspapers and periodicals and all the wide distribution of books that goes on to-day are extremely recent things. This new nexus of print has grown up in the lifetime of four or five generations, and it is undergoing constant changes. We are apt to forget its extreme newness in history and to disregard the profound difference in mental conditions it makes between our own times and any former period. It is impossible to believe that thus far it is anything but a sketch and intimation of what it will presently be. It has grown. No man foresaw it; no one planned it. We of this generation have grown up with it, and are in the habit of behaving as though this nexus had always been with us, and as though it would certainly remain with us. The latter conclusion is almost wilder than the former.

By what we can consider only a series of fortunate accidents, the press and the book world have provided, and do provide, a necessary organ in the modern world state, an organ for swift general information upon matters of fact, and for the rapid promulgation and diffusion of ideas and interpretations. The newspaper grew, as we know, out of the news letter, which in a manuscript form existed before the Roman Empire; it owes its later developments largely to the advertisement possibilities that came with the expansion of the range of trading as the railways and suchlike means of communication developed. Modern newspapers have been described, not altogether inaptly, as sheets of advertisements with news and discussions printed on the back. The extension of book reading from a small class, chiefly of men, to the whole community has also been largely a response to new facilities, though it owes something also to the religious disputes of the last three centuries. The population of Europe, one may say with a certain truth, first learned to read the Bible, and only afterwards to read books in general. A large proportion of the book publishing in the English language in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries still consisted of sermons and controversial theological works.

Both newspaper and book production began in a small way as the enterprise of free individuals, without anyone realizing the dimensions to which the thing would grow. Our modern press and book trade, in spite of many efforts to centralize and control it, in spite of Defense of the Realm Acts, and the like, is still the production of an unorganized multitude of persons. It is not centralized; it is not controlled. To this fact the nexus of print owes what is still its most valuable quality. Thoughts and ideas of the most varied and conflicting sort arise and are developed and worked out and fought out in this nexus, just as they do in a freely thinking, vigorous mind.

I am not, you will note, saying that this freedom is perfect or that the thought process of the print nexus could not go very much better than it does; but I am saying that it has a very considerable freedom and vigor, and that so far as it has these qualities it is a very fine thing indeed.

Free Discussion Impossible

Now many people think that we are moving in the direction of world socialism to-day. Collectivism is perhaps a better, more definite word than socialism, and, so far as keeping the peace, and in matters of transport and communication, trade currency, elementary education, the production and distribution of staples and the conservation of the natural resources of the world go, I believe that the world and the common sense of mankind move steadily towards a world collectivism. But the more coöperation we have in our common interests the more necessary is it to guard very jealously the freedom of the mind—that is to say, the liberty of discussion and suggestion.

It is here that the communist régime in Russia has encountered its most fatal difficulty. A catastrophic unqualified abolition of private property has necessarily resulted in all the paper, all the printing machinery, all the libraries, all the news stalls and book shops becoming government property. It is impossible to print anything without the consent of the government. One cannot buy a book or newspaper; one must take what the government distributes. Free discussion—never a very free thing in Russia—has now on any general scale become quite impossible. It was a difficulty foreseen long ago in socialist discussions, but never completely met by the thorough-paced communist. At one blow the active mental life of Russia has been ended, and so long as Russia remains completely and consistently communist it cannot be resumed. It can be resumed only by some surrender of paper, printing, and book distribution from absolute government ownership to free individual control. That can be done only by an abandonment of the full rigors of communist theory.

In our Western communities the dangers to the intellectual nexus lie rather on the other side. The war period produced considerable efforts at government control, and as a consequence considerable annoyance to writers, much concealment, and some interference with the expression of opinion; but on the whole both newspapers and books held their own. There is to-day probably as much freedom of publishing as ever there was. It is not from the Western governments that mischief is likely to come to free intellectual activity in the Western communities, but from the undisciplined individual and from the incitement of mob violence by various propagandist religions and cults against free discussion.

About the American press I know and can say little. I will speak only of things with which I am familiar. I am inclined to think that there has been a considerable increase of deliberate lying in the British press since 1914, and a marked loss of journalistic self-respect.

But people cannot be continuously deceived; and the consequence of this press demoralization has been a great loss of influence for the daily paper. A diminishing number of people now believe the news as it is given them, and fewer still take

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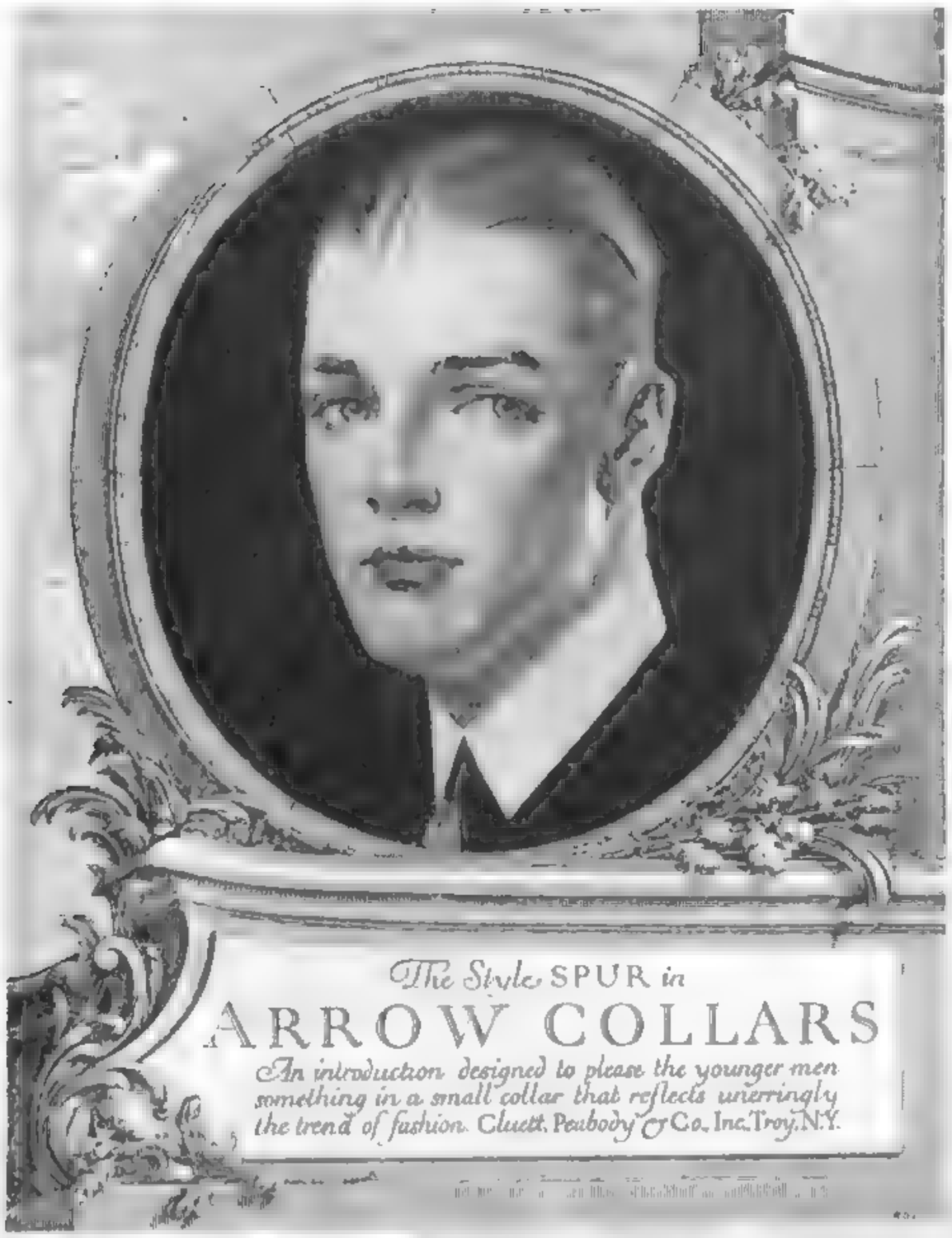
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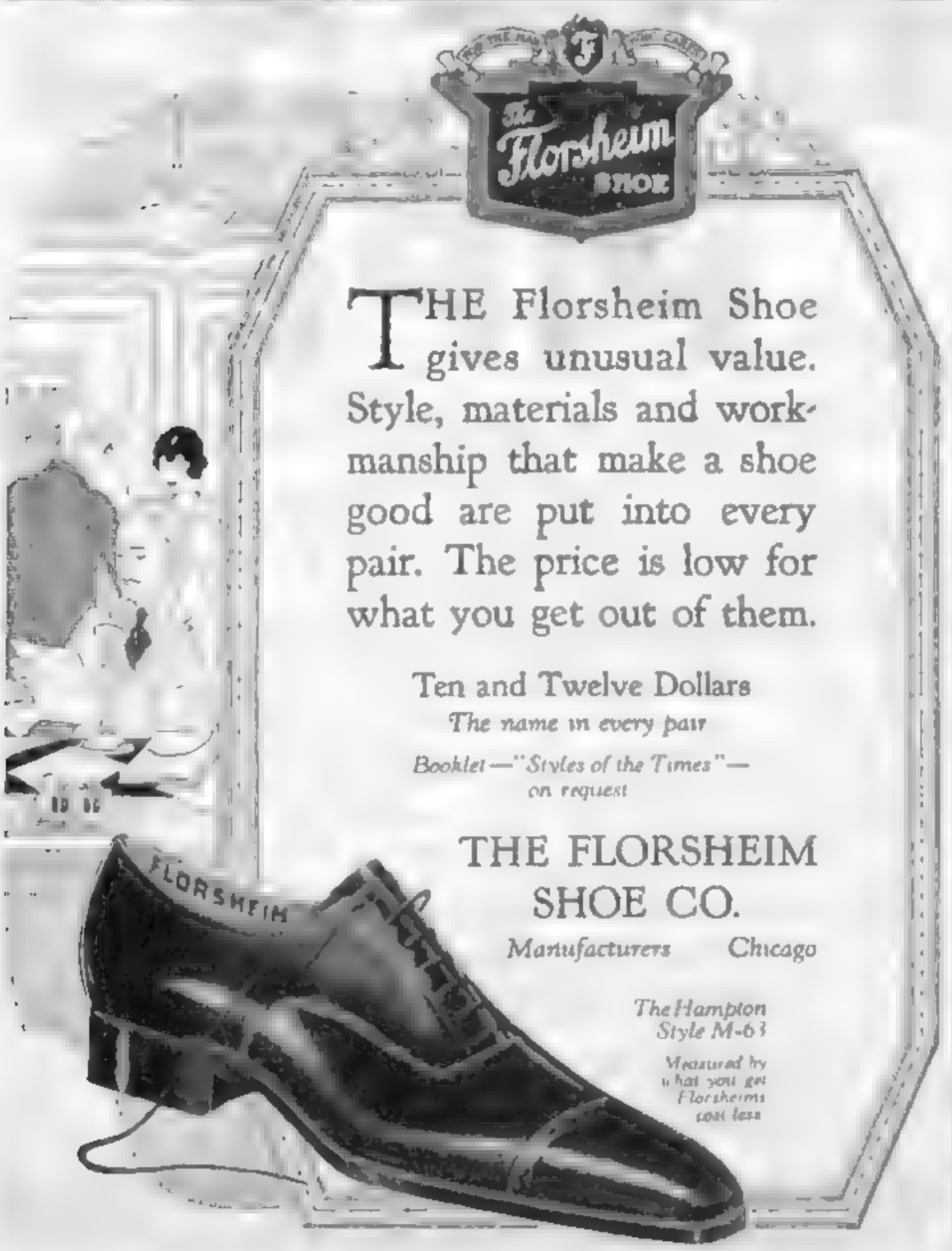
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the unsigned portions of the newspaper as written in good faith. And there has been a consequent enhancement of the importance of signed journalism. Men of manifest honesty, men with names to keep clean, have built up reputations and influence upon the ruins of editorial prestige. The exploitation of newspapers by the adventurers of private enterprise in business has carried with it this immense depreciation in the power and honor of the newspaper.

Freedom of the Press

I am inclined to think that this swamping of a large part of the world's press by calculated falsehood and partisan propaganda is a temporary phase in the development of the print nexus; nevertheless it is a very great inconvenience and danger to the world. It stands very much in the way of that universal adult education which is our present concern. Reality is horribly distorted. Men cannot see the world clearly, and they cannot, therefore, begin to think about it rightly.

We need a much better and more trustworthy press than we possess. We cannot get on to a new and better world without it. The remedy is to be found not, I believe, in any sort of government control, but in a legal campaign against the one thing harmful—the lie. It would be in the interests of most big advertisers, for most big advertisement is honest; it would be, in the long run, in the interests of the press, and it would mean an enormous step forward in the general mental clarity of the world if a deliberate lie, whether in an advertisement or in the news or other columns of the press, were punishable—punishable whether it did or did not involve anything that is now an actionable damage. And it would still further strengthen the print nexus and clear the mind of the world if it were compulsory to correct untrue statements in the periodical press, whether they had been made in good faith or not, at least as conspicuously and lengthily as the original statement. I can see no impossibility in the realization of either of these proposals, and no objection that a really honest newspaper proprietor or advertiser could offer to them. It would make everyone careful, of course, but I fail to see any grievance in that.

The sanitary effect upon the festering disputes of our time would be incalculably great. It would be like opening the windows upon a stuffy, overcrowded and unventilated room of disputing people.

Given adequate laws to prevent the cornering of paper or the partisan control of the means of distribution of books and printed matter, I believe that the present freedoms and the unhampered individualism of the world of thought, discussion and literary expression are and must remain conditions essential to the proper growth and activity of a common world mind. On the basis of that sounder education I have sketched in a preceding paper, there is possible such an extension of understanding, such an increase of intelligent coöperations, and such a clarification of wills as to dissolve away half the difficulties and conflicts of the present time, and to provide for the other half such a power of solution as we, in the heats, entanglements and limitations of our present ignorance, doubt and misinformation, can scarcely begin to imagine.

I do not know how far I have conveyed to you in the last two papers my underlying idea of an education, not merely intensive but extensive, planned so economically and so ably as to reach every man and woman in the world.

It is a dream not of individuals educated—we have thought too much of the individual educated for the individual—but of a world educated to a pitch of understanding and coöperation far beyond anything we know of to-day, for the sake of all mankind.

I have tried to show that, given organization, given the will for it, such a world-wide education is possible.

I wish I had the gift of eloquence so that I could touch your wills in this matter. I do not know how this world of to-day strikes upon you. I am not ungrateful for the gift of life. While there is life and a human mind, it seems to me there must always be excitements and beauty, even if the excitements are fierce and the beauty terrible and tragic. Nevertheless, this world of mankind to-day seems to me to be a very sinister and dreadful world. It has come to this—that I open my newspaper every morning with a sinking heart, and usually I find little to console me. Every day there is a new tale of silly bloodshed. Every day I read of anger and hate, oppression, misery and want—stupid anger and oppression, needless misery and want—the insults and suspicions of ignorant men, and the inane and horrible self-satisfaction of the well-to-do. It is a vile world because it is an undereducated world, unreasonable, suspicious, base and ferocious.

The air of our lives is a close and wrathful air; it has the closeness of a prison—the indescribable offense of crowded and restricted humanity.

Locked on the Inside

And yet I know that there is a way out.

Up certain steps there is a door to this dark prison of ignorance, prejudice and passion in which we live—and that door is locked only on the inside. It is within our power, given the will for it, given the courage for it—it is within our power to go out. The key to all our human disorder is education, comprehensive and universal. The watchword of conduct that will clear up all our difficulties is the plain truth. Rely upon that watchword, use that key with courage, and we can go out of the prison in which we live; we can go right out of the conditions of war shortage, angry scrambling, mutual thwarting, and *malaise* and disease in which we live; we and our kind can go out into sunlight, into a sweet air of understanding, into confident freedoms and a full creative life—forever.

I do not know—I do not dare to believe—that I shall live to hear that key grating in the lock. It may be our children and our children's children will still be living in this jail. But a day will surely come when that door will open wide, and all our race will pass out from this magic prison of ignorance, suspicion and indiscipline in which we now all suffer together.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of six articles by Mr Wells.

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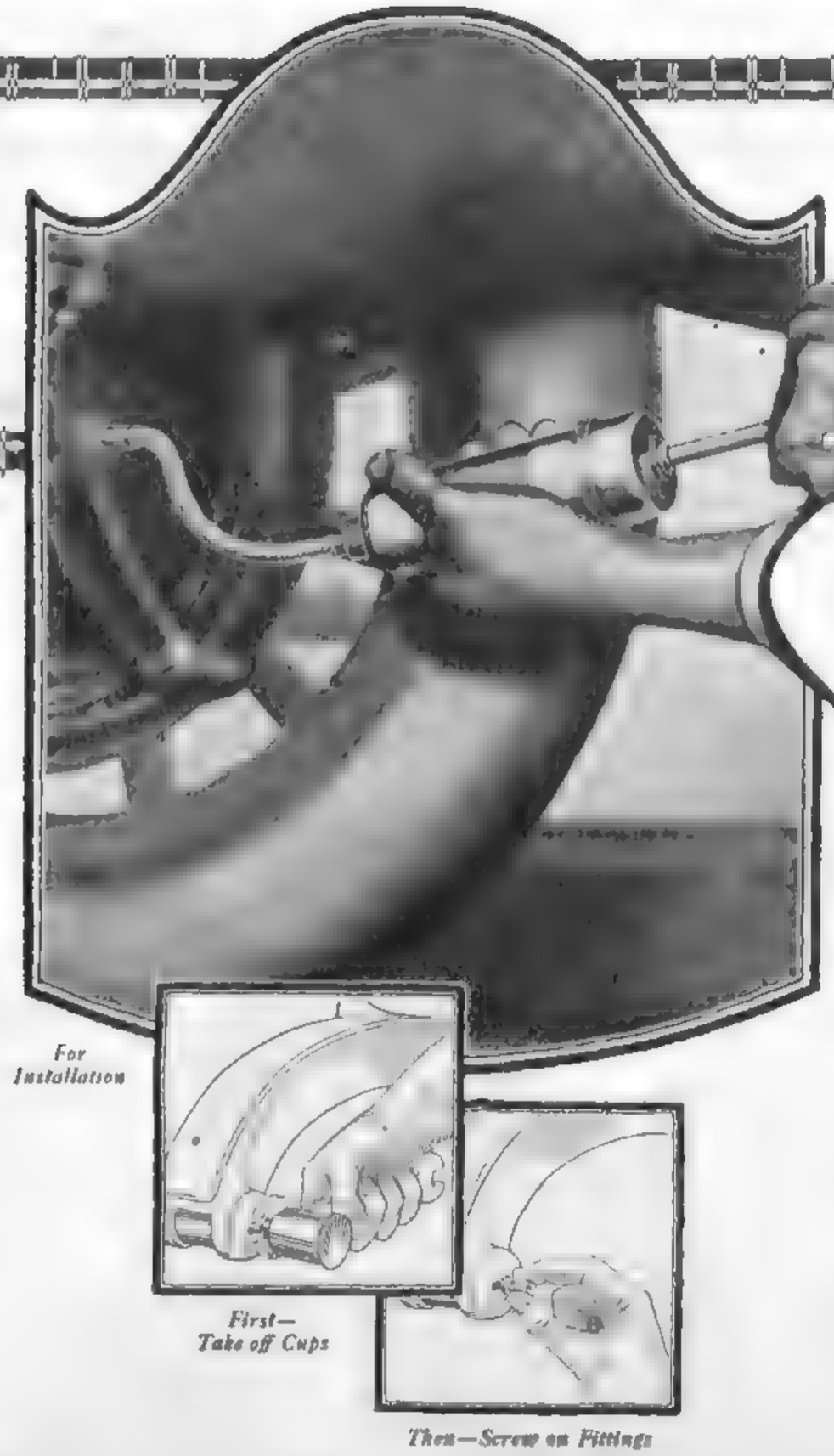

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*The Bassick Service Corporation, 1780 Broadway

SOME NEW TARIFF PROBLEMS

(Continued from Page 21)

trade, of protecting our industries during the abnormal and distressful period of readjustment to peace conditions, and it must do all this in such a way that the fairness and justice of its measures cannot be impugned.

It can hardly be said that the last Congress made an altogether satisfactory beginning of the work. The so-called Emergency Tariff Bill which was passed in February, though vetoed by the President, roused a perfect storm of protest in the countries whose products would have been chiefly affected by it. This bill was intended by Congress to aid certain agricultural interests that were hard hit by falling prices by relieving them for a few months from sévere foreign competition. Among both Republicans and Democrats opinion was divided as to the wisdom of the bill, but there was no division of sentiment abroad. Bermuda actually sent a delegation to present its case to the Committee on Ways and Means. It was probably the first foreign delegation that committee ever received at its public hearings. In Canada and Argentina the newspapers and trade journals were practically unanimous in urging retaliation even to the extent of a boycott of American goods. The American Chamber of Commerce at Buenos Aires and similar bodies elsewhere cabled that if such a bill became law American business men would be compelled to return home and our trade with South America would be damaged beyond recovery. Nothing could show more clearly the growing difficulty that Congress must encounter in trying to free our producers from foreign competition and at the same time to keep open the foreign markets for our products.

And if the situation is difficult with such countries as Canada and Argentina it is infinitely more so in the case of the great industrial nations of Europe, whose condition is greatly depressed, whose need of foreign markets is urgent, whose money has depreciated and whose reprisals against us would be more severely felt than those of the smaller countries in this hemisphere. The task of Congress is further complicated by the necessity of leaving open a sufficient way for those nations to pay us the debts they already owe and to continue purchasing the goods we wish to export. That they should make their payments in gold is utterly impossible, and even if it were possible it would be undesirable. We may extend longer credit, we may postpone the interest, we may accept additional securities; but in the long run the only form that payment can take is the products of their labor.

An Issue More Local Than Ever

This is so obvious that few protectionists now want to restrict imports too narrowly. Even a Chinese Wall must have loopholes through which payments can be made. But there is a wide disagreement as to what may be admitted and what should be excluded. Representatives of all industries and all sections of the country acknowledge that we must buy from abroad in order to continue to sell abroad, but each industry and section wants protection for itself against foreign competition and wishes to see only those goods imported which others produce. There was strong evidence of this disagreement in the debates on the Emergency Tariff Bill. Republicans from the agricultural West accused Republicans from the industrial East of seeking protection only for manufacturers and opposing it for farmers. Many Southern Democrats on the other hand joined the Western representatives in voting for the high duties on that bill on the ground that the farm industries of the South had hitherto been sacrificed merely to furnish cheap food and raw materials to the protected manufacturers of the North.

More than ever the tariff looks like a local issue.

It is impossible as yet to predict the outcome of the struggle. The overwhelming majority of the Republicans in the new Congress and opinions expressed by the leaders of that party do indeed make it quite certain that the tariff will be revised to give more protection. But many voices are quietly urging moderation. The powerful influence of the great financial institutions, which are deeply involved in foreign credits and the export trade, and which are gravely concerned at the state of the foreign exchanges, is opposed to limiting our imports too severely. Sectional interests, even when loyally Republican, are seriously conflicting and point to the likelihood of a compromise. The probability of foreign retaliation is by no means to be ignored. Then there is to be considered the unpopularity of legislation that might be regarded as keeping up the burdensome war prices. Above all, the jealousy of different industries is to be reckoned with. The farmers' wish for protection to raw materials, as has been seen, runs counter to the needs of the manufacturers. Sometimes the conflict is even more direct.

A year ago it seemed quite certain that the demand of the dye makers for the practical exclusion of foreign dyes would be granted. A bill to that end readily passed the House of Representatives and was warmly debated in the Senate. But spokesmen of the textile industries and other dye consumers opposed its passage and the bill perished without coming to a vote. On the whole, therefore, it seems likely at this time that when the tumult and the shouting of tariff revision are ended the way will be found still open for considerable importations of foreign goods.

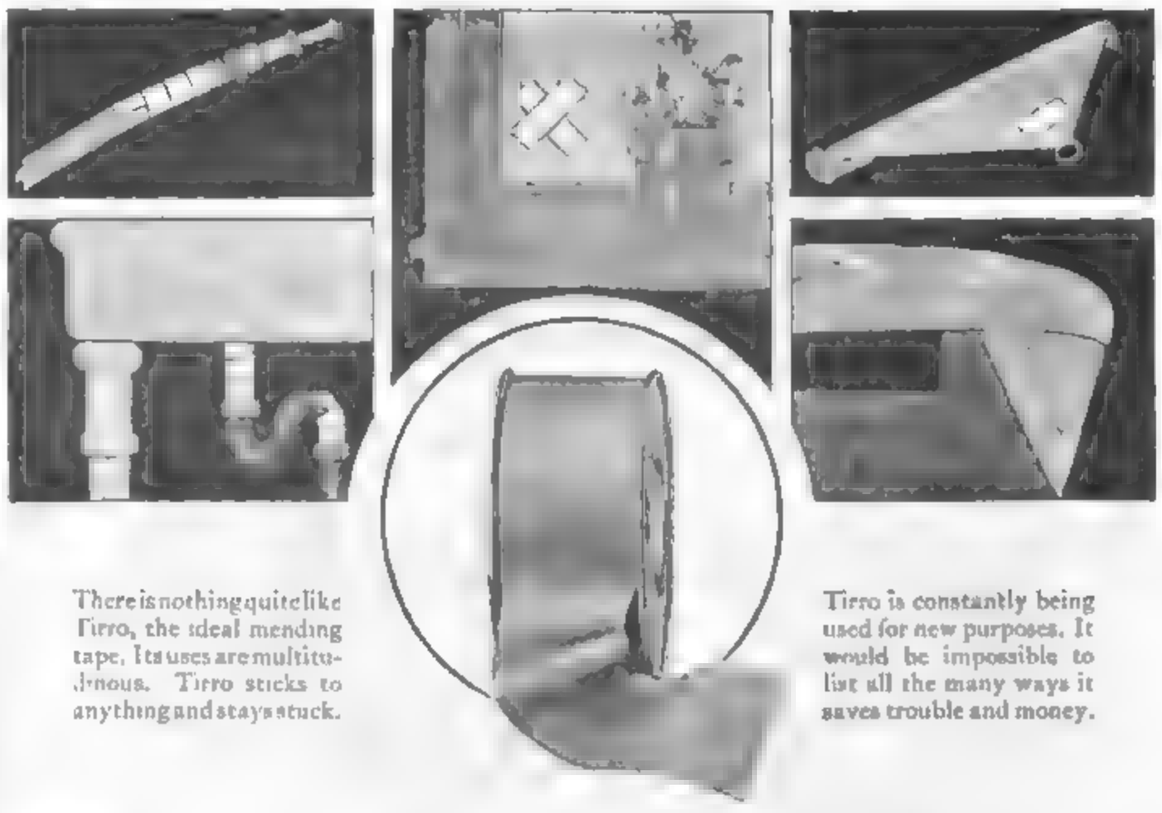
But in that event there is one matter on which all parties and all factions are agreed. Wide apart as men may be as to the proper variety and volume of our imports and the true effects of foreign competition, they are of one mind in approving some sort of effort to prevent unfair practices and to insure honest dealing. For many years we have been trying to put an end to unfair competition in domestic business, and similar abuses in foreign trade are just as reprehensible and little less harmful. Even free trade does not mean that the acts and practices forbidden to our own business men may be engaged in by foreigners when they enter our markets. It is one thing, however, to approve a policy and an altogether different thing to carry it out.

Objectionable Trade Practices

We have to admit that even in domestic business our antitrust laws and numerous other measures to insure a square deal have not given entire satisfaction, and if after many years of effort we have not altogether put an end to trade abuses at home we must be modest in our hope of abolishing unfair competition from foreign sources. So great is the difficulty of drafting measures which can be enforced that, although the prevalence of unfair practices has long been apparent, not much has been accomplished in preventing them. But anxiety over the present situation is greatly increased. The urgent need of many foreign countries to sell their products abroad, by fair means if they can, by other means if they must; the value to them of access to the American market, the greatest in the world, where their desire for credit is strongest, where their debts are already large, where currency is still on a gold basis and their own money purchases the least; the present weakness of many of the old barriers erected against fraudulent dealing by custom, treaty and law—all these and other considerations account for a widespread belief that legitimate business is now in greater danger from unfair competition than it has ever been in before.

Objectionable trade practices appear in many forms. The United States Tariff Commission in one of its reports gave a suggestive list of them. The deceptive imitation of goods, false labeling, government grants and bounties, undervaluation, discriminating transportation rates, full-line forcing, the deceptive use of trademarks, commercial threats and bribery, and many other sins of omission and commission are in the category. Most of these things are already illegal, and their continuance is due to the difficulty of enforcing the law rather than to lack of legislation. But of all the abuses that occur in foreign trade that about which most has been said and least has been done is commonly known as dumping.

Strictly speaking, dumping in international trade means the disposal of goods in a foreign market at a lower price than they sell for in the country where they are produced. In common parlance, however, the term is often used in other senses. Who has not heard it said, for example, that the



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Tirro is constantly being used for new purposes. It would be impossible to list all the many ways it saves trouble and money.

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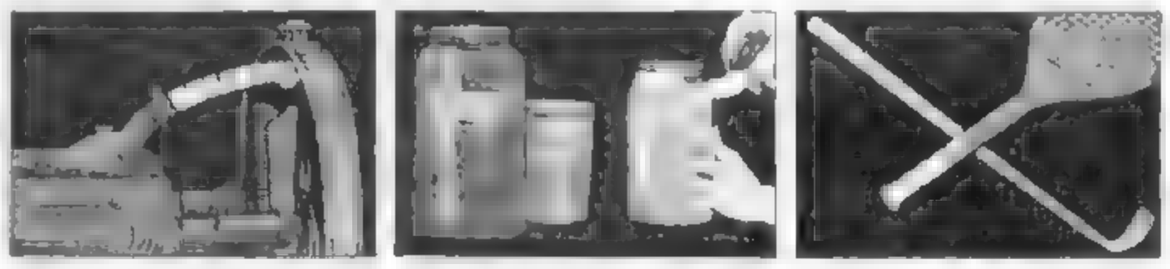

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Tirro not only saves money, but it keeps things we have become attached to in service. Children's toys, for instance. Or mending a tear in a picture. (Put a bit of Tirro on the back.) It keeps tools in service. A broken jardinière may be mended from the inside. Favorite books and music can be kept. Many articles would have to be replaced if it weren't for Tirro. That's why it has won such success. Once you buy a spool of Tirro, you, too, will find dozens of uses for it. You'll never be without it. It keeps indefinitely.

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products of European pauper labor are dumped into the markets of the United States, or that our producers are threatened with ruin by the dumping of cheaply grown wheat from Canada or wool from Australia or peanuts from China and other products from other sources?

Just now England and America are greatly concerned at the prospect of Germany's dumping upon them the products of her highly skilled and low-paid labor. Thus used the expression does not mean that the goods are sold for a lower price abroad than at home. It is merely a term of opprobrium applied to the selling of foreign goods for any reason at all at a lower price than domestic producers are able or willing to take. Such a use of the word, however, confuses a perfectly fair with an unfair practice. If one country can honestly produce and sell a commodity more cheaply than another, such a country cannot be accused of wrongdoing when it makes use of its advantage. For reasons of public policy its products may be excluded from the other country by embargo or heavy duties, but no question of fraud or unfairness arises. Therefore, if there is to be helpful legislation about dumping, its meaning should be limited to the exportation of goods at a price that is lower not only than that charged by the producers with whose goods they compete, but lower also than the price commonly charged by the exporter in his own market at home.

Now to a casual observer it might seem absurd that any man of ordinary intelligence should be willing to send his products abroad and sell them for less than they bring at home, and yet the practice is by no means uncommon. There are several reasons for it, and some of them not only are sensible but may be quite blameless. A specific instance will make this clear. It happened in this country some years ago that more of a certain article was produced than was needed by American consumers. Many rather widely scattered manufacturers were engaged in producing it, and they overestimated the demand. Most of them had actually received orders for what they produced, but a large part of these orders was canceled after the production had gone too far to be discontinued. As a result stocks of the finished commodity were left on the manufacturers' hands which they were willing to dispose of for less than the cost of production. They might have dumped these stocks on the domestic market at a slaughter price. But that would have ruined the merchants who had not canceled orders and had taken large quantities of the commodity at the price originally stipulated. To protect their regular customers, therefore, and to maintain some market stability for the future it was decided to sell the goods abroad for whatever they would bring.

Official Studies of Dumping

This is not an isolated instance. Miscalculations of demand are not uncommon, and an oversupply often results. In the retail trade we are familiar enough with the slaughter prices at which a merchant dumps his surplus stocks. But in that case what the merchant loses benefits his customers and advertises his business, and the only sufferers are his competitors. If the manufacturer followed that plan it is his regular customers that would suffer, and his future business would be gravely damaged.

There are other legitimate motives for dumping, but enough has been said to show that it is not always bad business and unethical. It is notorious, however, that dumping is often practiced also for highly objectionable purposes. It has been a common means of suppressing competition and securing such a control of the production and sale of commodities as makes the consumer helpless against exploitation. It is not many years since various trusts and combinations were held up to public odium for destroying their competitors by selling their products in certain markets at less than it cost to produce them.

As soon as competition disappeared they were accused of putting their prices up to a point that more than made good the temporary loss. Though such practices in our domestic trade are now heavily penalized, they still may occur in international commerce. Dumping by foreign producers, therefore, is one of the most obnoxious and most dreaded forms of unfair competition, and as yet we have no adequate protection against it.

The failure thus far to adopt preventive measures is not difficult to explain. Dumping is usually a mighty expensive practice, and recourse is seldom had to it except as a last resort. Whenever possible, also, it is so carefully disguised as to make it hard to prove. Consequently, in spite of its objectionable character, the widespread fear of it and the constant talk about it, the established cases of damage actually done by foreign dumping to American business in normal times are very limited in both number and severity. Congress, therefore, has not been impressed with any urgent need for stringent legislation.

To ascertain whether such a need existed the United States Tariff Commission, at the request of Congress, made an investigation, the results of which were published in 1919; and as there was little likelihood that there had been any dumping during the years of war the commission extended its inquiry to cover a complete decade. Letters were addressed to all important associations of manufacturers, importers, exporters and others identified with business and commercial interests with a request for the names and addresses of any individuals who would be able from personal knowledge to give information about dumping. From the replies a list was compiled of no less than five hundred and sixty-two firms and individuals who were thought to have the information desired. All of these were either interviewed in person or received a confidential questionnaire asking for specific instances of the practice complained of. In addition many associations sent the commission's questions to their entire membership, and others printed them in special bulletins, urging that the opportunity be taken to bring the matter forcibly to the attention of the Government. On the whole, many thousands of business men, representing every important industry in the country, received an earnest admonition to lay before the commission such information as would enable Congress effectively to prevent this long-discussed abuse. What was the result?

Few Instances Discovered

Altogether only two hundred and eighty-one replies were received, and no less than one hundred and thirty-five of these were to the effect that the writers knew of no dumping or any other unfair foreign competition in this country. The remaining one hundred and forty-six complained of some form of competition, but only twenty-three of them related to dumping.

It is interesting to note the fields in which these twenty-three actual instances of dumping occurred. Nine of them were in the leather business, six of which related to harness leather from Canada. Two complaints each involved steel products, glass and hosiery; and one each related to Australian jam, aniline oil, news-print paper, dental supplies, cigar bands, lumber, burlap bags and other jute products. In six of the replies Germany was named as the offender; of other countries Japan was mentioned twice; India twice; Australia, Belgium and England once; and Canada was stated to have dumped some lumber in addition to leather. In several cases the country of origin was not given. It should be added that several of the instances cited were based on doubtful evidence, and that some of them were of no real importance.

Thus one firm wrote: "We know of very few instances of dumping in this market. One happened seven or eight years ago in connection with India kid skins, and while this created a furor at first, it really amounted to very little." Another, writing of dental supplies, said, "We believe that dumping has been practiced in our domestic market by Germany and perhaps by England," but no reason for the belief was given.

The most significant case brought to the attention of the tariff commission related to aniline oil. "There has been a case of unfair competition on the part of Germany before the war. We understand that in 1910 a chemical company began the manufacture of aniline oil and was forced to discontinue the same by the group controlling the German manufacture of aniline oil, which dumped aniline oil in this market at a price that was approximately cost, with the result that this chemical company was forced to abandon the manufacture of aniline."

This case is mentioned also in the report of the alien-property custodian in 1919,

(Continued on Page 109)

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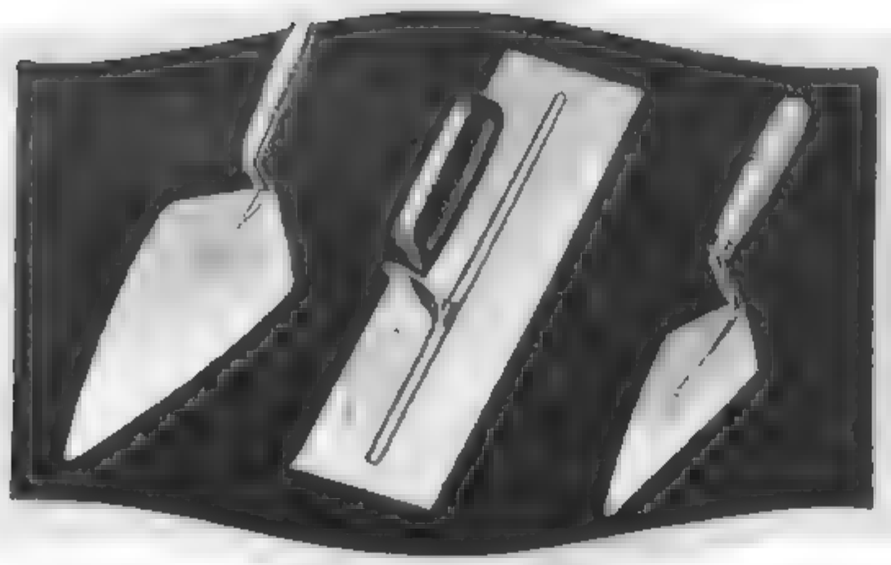

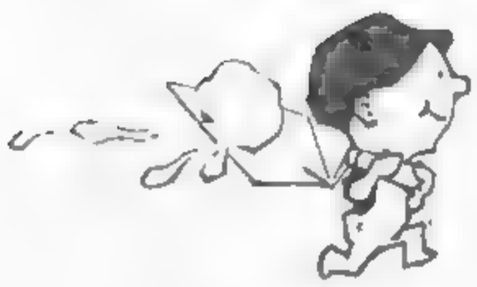

For the hands of Hans and Tony

Hans is a six-foot, yellow-haired giant with big muscular hands. Tony is a short, dark-skinned chap with the hands of a woman. Both are plasterers. Both use Disston Trowels that *fit their hands.*

It is typical of Disston care in manufacturing that these physical limitations are observed and tools made for each of these men, and for all men who use trowels.

All kinds of trowels—brick, plastering, or pointing—in all styles and sizes are made by Disston, and balanced, blade and handle, to suit any man. All are of Disston steel—right in weight, strength, and flexibility for their respective jobs.

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A List of What Disston Makes

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Circular Saws for Wood, Metal, and Slate
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Cross-cut Saws and Tools
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DISSTON
SAWS TOOLS FILES

(Continued from Page 106)

which adds to it other examples taken from the chemical industry, thus:

"In 1903 there were in the United States five manufacturers of salicylic acid. In 1913 three of these had failed. During the latter part of the decade referred to salicylic acid was selling in Germany at from twenty-six and a quarter to thirty and a half cents. During the same period the German houses were selling it in this country, after paying a duty of five cents, at twenty-five cents, or from six to ten cents below what they were getting at home."

The inference is clear that German manufacturers were cutting the price of aniline oil and salicylic acid in order to put the American producers out of business.

On the whole, it must be admitted that the positive evidence of dumping brought out by the tariff commission's extensive inquiry is surprisingly meager in comparison with the importance commonly attributed to it.

"The instances cited," says the commission, "are frequently lacking in certainty, and in some respects are unexpectedly few in number."

It appears, therefore, that the danger and actual damage imputed to dumping in the past have been exaggerated. But it does not follow that they have been always unimportant. Indeed, the commission's report implies that there has been more cause for complaint than its inquiry was able to establish. To find after the lapse of several years conclusive proof of a practice so carefully disguised as dumping is apt to be, especially when one element of the proof is sought in foreign countries, is a task of extreme difficulty. The commission, therefore, reached something more than a Scotch verdict.

"In the light of the evidence," it concludes, "the reality of the attempts, at least from time to time, to dump goods in this country will hardly be doubted."

But the recent growing agitation about dumping was not caused by such occasional attempts as the tariff commission enumerated. It resulted rather from the disclosures and allegations about German commercial practices that were made during the war. Until the outbreak of hostilities it was not realized how completely the world had come to depend on Germany for some well-nigh indispensable articles. Dyestuffs, with which explosives and poison gases are closely related, chemical and optical glass, many varieties of scientific and surgical instruments, are a few among the necessities of modern civilization which Germany furnished to other countries.

Germany's Dumping Policy

The war at once disclosed the great military advantage she derived from her production of these things, and her enemies were compelled to examine the causes of her supremacy. They recognized the training and wonderful ability of German scientists, the skill and infinite patience of German labor, the effective organization of business, especially for export trade, and the fostering care of a paternalistic government. But such things did not fully explain the lack of development of these industries in other countries. The explanation commonly put forward was that Germany suppressed their development outside her own borders by means of unfair competition.

In other countries many instances were found similar to the aniline-oil and salicylic-acid cases mentioned by the tariff commission. The bitterness and hatred growing out of the war gave currency to any accusation and suspicion of German methods, and all the sinister, tortuous and ruthless aims of Germany's world policy were readily believed to dominate her commerce likewise.

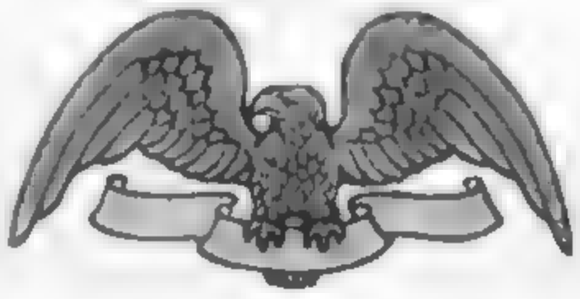
There is little doubt that the prevalence and gravity of Germany's commercial sins were exaggerated. But there is equally little doubt that she was not scrupulous in her selection of means to win and retain the great place she held in the world's commerce. In business as in war the maxim that the end justified the means was too readily accepted, and with rueful results. Elster's *Jahrbücher*, a well-known German economic periodical, published in 1919 a thoughtful article by H. F. Crohn-Wolfgang on this subject. The writer states that Germany achieved her great success in foreign trade in large measure by means of a well-planned system of dumping. He explains in detail why this appeared to be more necessary for her than for other countries. He points out, however, that public opinion in England and other industrial nations always regarded this systematic practice as unfair; and he concludes, therefore, that in spite of its notable success few things did more to hurt the case of Germany in foreign countries. It is a fear of the revival of this practice, especially in the chemical industries, that accounts for the recent urgent demand for antidumping legislation in the United States, England, Japan and elsewhere.

Thus far few countries have devised effective measures to meet the trouble. Indeed, Canada alone can be said to have administered an antidumping law with success, and her law, which was passed as early as 1904, was really directed against the United States. Her action was contemporary with and due to the same causes as the movement in this country to check unfair competition in our domestic commerce. The so-called trusts and great corporations in the United States, against which sentiment was then so strongly stirred, paid little regard to the imaginary border line in their efforts to win and control markets in the two countries, and they applied in Canada the identical methods of suppressing competition that they used at home. Naturally the animosity roused against them among Americans was reflected among the Canadians. The Dominion's antidumping act, therefore, grew out of a wish for protection against the same unfair competition that gave birth to our own long series of antitrust laws. Similarly, in 1905 an antidumping act in New Zealand was directed primarily against an American company. Canada's example was followed at a later date by Australia and South Africa, but without such direct reference to the United States.

Remedial Legislation

In 1916, at a time when Germany's offenses loomed most menacingly upon the world, the United States Congress put through an antidumping statute; but it is commonly regarded as inadequate. It visits with fine or imprisonment persons who commonly and systematically import and sell foreign products in this country at a price substantially less than the foreign price, provided it is "done with the intent of destroying or injuring an industry in the United States or of preventing the establishment of an industry in the United States or of restraining or monopolizing any part of trade and commerce in such articles in the United States." It need hardly be said that no suit has been brought under this law. The difficulty of proving that a thing is commonly and systematically sold at a low price with the particular intent specified in the act would be an insuperable deterrent to bringing action even against a notorious offender. If the danger from this kind of competition is deemed great enough to justify any legislation at all the provisions of the law must be made more stringent. With this end in view, the House of Representatives passed another antidumping bill last year; but in the Senate, which has proved so often the graveyard of House bills, it did not even come up for debate. It is believed, therefore, that remedial legislation will be attempted in connection with the approaching revision of the tariff.

Now, it is easy enough to make dumping unlawful. But it is exceedingly difficult to detect and prevent it without undue interference with legitimate business. Whatever form our law may take, the administration of it will doubtless be left to the customs division of the Treasury Department, which administers the tariff law. The Treasury officials will then be confronted with the task of finding out when a foreign manufacturer is selling goods for export to the United States at a dumping price, and the difficulties in the way of doing this are numerous and intricate. In Canada a simple and effective plan has long been in operation. There the



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—under the microscope

Stropped blade
—under the microscope

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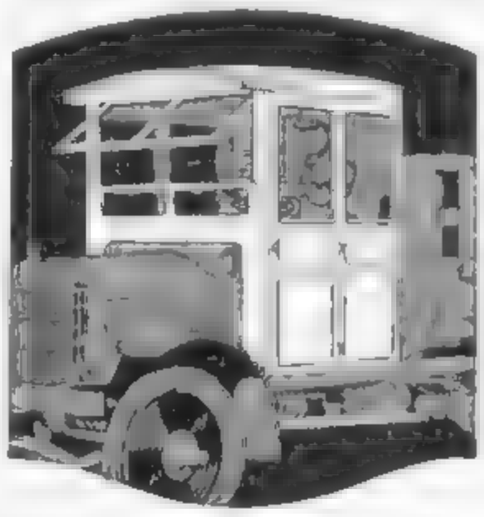

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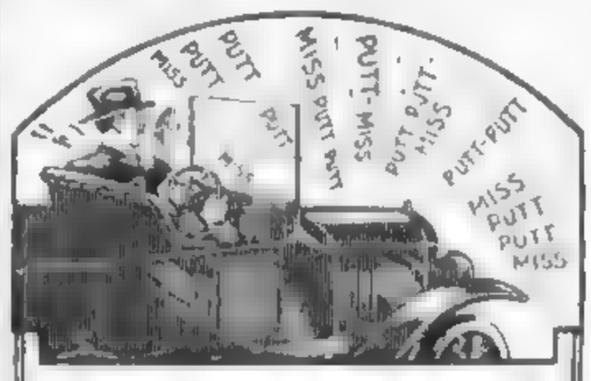

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"The Extra Money Has Also Been of Great Assistance"

So Mr. De Wees' letter continues. And well it may. In his spare time he has earned many a welcome extra dollar that has helped to buy greater comfort and greater happiness. In a single month we have paid him seventy-five such extra dollars. *Of course* they have "been of great assistance."

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government appraisers decide in the light of such information as they can get whether the value of imported goods is correctly declared. To assist in securing the necessary information the department of customs employs special officers who are stationed abroad. Previous to the war there were four of them in the United States, one in England and one in Europe. Whenever dumping is suspected the case is referred to one of these officers, and he visits the exporter and demands permission to examine his books so as to ascertain the price at which his goods are sold to the home trade. If the exporter refuses permission for his books to be examined the dumping duty is immediately applied to his goods when they enter Canada. Very few exporters, therefore, have refused to give the information demanded.

The main features of the Canadian plan were embodied in the bill which passed our House of Representatives last year. Under that bill any person importing merchandise into the United States must on request open his books and accounts for inspection by any duly accredited officer of the Government. And he must not only open his own books: he must also secure access for official inspection of the books of the foreign seller. Thus, if he "shall fail to secure permission for a duly accredited officer of the United States to inspect any or all books, records, accounts, documents or other papers pertaining to the value or classification of such merchandise, of the person selling, shipping or consigning the merchandise to the United States, then the Secretary of the Treasury shall while such failure or refusal continues prohibit future importations into the United States of merchandise from such seller, shipper or consignor by any importer."

There is no doubt that the Canadian law has been generally successful in preventing dumping in Canada. But its success has been due in no small measure to the fact that for the most part shipments from only one country have given much concern, and that is the neighboring country of the United States. Most of the imports to Canada originate south of the border, and it is comparatively seldom that necessity has arisen for applying the law elsewhere. It has been comparatively simple, therefore, to obtain access to exporters' books in a single country, which is so near by, with which commercial relations are so close and the trade with which is in many respects much like an extension of the domestic trade. It would be far more difficult to apply such a provision to the world-wide trade of the United States.

How would foreign business men treat a demand by American officials to go through their books, accounts and documents? Would the English, the Germans and the Japanese meet such a demand with complaisance, or would they regard it as unprecedented effrontery? Furthermore, the penalty for refusal provided in the bill that passed the House last year is extremely drastic. So long as any producer continues his refusal none of his products can be imported to this country. A general denial by foreigners, therefore, of the right of American officials to examine their books would result in cutting off imports to this country altogether. There is little likelihood, of course, of any such general refusal, for many will make any possible concession rather than be excluded from the American market. But it is hardly to be expected that such a provision could be administered without much friction and bad feeling.

Other countries besides our own are now wrestling with the difficulties of suppressing dumping. The British Government has long promised a law dealing with the subject. Indeed, Mr. Lloyd George, in answer to a question in Parliament on December twentieth, stated that the government intended to introduce such a bill at the beginning of the present session. Japan, last August, made an antidumping clause a part of her tariff. Her law provides that additional duties shall be charged on goods when any important industry is threatened with injury through their import and sale at an unfair price.

The determination as to what is an unfair price and whether or not any industry is injured is left to a Dumping Investigation Commission, and the law does not specify what steps the commission shall take to ascertain the facts.

This Japanese plan for handling the matter may prove wiser than the Canadian. It is probable that no one method of detecting unfair competition can be satisfactorily applied under all circumstances. There are many kinds of evidence besides the books of business men, and these other kinds might well be used with less opposition and irritation than would be caused by adhering only to the Canadian plan. A commission or a division of the Treasury Department might safely be allowed to exercise some discretion in its procedure, and it would be more likely to succeed than if limited too narrowly by legal restrictions.

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Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

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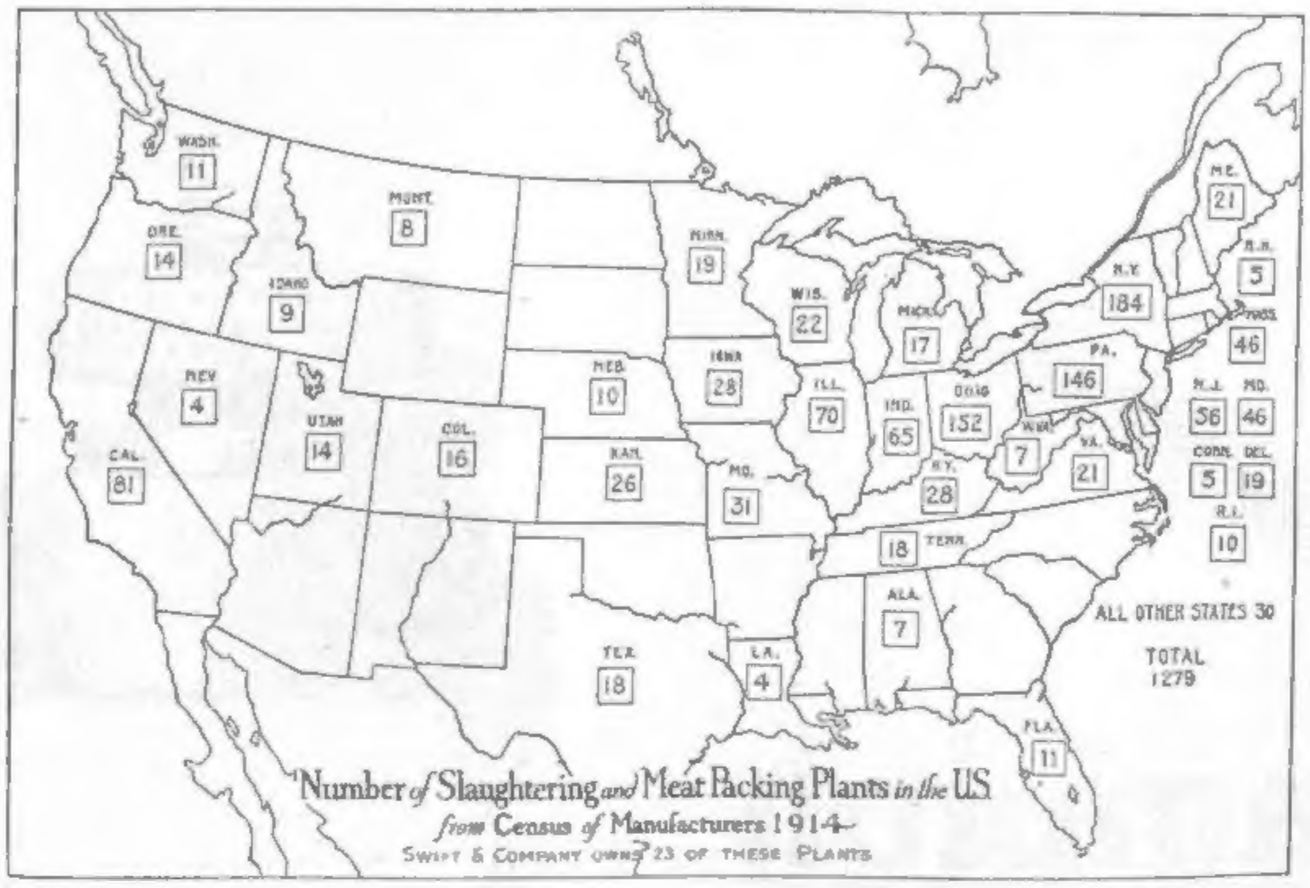

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